UNION HARMONY:

Relief Church OR Singing Society

BRITISH AMERICA'S SACRED VOCAL MUSICK.

FROM THE MOST APPROVED ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COMPOSERS, WITH SOME ORIGINAL MUSICK ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED A CONCISE INTRODUCTION.

While I live, will I praise the Lord:
I will sing praises unto my God, while I have any being.
146 PSALM, 2d VERSE.

SECOND EDITION, MUCH IMPROVED AND ENLARGED.

No 4 Halifax, N.S.

SAINT JOHN (New-Brunswick:)

Published by STEPHEN HUMBERT, and sold at his Store, Market Wharf.—Sold also by MARTIN G. BLACK, *Halifax*: BENJAMIN & GEORGE DEWOLF, *Windsor*; and by the principal Booksellers in the BRITISH PROVINCES.

1816.

C. NORRIS & CO. PRINTERS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the present edition of the *Union Harmony*, or *British America's Sacred Vocal Musick*, will be found as choice a selection of Classical Church Musick, as has yet appeared on this side the Atlantic, and as well adapted both to devotional and scoiastic exercises. No pains have been spared to support the credit of the work, and continue its usefulness.

Objections have been made by some compilers of devotional musick against the use of fugueing tunes in divine worship. It is allowed that injudicious performers have abused that species of composition through ignorance in the performance of good musick, and the introduction and too frequent use of fugueing tunes not properly composed for the solemnities of divine worship. But it is nevertheless believed that fugueing musick, when judiciously performed, will produce the most happy effect, without the least disorder of jargon, especially when it is considered we do not sing to please men, but the Lord. If those who are *hearers*, while others are performing that part of divine worship, were as assiduous to learn Sacred Musick, as they too generally are the giddy amusements of the day, we should have less hearers and more performers of this animating part of divine worship; and whole assemblies might then join to confess how amiable and pleasant it is to "Sing unto the Lord with the spirit and with the understanding also."

The rapid sale of the former edition of this work, and the increasing demand for Church Musick, has induced the Compiler to publish this Second Edition, with no other motive than the improvement of psalmody in the various Worshipping Congregations in the British Provinces; to which he sincerely hopes it may contribute, and in which he will not only be highly gratified but compensated.

STEPHEN HUMBERT.

Saint John, New-Brunswick, January 1816.

A Dictionary of Musical Terms.

ADAGIO, (*or Ado.*) slow.
Affettuoso, or *Con Affetto*, tenderly.
Allegretto, a little brisk.
Allegro, (*or Allo.*) brisk.
Allegro ma non troppo, brisk, but not too fast.
Alto, or *Altus*, the Contra Tenor.
Andante, distinct, exact.
Andantino, very exact and slow.
Amoroso, see Affettuoso.
Anthem, a portion of Scripture set to Musick.
Bis, signifies a repeat.
Canon, a regular and exact fugue, in either the unison, fifth, or eighth. In these pieces one singer begins alone, and when he comes either to the end of his part, or to a repeat, if written on one stave, a second begins, then a third in like manner, and so of the rest.
Cadences are closes in Musick, similar, in effect to stops in reading.
Canto, or *Cantus*, the Treble.
Capella, a chapel or church, as, *Alla Capella*, in church style.
Chorus, full, all the voices.
Cantibile, in a graceful and melodious style; an extreme cadence made by the principal performer while the rest stop.
Con, as *Con Spirito*, with spirit
Crescendo, (*or Cres.*) to swell the sound.
Con Lamento, in a melancholy style.
E, and, as *Moderato e Mestoso*, moderate and majestick.
Da Capo, (*or D. C.*) to repeat and conclude with the first part.
Decani and Cantoris, the two sides of a choir.
Diminuendo, to diminish the sound.
Dolce, sweet and soft.
Duo, *Duetto*, for two voices or instruments.
Del Signo, (*or D. S.*) from the sign.
Fagotto, the Bassoon part.
Fine, the end of a piece or book.
Forte, (*or For.*) loud.
Fortissimo, (*or F. F.*) very loud.
Fuga, *or Fugue*, a piece in which one or more parts lead, and the others follow in regular intervals.
Grazioso, gracefully, with taste.
Grave, the slowest time.
Larghetto, pretty slow.
Largo, *Lentemente or Lento*, very slow.
Ligature, a slur.
Mæstoso, slow, firm, and bold.
Moderato, moderately.
Mottetto, a kind of Latin Anthem.
Mezzo, moderately, rather, as *Mezzo Forte*, moderately loud, *Mezzo Piano*, rather soft.
Organo, the Organ part.
Piano, (*or Pia.*) soft.
Pianissimo, (*or P. P.*) very soft.
Piu, prefixed to another word, increases its force.
Poco, the contrary of Piu.
Presto, quick.
Prestissimo, very quick.
Primo, the first part.
Pianissimo, (*Pianis, or P. P.*) very soft.
Pomposo, in a grand or pompous style.
Recitative, kind of musical recitation between speaking and singing.
Ritornello, see symphony.
Secondo, the second part.
Semi Chorus, half the voices.
Siciliano, a slow, graceful movement in Compound Time.
Solo, for a single voice or instrument.
Soprano, the Treble.
Spiritoso, or *Con Spirito*, with spirit.
Stoccato, very distinct and pointed.
Sotto Voce, middling strength of voice.
Symphony, a passage for instruments.
Tempo, time; as, *A Tempo*, or *Tempo Giusto*, in true time, &c.
Trio, a piece in three parts.
Tempo di Marcia.
Tutto, when all join after a solo.
Thorough Base, the instrumental Bass, with figures for the Organ.
Verse, one voice to a part.
Vivace, with life and spirit.
Volti Subito, turn over quick.

INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSICK.

MUSICK combines *melody, air, harmony,* and *measure.* *Melody* is a series of simple sounds. *Air* is the spirit and style of melody. *Harmony* is the consonance of two or more sounds, either *natural* or *artificial.* *Natural harmony* is produced by the common chord. *Artificial harmony* is a mixture of concords and discords, bearing relation to the common chord.

THE DIATONIC OR NATURAL SCALE OF MUSICK.

The notes of the diatonic or natural scale of musick are seven, whose distances or degrees are measured by tones and semi or halftones. The seven first letters of the alphabet are applied to the notes, in the following order—A, B, C, D, E, F, G; when there is occasion for an 8th letter, the first is repeated. These letters comprehend a system of degrees, called an octave, from which proceeds the variety of harmony.

THE GAMUT OR SCALE OF MUSICK.

For Bass.

Space above — B
Fifth Line — A
Fourth Space — G O Sol
Fourth Line — F—O—Faw
Third Space — E O Law
Third Line — D—O—Sol
Second Space — C O Faw
Second Line — B—O—Mi
First Space — A O Law
First Line — G—O—Sol
Space below — F

For Tenor, Counter and Treble.

Space above — G O Sol
Fifth Line — F—O—Faw
Fourth Space — E O Law
Fourth Line — D—O—Sol
Third Space — C O Faw
Third Line — B—O—Mi
Second Space — A O Law
Second Line — G—O—Sol
First Space — F
First Line — E
Space below — D

For Counter.

Space above — A
Fifth Line — G—O—Sol
Fourth Space — F O Faw
Fourth Line — E—O—Law
Third Space — D O Sol
Third Line — C—O—Faw
Second Space — B O Mi
Second Line — A—O—Law
First Space — G O Sol
First Line — F
Space below — E

Musical Characters Explained.

Examples.

The *Bass Cliff* is placed on the fourth line, and called the F Cliff, and is used only in Bass.

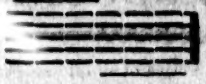
The *Tenor and Treble Cliff* is placed on the second line, and called the G Cliff, and is used in Tenor and Treble, and in Counter.

Examples.

The *Counter Cliff* is placed on the third line, and called the C Cliff, and is used in Counter.

A *Staff* is five lines with their spaces, whereon notes and other characters are written.

Ledger Lines are used when notes ascend or descend beyond the compass of the staff.



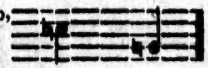
A *Brace* shows how many parts are sung together.

A *Sharp* set before a note raises it one semitone.

A *Flat* set before a note sinks it one semitone.

Either a *Sharp* or *Flat* set at the beginning of a tune has influence through it, unless contradicted by a natural.

A *Natural* restores a note, made flat or sharp, to its primitive sound.



Observe, that Sharps, Flats, and Naturals affect the sound of no letters but those on which they are set.

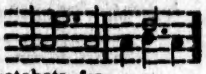
A *Repeat* shows what part of a tune is to be sung over again.

Figures 1, 2, signify that the note under figure 1 is to be sung before repeating, and the note under figure 2 at repeating; if tied, both are to be sung.

A *Slur* shows what notes are sung to one syllable; but when the notes are tied at the bottom, the slur is unnecessary.

Staccato Marks should be performed distinctly; when dots are introduced, they must be sung soft and distinct.

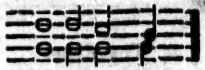
A *Point of Addition* adds to a note one half its original length. When set after a Semibreve, it makes it equal to three Minims; when set after a Minim, it makes it equal to three Crotchets, &c.



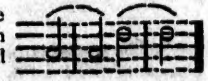
A *Hold* signifies that the notes, over which it is set, may be continued at the pleasure of the performer.

A *Figure* 3, placed over or under any three notes, reduces them to the time of two of the same kind.

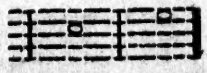
Choosing Notes are placed in a direct line, one above another, either of which, or both may be sung.



A *Ligature* or *Tie*, comprehends two or more notes upon the same line, or space, tied with a slur, which must be sung with one name, and as one sound.



A *Single Bar* divides the time according to the measure note.



A *Measure Note* is that which fills a bar.

Appoggiatures, or *Leaning Notes*, are sung according to the value of the note, which follows.

A *Double Bar* shows the end of a strain.

A *Close* shows the end of a tune.

OF NOTES.

SIX Notes are used in vocal musick, which are of different forms and lengths, *viz.*

1st. The Semibreve . . . . . which contains 2 Minims.

2d. The Minim . . . . . which contains 2 Crotchets.

3d. The Crotchet. . . . . which contains 2 Quavers.

4th. The Quaver . . . . . which contains 2 Semiquavers.

5th. The Semiquaver . . . which contains 2 Demisemiquavers.

6th. The Demisemiquaver, which is the shortest note used.

OF RESTS.

RESTS require the same time as the notes they represent.

A Semibreve Rest . . . . is equal in time to a Semibreve.

A Minim Rest . . . . . is equal in time to a Minim.

A Crotchet Rest . . . . . is equal in time to a Crotchet.

A Quaver Rest . . . . . is equal in time to a Quaver.

A Semiquaver Rest . . . . is equal in time to a Semiquaver.

A Demisemiquaver Rest . is equal in time to a Demisemiquaver.

SCALE SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF NOTES.

1 Semibreve . . . . . contains

2 . . . . . Minims,

or 4 . . . . . Crotchets,

or 8 . . . . . Quavers,

or 16 . . . . . Semiquavers,

or 32 Demi-semi-quavers.

The above scale ought to be well understood, otherwise the Learner will continually be at loss.

OF TIME.

THERE are three divisions of Time, *viz:* Common, Triple, and Compound.

COMMON TIME is measured by even numbers, as, 2, 4, &c. and has four Marks.

The *First Mark* has a Semibreve for its measure note, and is performed in four seconds; accented on the first and third part of the bar, and thus beaten;

1st. Let the ends of the fingers fall,
2d. Let the heel of the hand fall,
3d. Raise the heel of the hand,
4th. Raise the ends of the fingers, which completes the bar.

Example.

dduu dd uu d d u u
1234 12 34 1 2 3 4

The *Second Mark* has a Semibreve for its measure note, and is performed one 4th faster; accented and beaten as in the first.

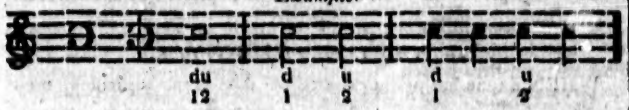
Example.

dduu dd uu d d u u
1234 12 34 1 2 3 4

The *Third Mark* or has a Semibreve for its measure note, and is performed in two seconds; accented on the first part of the bar, and is beaten thus;

1st. Let the ends of the fingers fall,
2d. Raise the ends of the fingers, which completes the bar.

Example.



The *Fourth Mark* has a Minim for its measure note, and is performed one 4th faster than the third; also accented and beaten as in the preceding Mark.

Example.

NOTE. The First Mark has 4 beats in a bar.
The Second Mark has 4 beats in a bar.
The Third Mark has 2 beats in a bar.
The Fourth Mark has 2 beats in a bar.

TRIPLE TIME is measured by odd numbers, as 3, &c. and has three Marks, which are all beaten in the same manner, thus,

1st. Let the ends of the fingers fall,
2d. Let the heel of the hand fall,
3d. Raise the ends of the fingers, which completes the bar.

The *First Mark* called *three to two*, has a pointed Semibreve for its measure note. Three Minims fill a bar, or six Crotchets, &c. accented on the first, and faintly on the third parts of the bar; each Minim to be sounded in a second of time.

Example.

The *Second Mark* called *three from four*, has a pointed Minim for its measure note. Three Crotchets, or six Quavers fill a bar, accented as in the first Mark, and performed one 4th faster.

Example.

The *Third Mark* called *three from eight*, has a pointed Crotchet for its measure note. Three Quavers, or six Semiquavers fill a bar; accented as in the first Mark, and performed about one quarter faster than the second.

Example.

COMPOUND TIME has *two* Marks

The *First Mark* 𝄴 called *six to four*, has either two pointed Minims, two Minims and two Crotchets, or six Crotchets in a bar; three sung with the hand down, and three with it up in the time of two seconds, accented on the first and third part.

Example.

The *Second Mark* 𝄵 called *six from eight*, has either two pointed Crotchets, two 𝅗𝅥 Crotchets and two Quavers, or six Quavers in a bar; two beats, one down and one up, and performed one 4th faster. Accented as before.

Example.

☞ The figures refer to the number of beats in a bar; the letters *d* and *u*, for down and up beats.

NOTE. *Sacred Musick*, under the two preceding *Marks*, should never be sung in a rapid manner, for that destroys all solemnity, and is absolutely inconsistent with that kind of movement required when set to sacred subjects. The mathematical difference between the foregoing Marks of Time, is here omitted. The performing of Musick slower or faster, in the different Marks, is left to directive terms, in general use, and to the judgment of the performer.

OF THE MODES, OR KEYS.

THERE are but two Modes or Keys, the Major, or Sharp Key, and the Minor, or Flat Key.

The learner may distinguish the Modes by the last note in the Bass, which note, if it be Faw, is the Major mode, and if it be Law, it is the Minor.

The principles of the two Modes must be explained by an Instructor.

OF NAMING THE NOTES.

WHEN a tune has neither sharps nor flats at the beginning, mi is in B.

If there be 1 Sharp, Mi is in F sharp.	If there be 1 Flat, Mi is in E.
..... 2 Sharps, Mi is in C sharp.	..... 2 Flats, Mi is in A.
..... 3 Sharps, Mi is in G sharp.	..... 3 Flats, Mi is in D.
..... 4 Sharps, Mi is in D sharp.	..... 4 Flats, Mi is in G.

Above Mi are faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, and then comes Mi.

Below Mi are law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw, and then comes Mi.

Between Mi and Faw—and Law and Faw, there is but a semitone; between the rest are whole tones.

☞ THE learner ought to commit the most of the preceding rules to memory, before he attempts to call the notes; a neglect of this is one of the principal causes of the inaccurate performance, which at present exists in many choirs of singers. Many persons, having a good musical ear, are very apt to trust to that, rather than confine themselves to rules, and afterwards blame their Instructors for their own negligence. Instructors ought to insist that their pupils pay a particular attention to the principles, and in no case to suffer them to neglect them.

When the learner has acquired a ready acquaintance with the rules, he ought to attend to the *Lessons for Tuning the Voice*, on which depends his future progress, and he ought not to attempt a tune till he can sound the several intervals in the octave readily.

Many schools have begun upon tunes, when they could scarcely have given a letter upon the scale, which is another cause that there are so many half singers. The learner may be sure that the more thoroughly he understands the principles, when he ought to attend to them, the more swift will be his progress afterward.

Schools then ought to be solicitous that their instructors be well qualified, for how can they instruct others, when they are ignorant themselves? Learners, in that case, are led to suppose that they have improved, when they really have not, and consequently their time and money are both spent to no manner of purpose.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

WHEN a tune is well learnt by note, it may be sung in words. Pronounce every word as distinctly as possible. Singers generally fail in this point, by which means half the beauty of the musick is lost, the words not being understood.

In assigning voices to the several parts, the Teacher must be the judge. For if a voice which is suitable only for bass, be put upon the Tenor, it will hang as a weight upon that part, and have a tendency continually to lower the pitch.

Never sing through the *Nose*, for that will spoil the voice, make the musick disagreeable, and have a disgusting effect upon the hearer.

High notes should generally be sung softer than the low. The *subject* ought however to regulate the strength of voice. The tone of the Bass should be full and majestic; of the Tenor, bold and manly; of the Counter, soft yet firm; of the Treble, smooth and delicate. Suitable attention should always be paid to the *Directive terms*. A good tune, performed without any variation, will be dull and insipid. In a company of singers it would have a good effect for some of the performers, on each part, to be silent, when passages marked *Soft* occur; the additional strength of their voices in the *Loud*, which generally succeeds the *Soft*, would mark the contrast more strongly, and give peculiar force and energy to the performance.—A becoming manner of conduct in a collection of singers, will greatly increase the agreeable sensations, which naturally arise from good performances.

The graces and ornaments of musick, such as *Holds*, *Trills*, *Appoggiatures*, *Transitions*, *&c.* must be acquired by great practice and attention; the learner had better omit them, till his knowledge and judgment dictate when and where to apply them.

☞ PASSAGES, where Syncopation takes place, are better explained by the Instructor, than by words; for this reason, an explanation is here omitted.

LESSONS FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

WHEN learning the following lessons for tuning the voice, be careful to give every note its proper sound, and pay particular attention to the situation of the Semitones. Let the motion of the hand, in keeping the time, be even and exact; always remembering that the hand must *fall* at the *beginning* of a bar, and *rise* at the *close*.

The more time you allow for the practice of the lessons, the easier you will learn a tune afterward. Should you neglect them wholly, you cannot read musick hereafter with any firmness and certainty of tone.

FIRST LESSON, in the Major Octave.

SECOND LESSON, in the Minor Octave.

TENOR.

d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u

BASS. Faw sol law faw sol law mi faw,

d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u

Law mi faw sol law faw sol law,

THIRD LESSON.

5ths, rising and falling.

du du du du

FOURTH LESSON.

8ths, rising and falling. FIFTH LESSON.

du du du du

SIXTH LESSON.

SEVENTH LESSON.

EIGHTH LESSON.

rising 5th, and falling 4th. rising 4th, and falling 5th. rising 3d, and falling 6th. rising 6th, and falling 3d.

LESSON, IN HARMONY OF TWO PARTS.

Tenor or Treble. *Common time, first mark*—A semibreve the Measure note.

Bass. 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

The figures refer to the several beats in the first mark of *Common Time.*

THE SAME LESSON IN FOUR PARTS.

Treble.

Counter.

Tenor. Behold the morning sun, Begins his glorious way, His beams thro' all the nations run, And life and light convey.

Bass.

☞ Give as much time to the several rests, as to the notes they represent; and be careful that you make but one sound of the pointed minims, sounding them smoothly without jerking the voice.

UNION HARMONY:

OR

BRITISH AMERICA'S SACRED VOCAL MUSICK.

WINDSOR. C. M. *Kirby.*

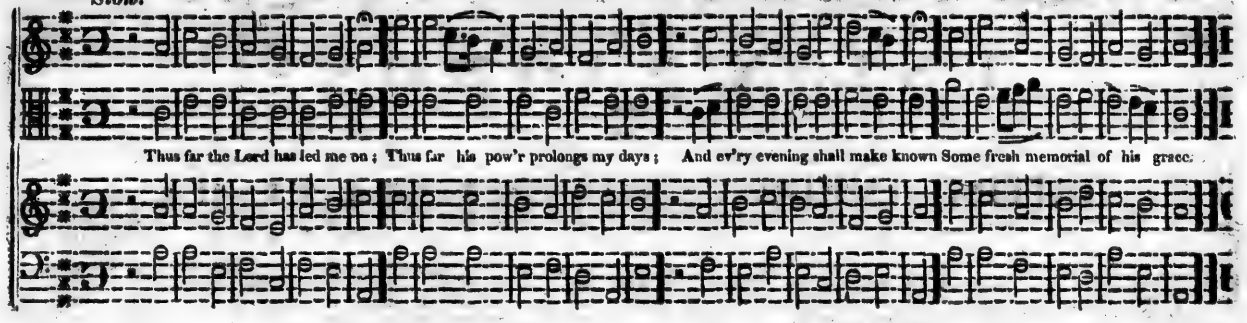
Slow.

My God, how many are my fears! How fast my foes increase! Their number, how it multiplies! How fatal to my peace!

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

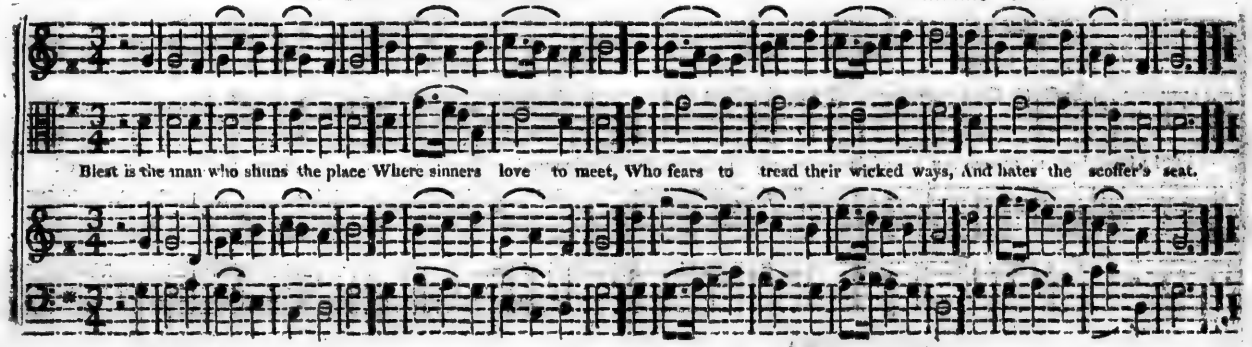
Dr. Douland.

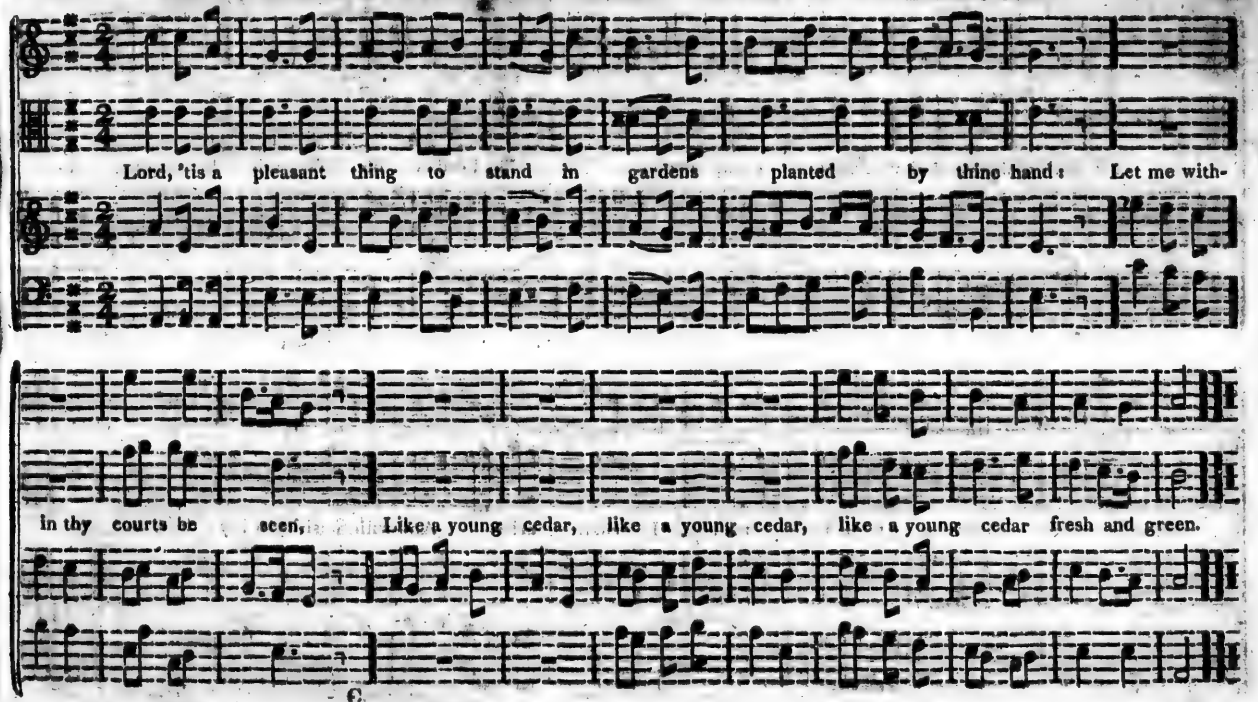
Slow.



St. PATRICK'S. C. M.

Williams' Coll.




Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand in gardens planted by thine hand: Let me with-
in thy courts be seen, Like a young cedar, like a young cedar, like a young cedar fresh and green.

FUNERAL HYMN. H. M.

Knapp.

My life's a shade, my days Apace to death decline: My Lord is life, he'll raise My dust a-

gain ev'n mine. Sweet truth to me! I shall arise, And with these eyes My Saviour see.

PLEYEL's HYMN. L. M.

Pleyel.

Very slow.

So fades the lovely blooming flow'r Frail, smiling solace of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die!

BANGOR. C. M.

Tansur's Coll.

Slow.

Fools in their hearts believe, and say That "all religion's vain; Their is no God, that reigns on high, Or minds th'affairs of men."

St. HELEN's. L. P. M.

Jennings.

Slow.

Great God, the heav'n's well order'd frame Declares the glory of thy name; Here thy rich works of wonder shine;

A thousand starry beauties there, A thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

Slow.

To God I lift my eyes, My trust is in his name; And they whose hope on him relies, Shall never suffer shame.

St. MARTINS's. C. M. *Tansur's Coll.*

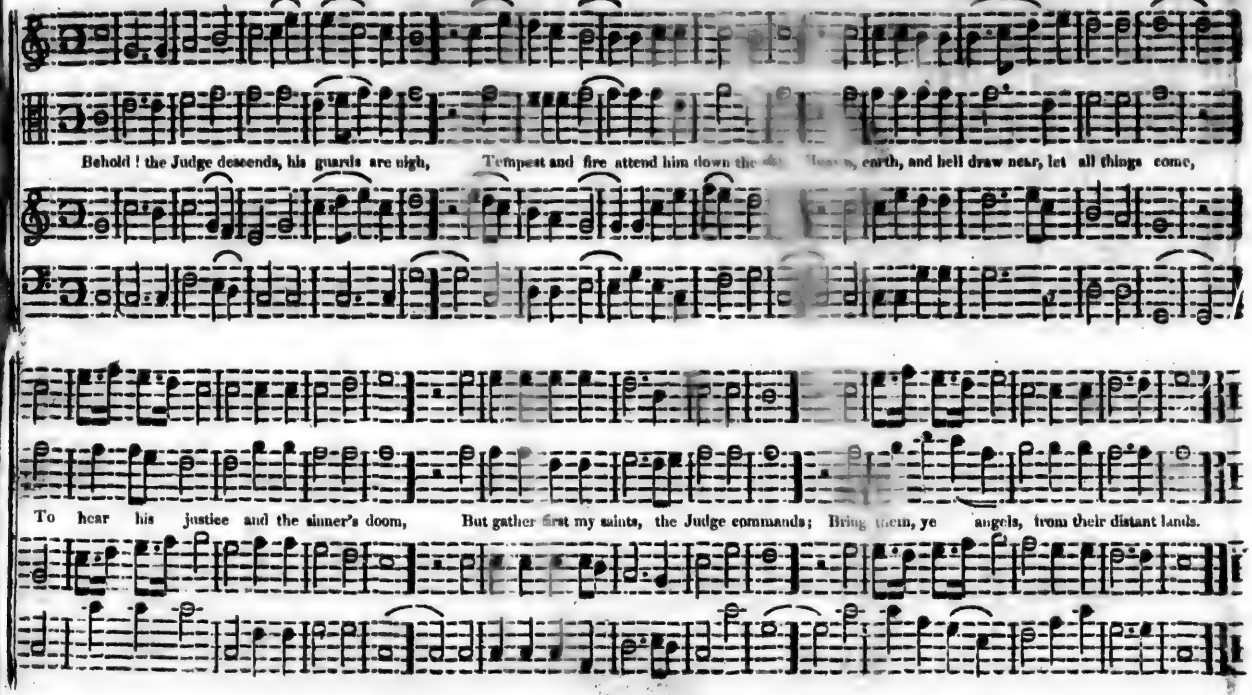
O thou, to whom all creatures bow, Within this earthly frame, Through all the world how great art thou! How glorious is thy name.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. Williams.

How does my heart rejoice To hear the public voice, "Come, let us seek our God to day!"

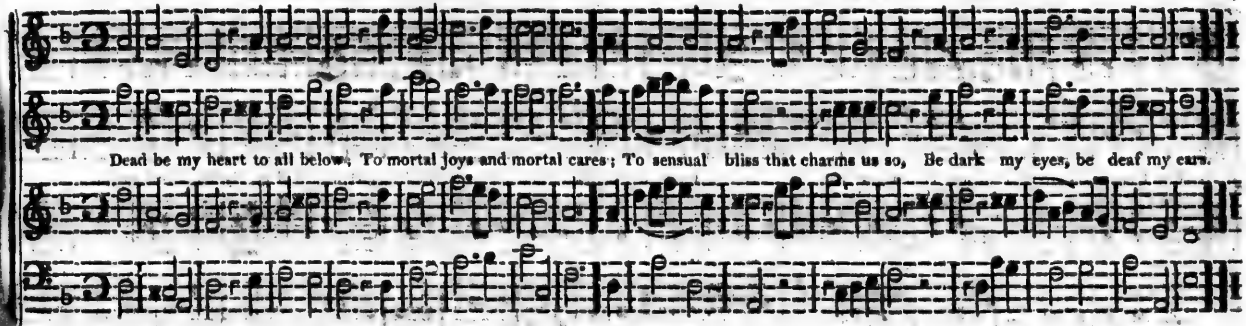
Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We'll haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay.


Behold! the Judge descends, his guards are nigh, Tempest and fire attend him down the sky; Heaven, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come,
To hear his justice and the sinner's doom, But gather first my saints, the Judge commands; Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

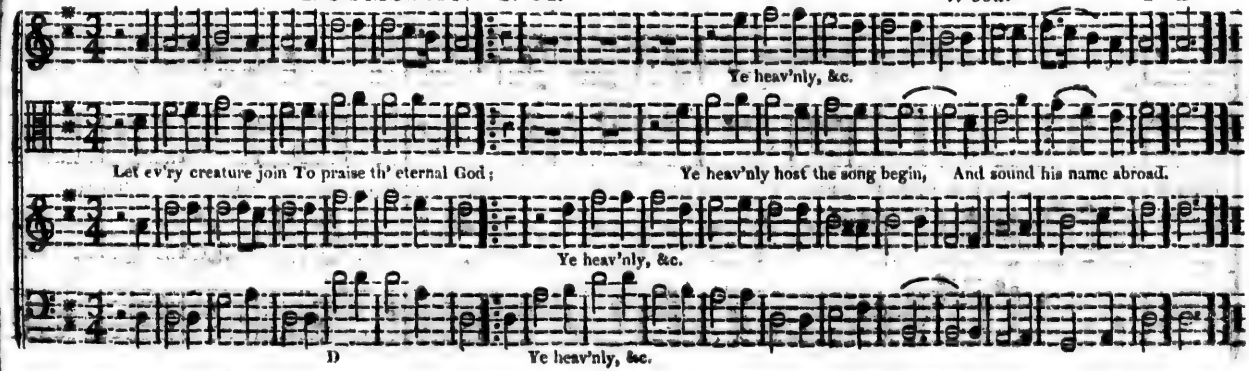
Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remot - est bound,

The year of ju - bi - lee is come: Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

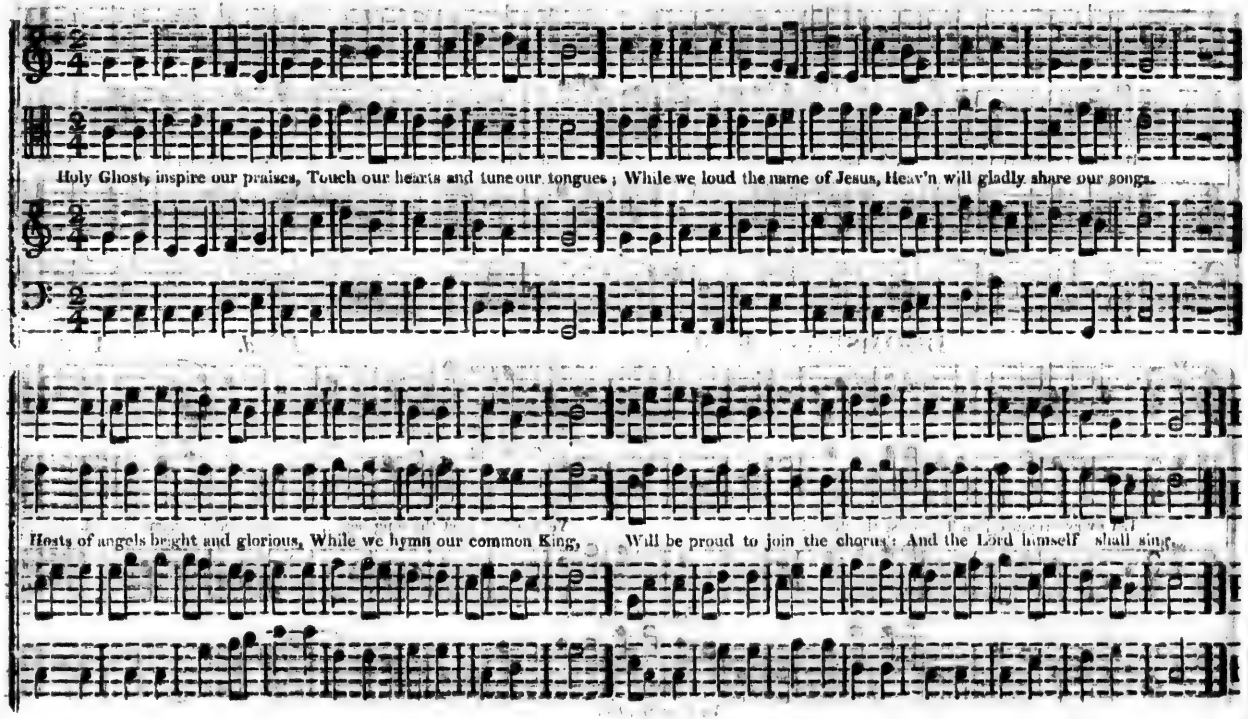
Slow. **RESIGNATION. L. M.** *Taylor.*



DOOMSDAY. S. M. *Wood.* 1 2



WATERFORD. 8's & 7's. *Wood.*



Begin, my soul, th' ex - alted lays Let each ecrapture'd thought obey, And praise th' Almighty Name. Lo! heav'n and earth,

Soft. *Loud.*

To swell, &c.

Lo! heav'n and earth and seas and skies In one melodious concert rise, To swell th' inspiring theme, To swell th' inspiring theme.

To swell, &c.

58th PSALM. L. P. M.

Harwood.

Dare they, &c.

Shall tyrants rule by impious laws? Shall they despise the righteous cause, When innocence before them stands? Dare they condemn the helpless poor, And

Dare they, &c.

Dare they, &c.

let oppressors rest secure, While gold and greatness bribe their hands! Do they forget th' Almighty Name, That God o'er all is Judge supreme? High in the

58th PSALM *continued.*

Slow and impressive.

1 2

heav'ns his justice reigns : Yet they invade the rights of God, And send their bold decrees abroad, To bind the free-born soul in chains.

CORONATION, C. M.

Holden.

Soft. *Loud.* *Soft.* *Loud.* 1 2

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth, &c.

All that have motion, life, and breath, Proclaim your Maker blest; But when my voice is lost in death,

My soul, &c.

My My soul shall praise him best. My soul, &c.

soul, &c.

My soul, &c.

Words by S. Davis, composed for the 22d of December.

Soft.

Let children learn the mighty deeds Their Sires achiev'd of old; And still as time to time succeeds, To their's the tale unfold. Here, while we fondly trace the scene This joyous day re-

Their pious toils, their just rewards, Returning tributes claim; While faithful history records Each venerable name. Here first the temple's votive fane Aspiring sought the

No longer now the roaming horde Unhallow'd vigils keep; No more affrighted mothers guard Their cradled infants' sleep: But social arts, and peaceful homes, This favour'd land en-

Loud. *Solemn.*

calls, This joyous, :|: :|: :|: day recalls, Let youth with rev'rend age, :|: :|: convene Within these hallow'd walls, Within, &c.

skies; Aspiring, :|: :|: :|: sought the skies; And here religion's train, :|: and here religion's exil'd train Bade sacred alters rise, Bade, &c.

dear; This favour'd, :|: :|: :|: land endear; Where fields & masts, & domes, :|: Where fields, & masts, & rising domes, With scatter'd grace appear, With, &c.

Slow and soft.

Let musing strangers view the ground, Here seek tradition's lore, Let musing, &c. Here, &c. Where Pilgrims walk'd an holy round, Where

And where around the savage tribe Alarm'd with horrid yells, And where, &c. Alarm'd &c. Assembling crowds secure imbibe, As-

Let children emulate the deed, Their choral praises sing; Let children, &c. Their, &c. So shall the Muse, as time proceeds, S

Pilgrims, &c. Where, &c. Where Pilgrims walk'd, Where, &c. With

sembling, &c. Assembling, &c. Assembling crowds, Assembling, &c. What

shall, &c. So shall, &c. So shall the Muse, So shall, &c. Her

PILGRIMS *continued.*

Very Slow.

God in days of yore, With, &c. With God, With God, &c.

holy legend tells. What, &c. What ho- What, &c.

meed of incense bring, Her meed, &c. Her meed, Her meed, &c.

GANGES. C. P. M.

1 2

Almighty King of heav'n above Eternal source of truth and love, And Lord of all below, With rev'rence and religious fear, Permit thy suppliants to draw near, And at thy feet to bow.

LORRAIN. L. M.

1st Treble. Moderate.

2d Treble. Salvation is forever nigh The souls that fear and trust the Lord:

Mercy and truth on earth are met, Since Christ the

Tenor & Bass.

And grace descending from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Loud.

Lord came down from heav'n; By his obedience so complete, Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

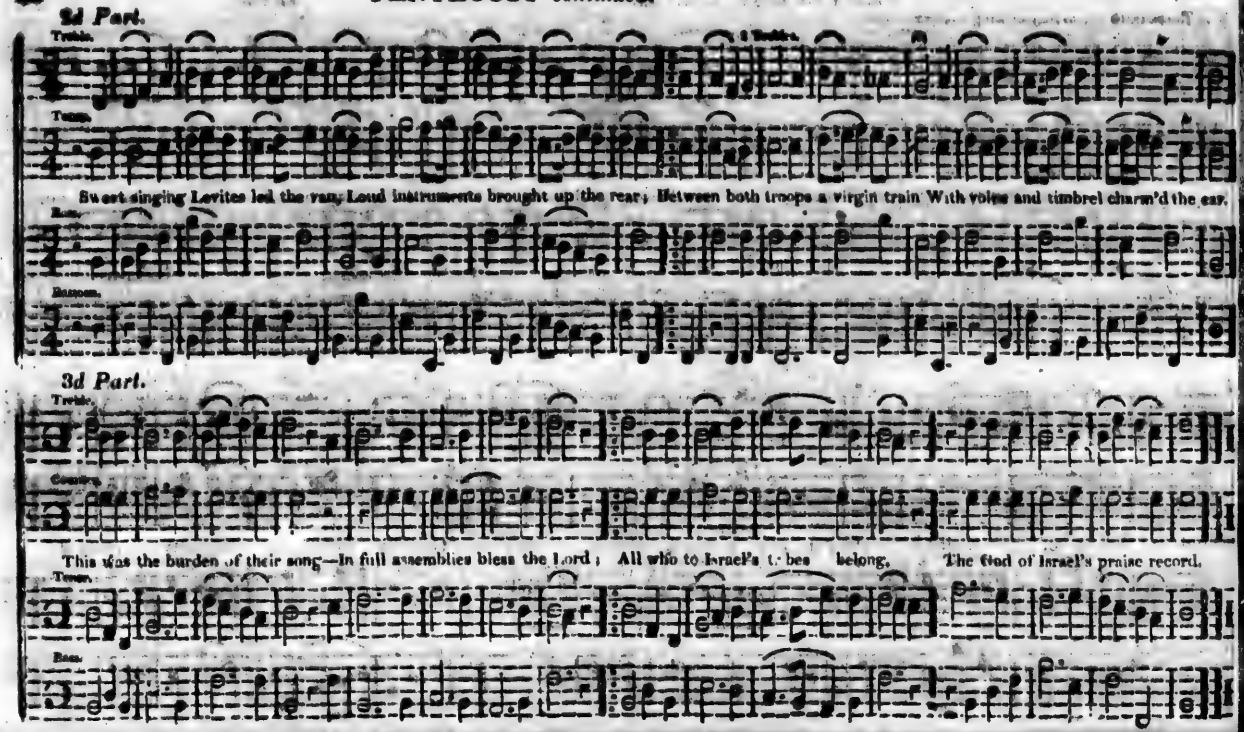
met, Since Christ the

is giv'n.

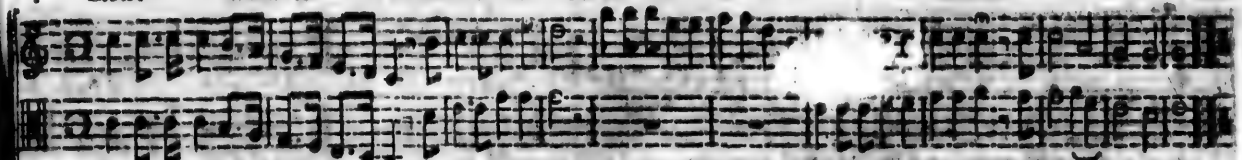
These three verses may be sung as separate tunes.

When marching to thy blest abode, The wond'ring multitude survey'd The pompous state of thee our

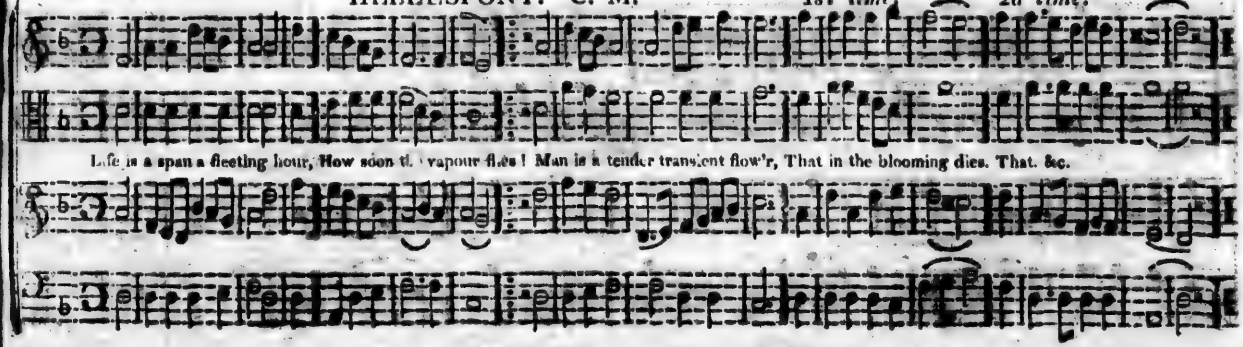
God, In robes of majesty array'd. The pompous state of thee our God, In robes of majesty array'd.


2d Part.
Treble.
Tenor.
Sweet singing Levites led the van, Loud instruments brought up the rear; Between both troops a virgin train With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
Bass.
Bassoon.
3d Part.
Treble.
Counter.
This was the burden of their song—In full assemblies bless the Lord; All who to Israel's tribes belong, The God of Israel's praise record.
Tenor.
Bass.

Slow. PEMBROKE. C. M. *Dalmer.*



HELLESPONT. C. M. *1st time.* *2d time.*



Whose, &c.

My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose anger is so

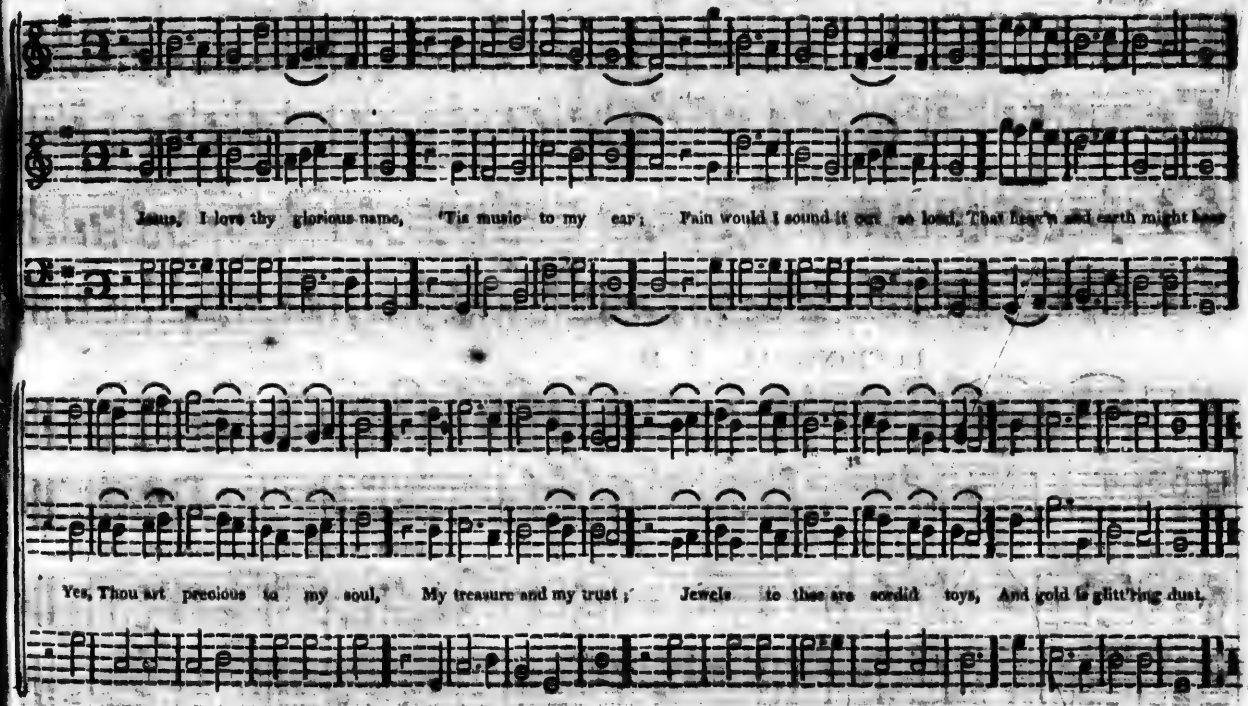
Whose anger, &c.

Whose anger, &c.

1 2

slow to rise, Whose anger is so slow to rise so read - y to abate.

Whose anger, &c.


Jesus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear
Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My treasure and my trust; Jewels to thee are sordid toys, And gold is glitt'ring dust.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.

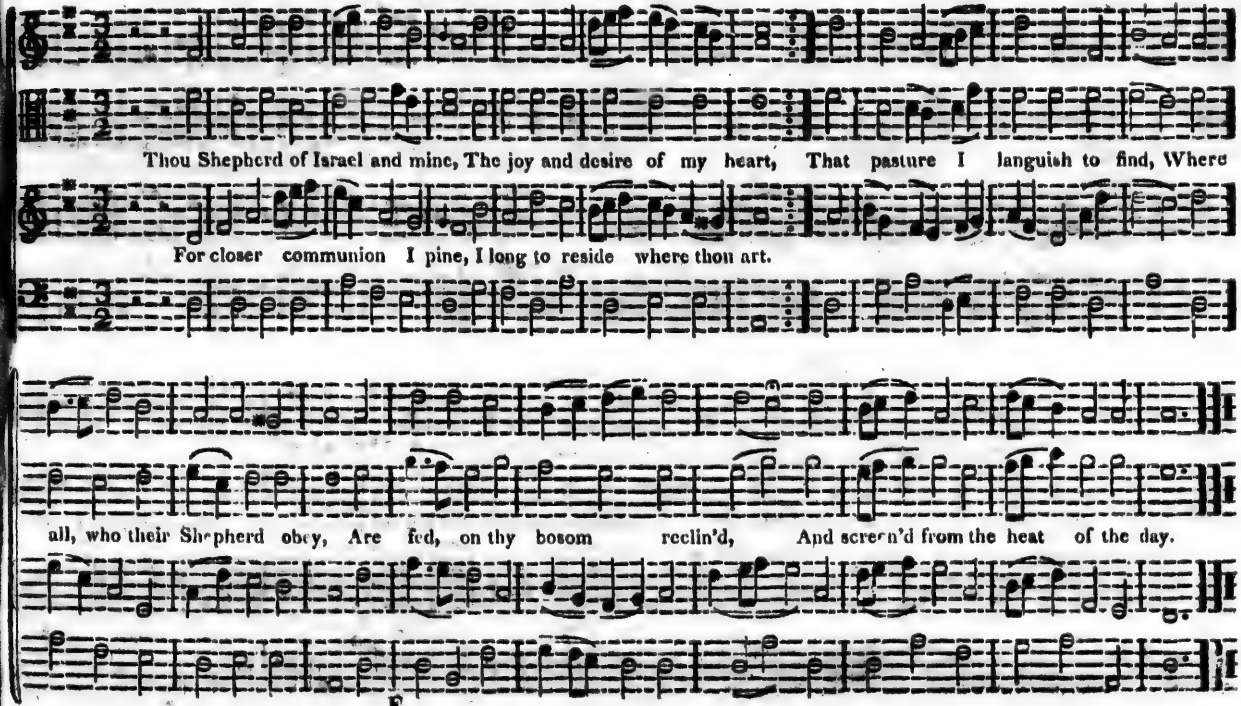
Slow. 3 3 *tr.* *tr.*

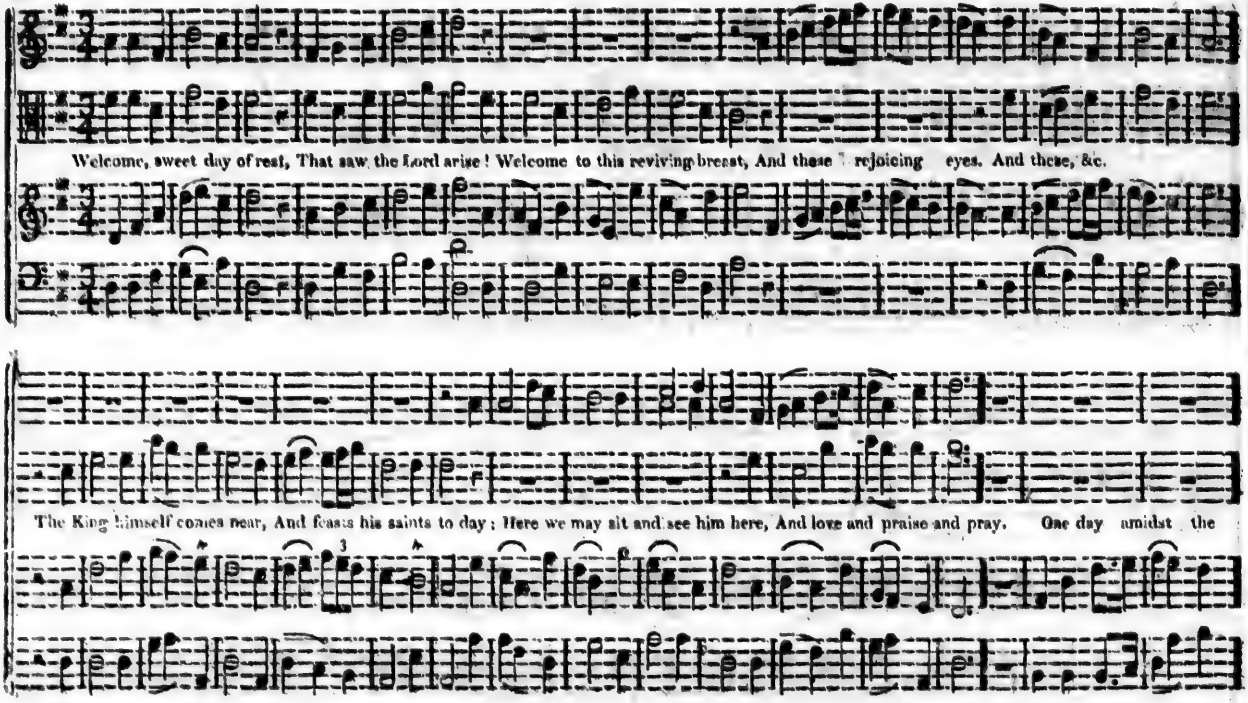
Praise to the Lord of boundless might, With uncreated glories bright; His presence fills the world above, Th' eternal source of light and love.

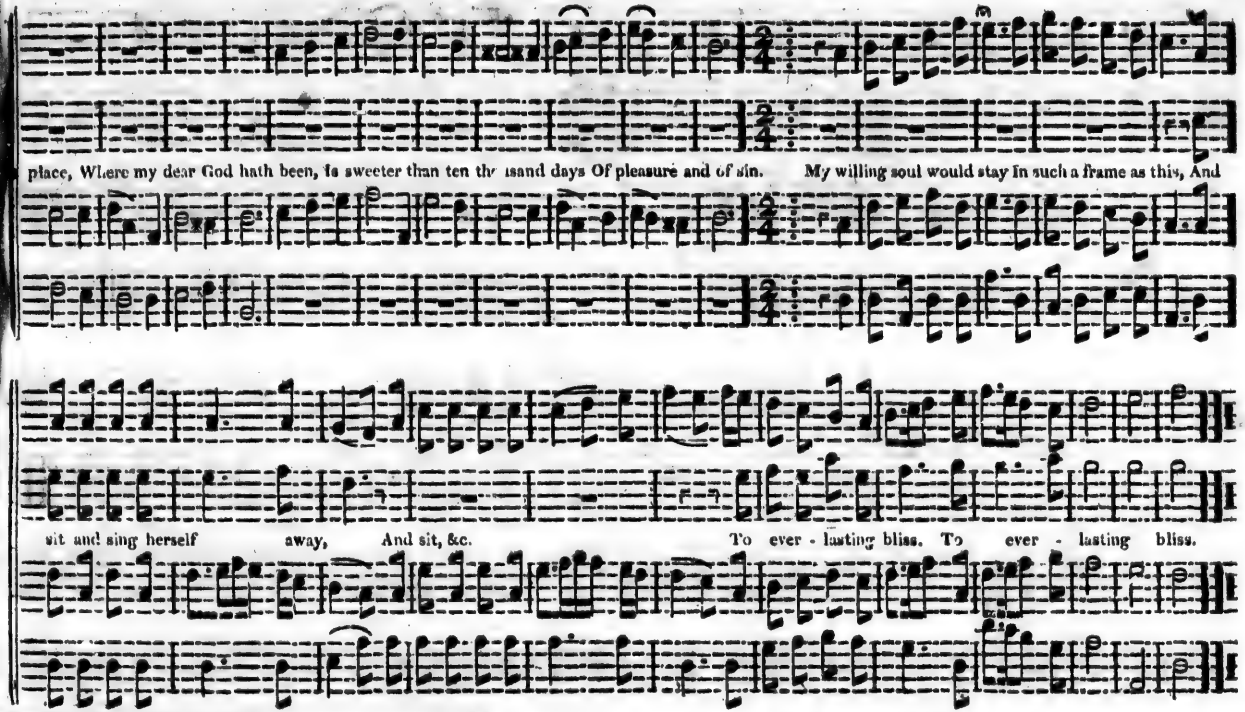
BUCKINGHAM. C. M.

Williams' Coll.

Help, Lord! for men of virtue fail, Religion loses ground; The sons of wickedness prevail, And treacheries abound.


Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, That pasture I languish to find, Where
For closer communion I pine, I long to reside where thou art.
all, who their Shepherd obey, Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd, And screen'd from the heat of the day.


Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise! Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes. And these, &c.
The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to day; Here we may sit and see him here, And love and praise and pray. One day amidst the


place, Where my dear God hath been, is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasure and of sin. My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And
sit and sing herself away, And sit, &c. To ever - lasting bliss. To ever - lasting bliss.

ROWLEY. L. M.

The saints shall flourish in his days, Drest in the robes of joy and praise;

Peace like a

Peace like a river

Peace like a river from his throne,

Peace like a river from his throne, Shall flow to nations, flow to nations yet unknown.

river from his throne, Shall flow to nations yet unknown,

Words taken from Lady Huntington's Collection.

Sym. *For.*

AIR.

From heav'n the loud, th' angel - ic song be-

gan, it shook the skies and reach'd astonish'd man, By man re - echo'd, it shall mount a

Pia. *For.* *Sym.* *Vivace.*

gain, whilst fragrant odours fill the blissful plain, Worthy,

worthy the lamb, the lamb of boundless sway, in earth or heav'n the

Vivace.

Worthy,

heav'n the

Grave.

Lord of all. Ye - princes rulers pow'rs o - bey And low before his footstool

Affetuoso.

fall. The deed was done, the lamb was slain, The groaning earth the burthen bore, the

ODE FOR EASTER *continued*

Vivace.

groaning earth the burthen bore. He rose, he lives, he lives to reign, Nor

time shall shake his endless pow'r, Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.

Treble SOLO. *Pia.*

Riches and all that deck the great from worlds unnumber'd hither bring The

Repeat For. 1 2

tribute pour be - fore his seat And hail the tri - umphs of our king.

Bass SOLO.

Wisdom and strength are his alone, He rais'd the topstone shouting grace,

Honour has built his lof - ty throne, And glo - ry shines up - on his face.

Pia. *For.* *Pia.* *For.*

From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise, From heav'n, from earth, lound bnsts of

praise The mighty blessings shall proclaim, Blessings that earth to glory raise The purchase

For. *Fortis.* *Pid.*

Cre - ations voice the

of the wounded lamb. Higher, still higher swell the strain

Cres.

note prolong The lamb shall ever ever reign.

The lamb shall ever ever

Cre - - ations voice the note prolong,

Sym.

reign The lamb shall ever ever reign.

Pia. *Pia.* *Pia.*

Let hal - le - lu - jah's crown the song.

Halle - - lujah, Halle - - lujah, Halle - - lujah.

For. *Pia.*

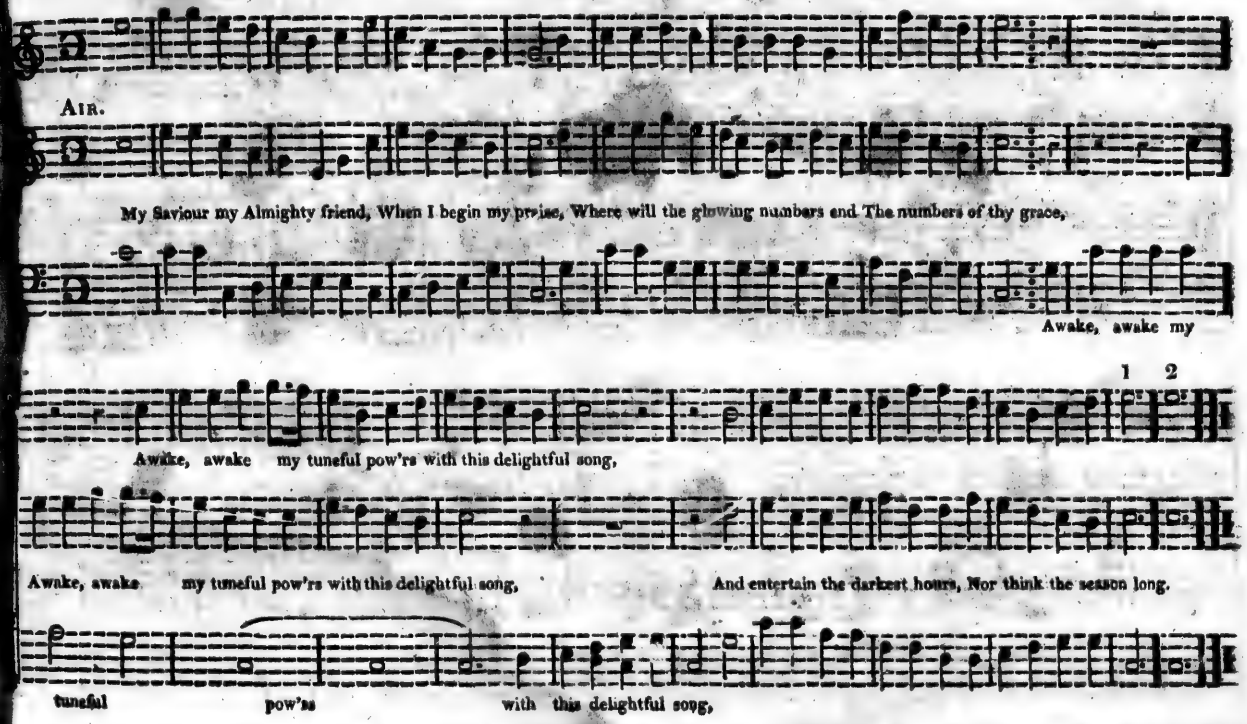
Halle - - lujah Halle - - lujah, Let halle - - lujahs crown the song, Let

Cres. *For.*

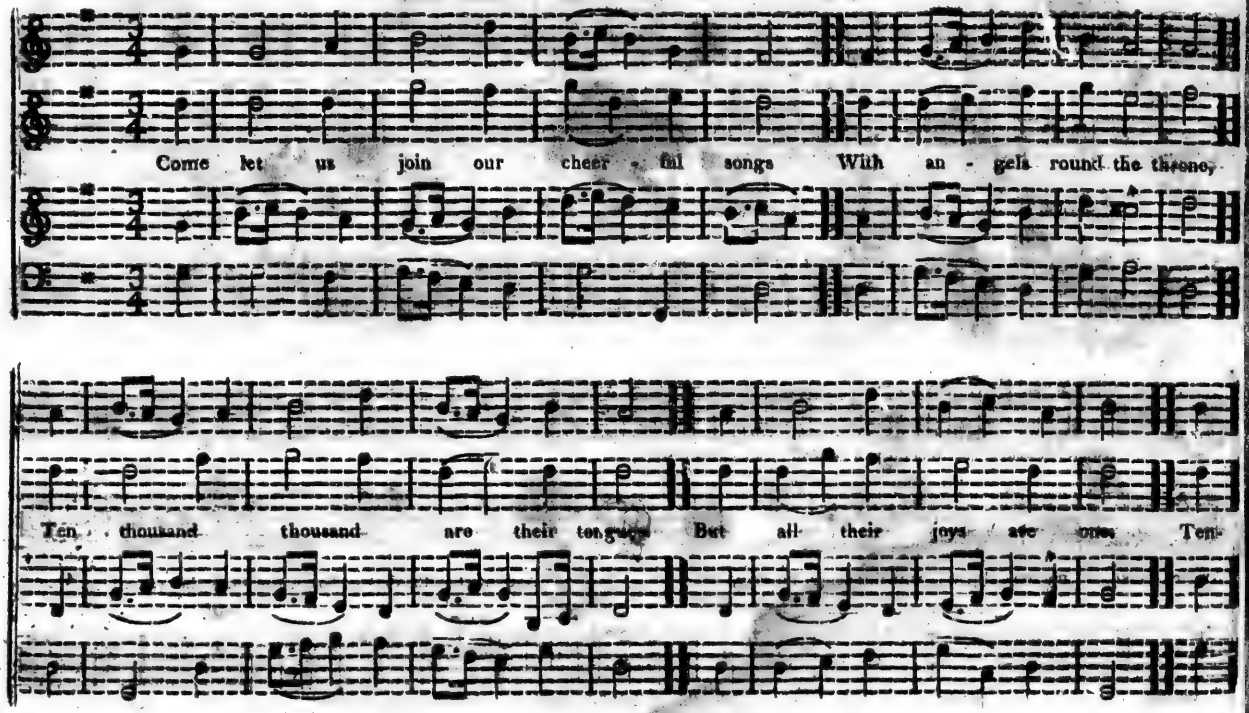
hal - le - - lu - jahs crown the song, Let hal - le - - lu - jahs crown the song.

When the great builder arch'd the skies, And form'd all na - ture with a word; The joyful cherubs tun'd his

praise, And ev'ry bending throne ador'd. The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise, and ev'ry bending throne ador'd, and ev' - ry bending throne ador'd.


AIR.
My Saviour my Almighty friend, When I begin my praise, Where will the glowing numbers end The numbers of thy grace,
Awake, awake my
1 2
Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs with this delightful song,
Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs with this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hours, Nor think the season long.
tuneful pow'rs with this delightful song,

WESTON FAVEL. C. M.



thousand thousand are their tongues. But all, but all their joys are one.

SALEM. C. M.

Holden.

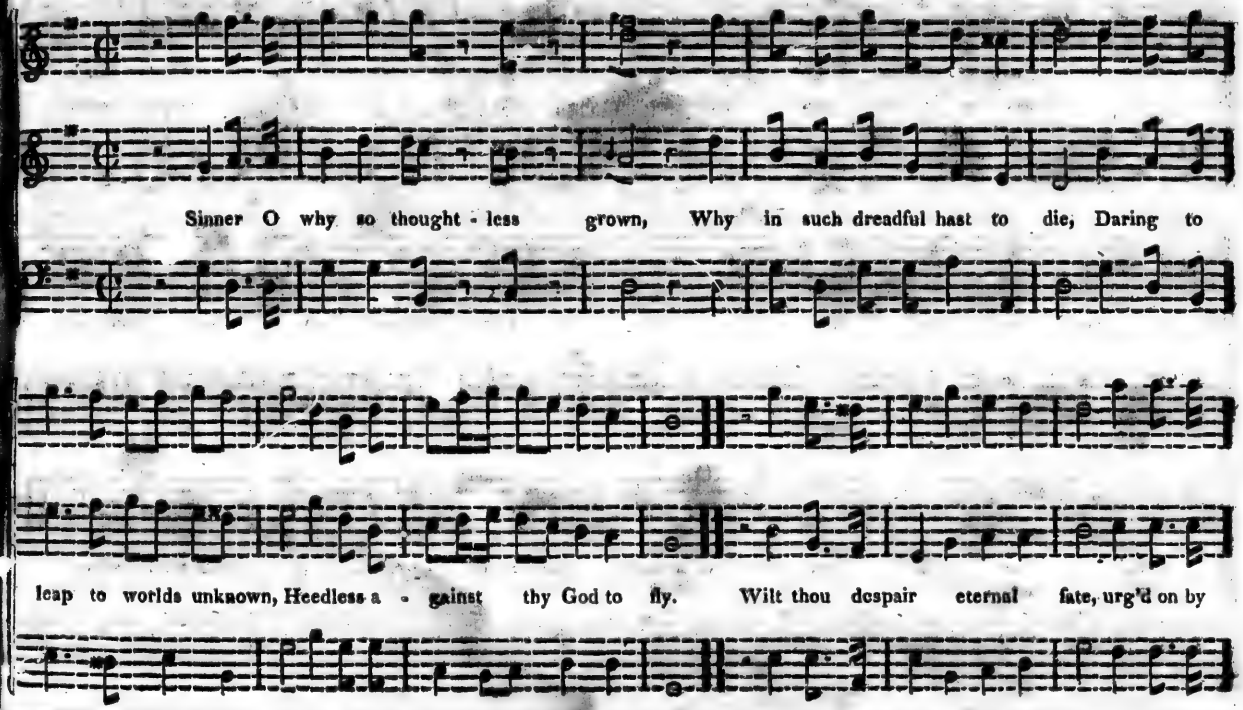
Some seraph lend your heav'nly tongue, Or harp of golden string; That I may raise a lofty song, To our immortal King.

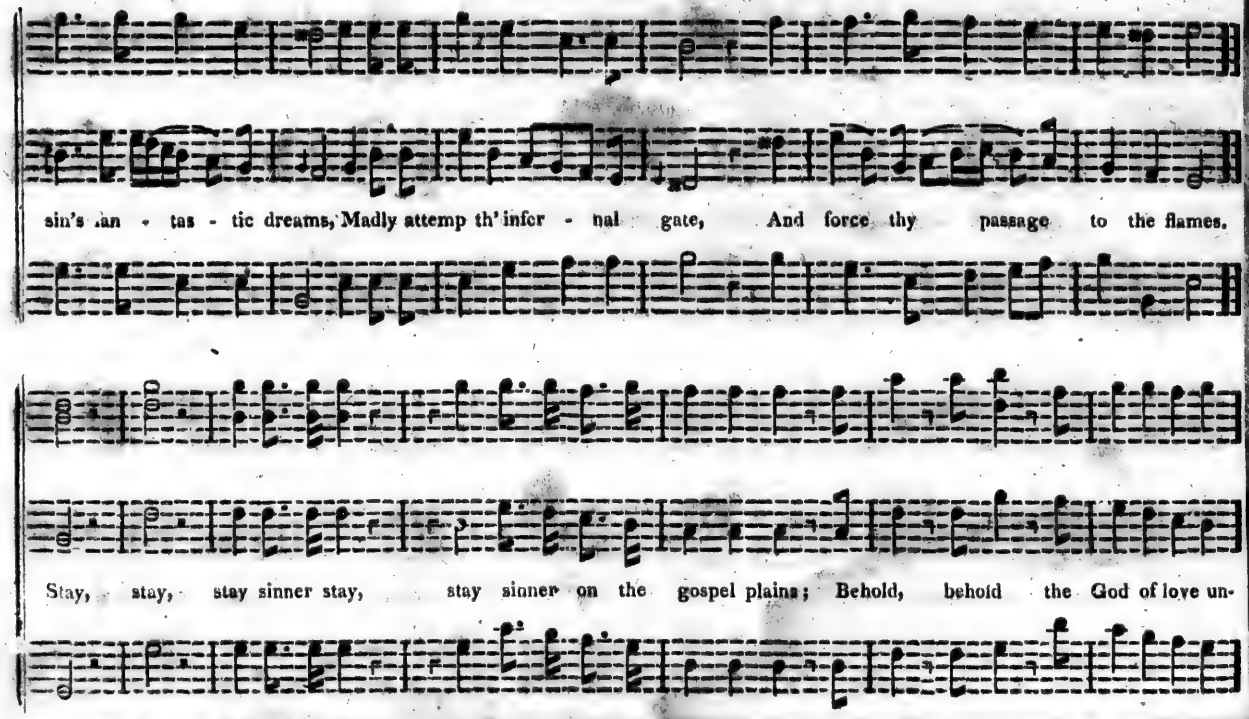
LOVE DIVINE. P. M.

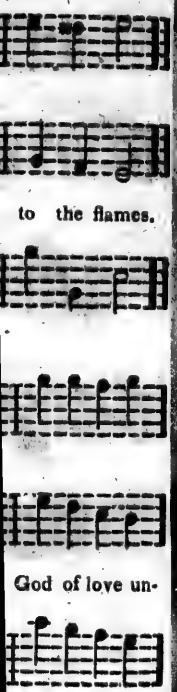
Love di - vine all love excelling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faith - ful mercies crown.

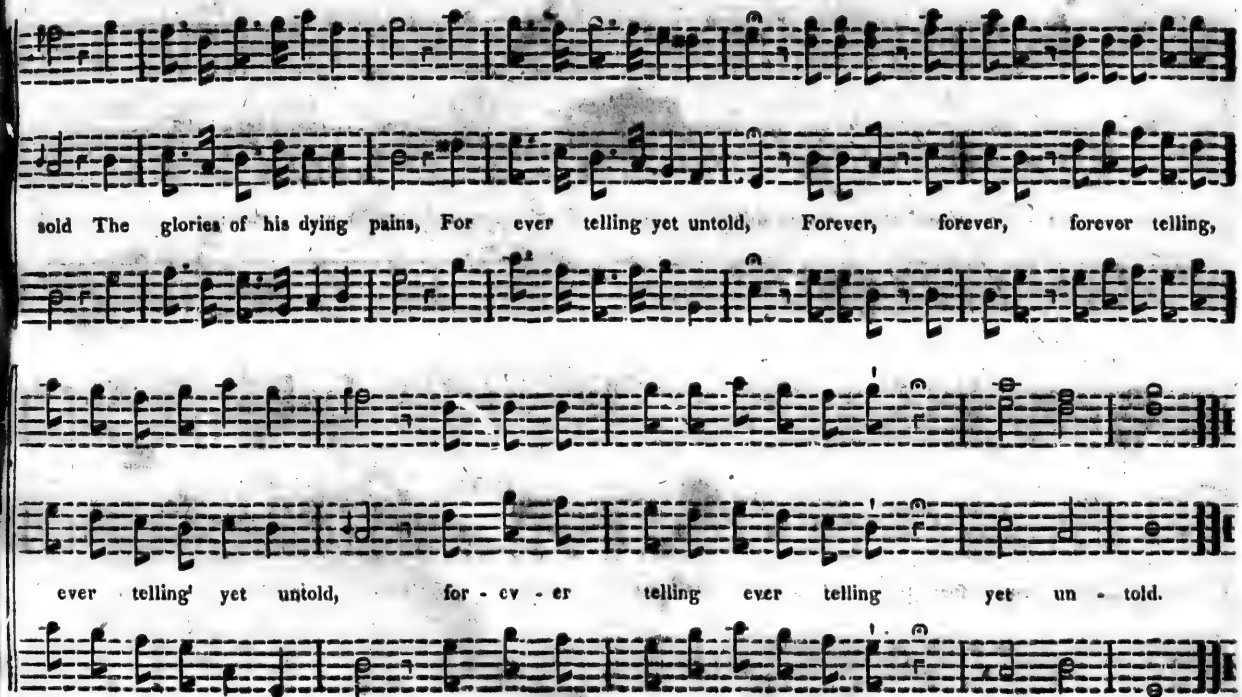
Je - sus thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure unbound - ed love thou art;

Visit us with thy Sal - va - tion, En - ter ev' - - ry trembling heart.

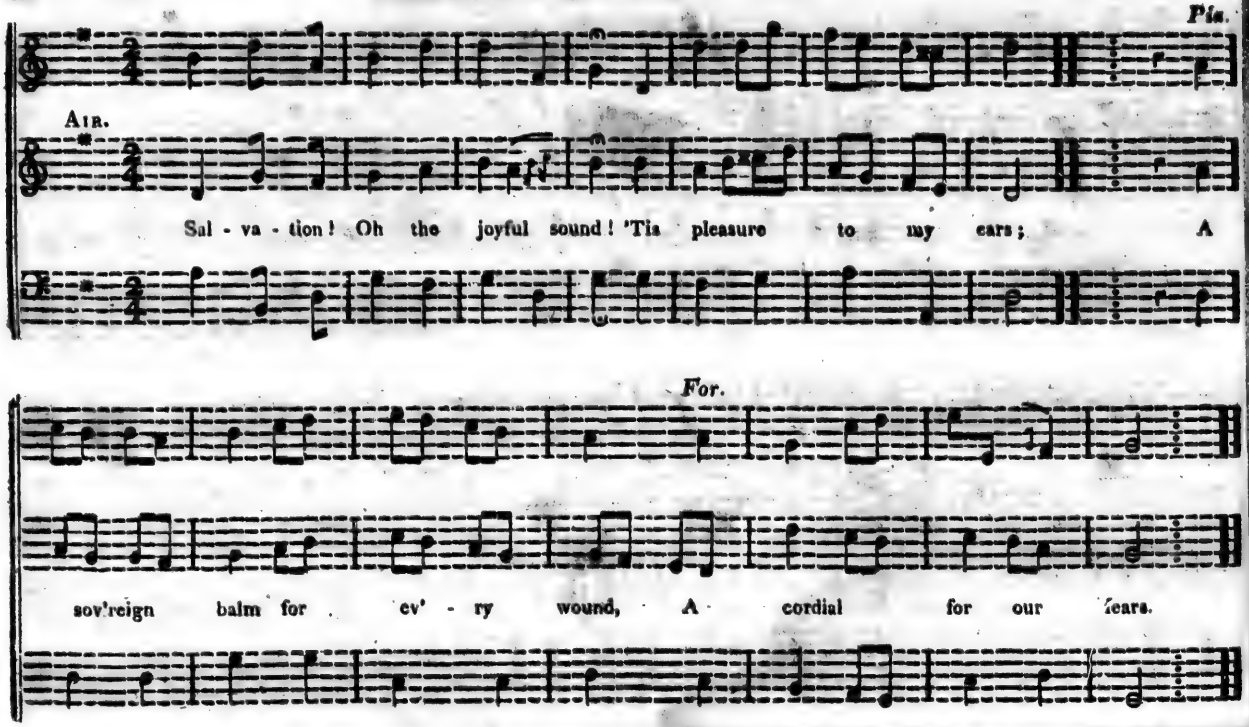

Sinner O why so thought - less grown, Why in such dreadful hast to die, Daring to
leap to worlds unknown, Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly. Wilt thou despair eternal fate, urg'd on by

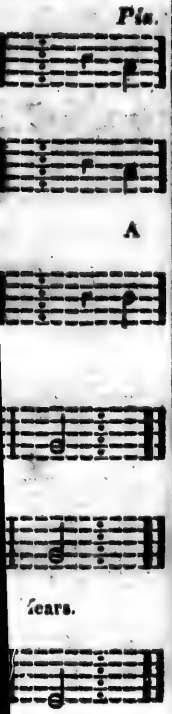

sin's an - tas - tic dreams, Madly attemp th' infer - nal gate, And force thy passage to the flames.
Stay, stay, stay sinner stay, stay sinner on the gospel plains; Behold, behold the God of love un-

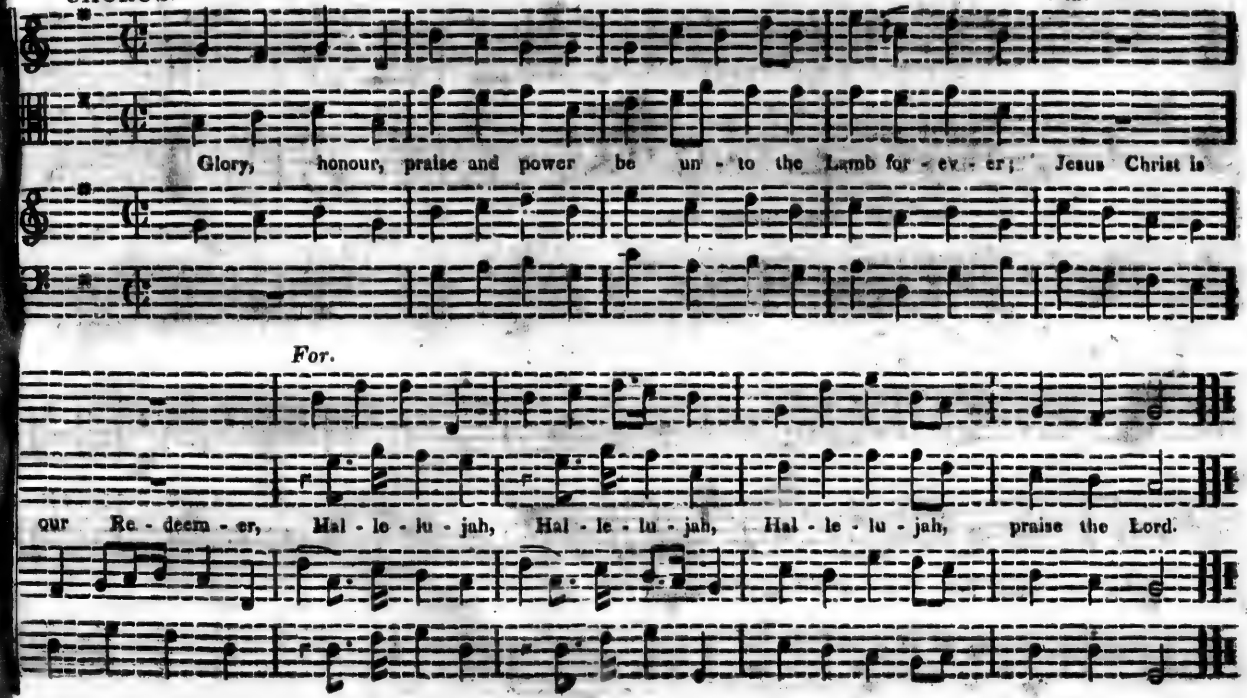

to the flames.
God of love un-

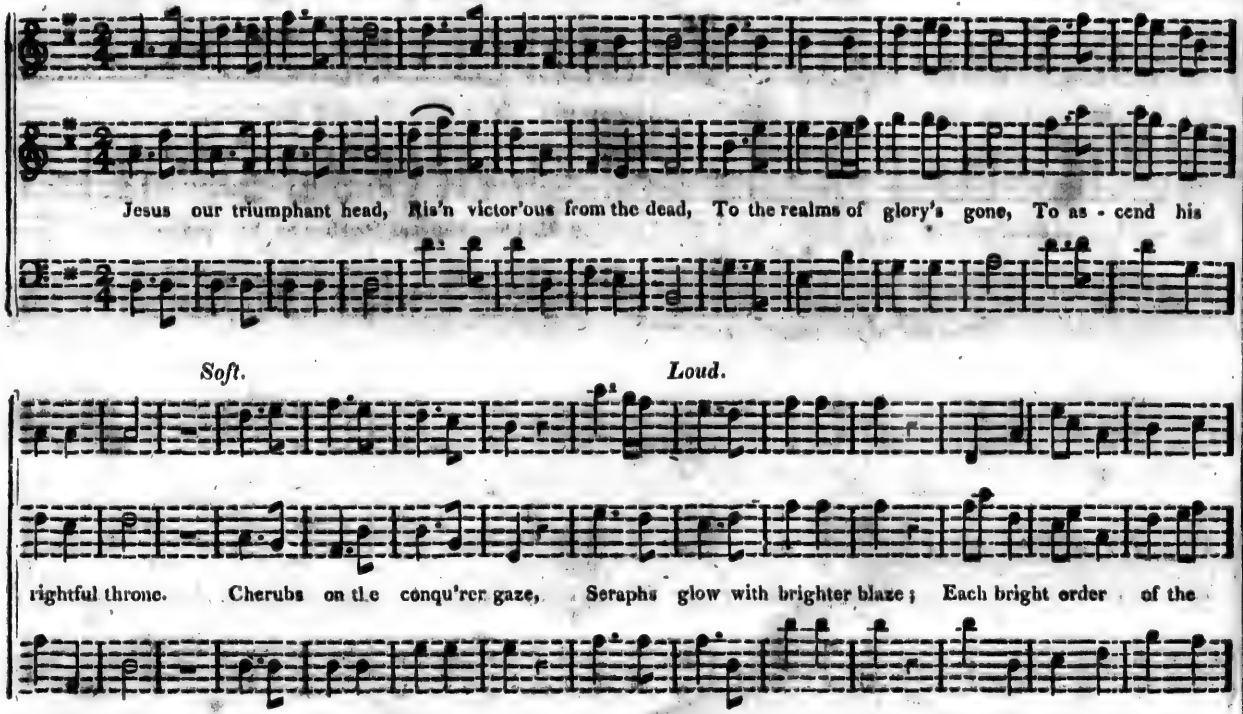

sold The glories of his dying pains, For ever telling yet untold, Forever, forever, forevor telling,
ever telling yet untold, for - ev - er telling ever telling yet un - told.

ASHLEY. C. M.


Pia.
Air.
Sal - va - tion! Oh the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to my ears; A
For.
sov'reign balm for ev' - ry wound, A cordial for our fears.


Pia.
A
fears.


CHORUS.
Pia.
Glory, honour, praise and power be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er; Jesus Christ is
For.
our Re - deem - er, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.


Jesus our triumphant head, Ris'n victor'ous from the dead, To the realms of glory's gone, To as - cend his
Soft.
Loud.
rightful throne. Cherubs on the conqu'ror gaze, Seraphs glow with brighter blaze; Each bright order of the

Hail him, hail him, Hail him as he passes by,

sky, Hail him as he passes by, Hail him, hail him, Hail him as he passes by,

Hail him as he passes by,

Saints the glor'ous triumph meet, See their garments at his feet: By his scars his toils are view'd, And his garments

Loud.

roll'd in blood. Heav'n its king congratulates, Opens wide her golden gates: Angels songs of vict'ry bring,

All the blissful, All the blissful regions ring.

All the blissful regions ring, All the blissful regions ring. Stomers join the

All the blissful regions ring.

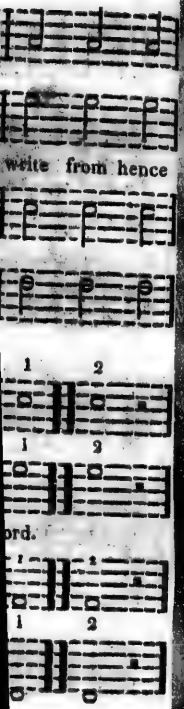
heav'nly pow'rs, For redemption all is ours; None but burden'd sinners prove, Blood-bought pardon dying love.

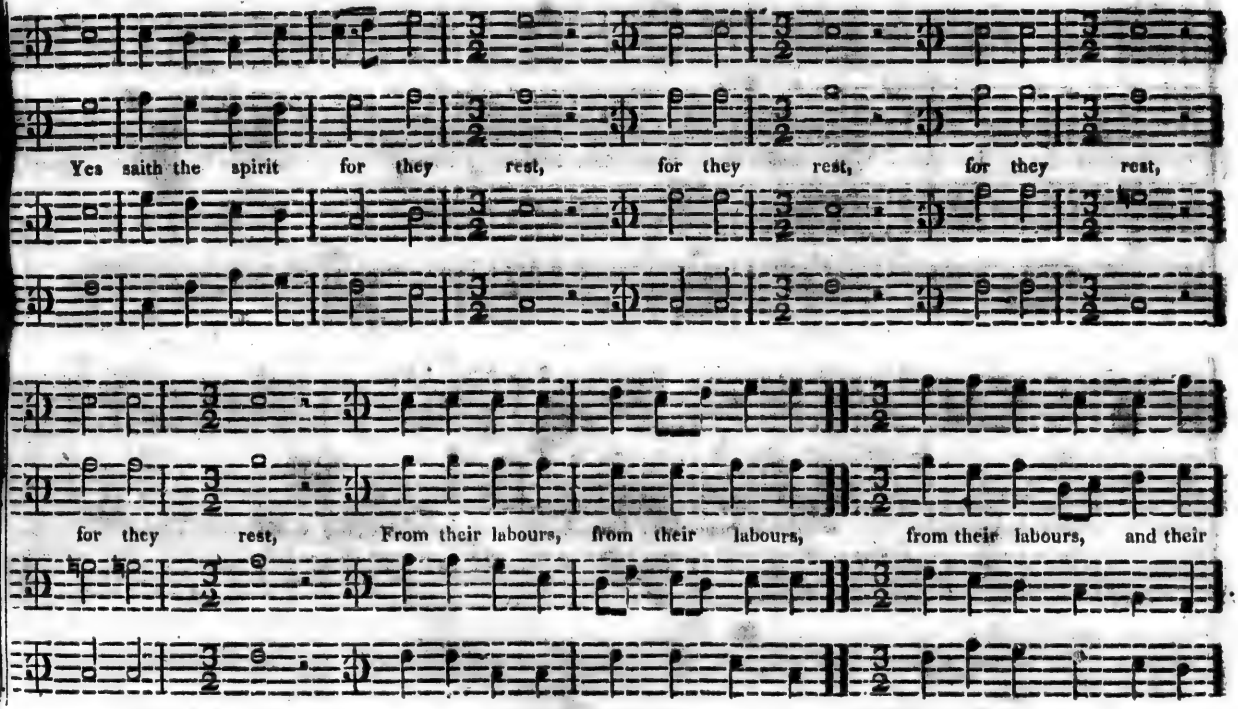
Mœstoso.

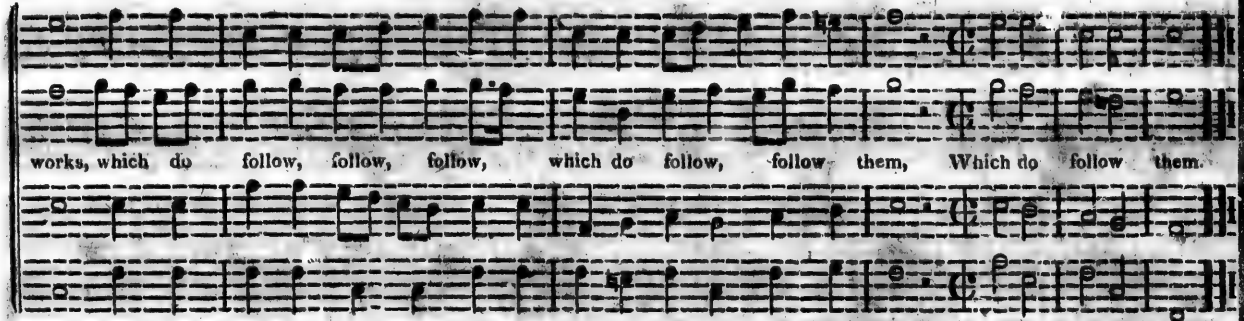
Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord; Holy Lamb, incarnate Word! Hail, thou suff'ring son of God! Take the trophies of thy blood.

I heard a great voice from heav'n saying unto me, write from hence

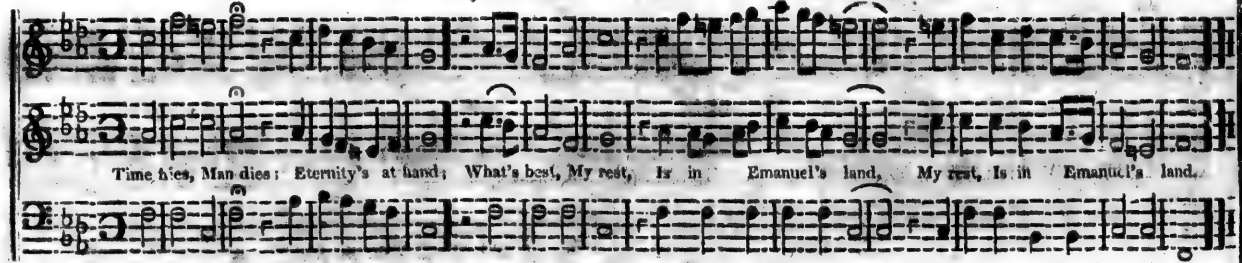
forth, write from henceforth, write from henceforth, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.


write from hence
1 2
1 2
ord.
1 2


Yes saith the spirit for they rest, for they rest, for they rest,
for they rest, From their labours, from their labours, from their labours, and their



AIR. PROVIDENCE. P. M. *Holden.*

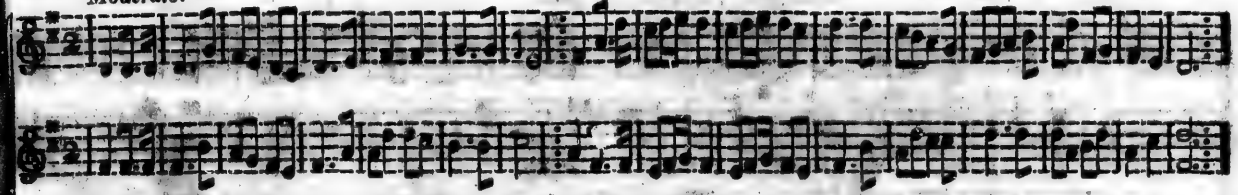


2 Christ di'd,
He rose,
Salvation now appears;
Thus blest,
We rest,
From all our slavish fears.

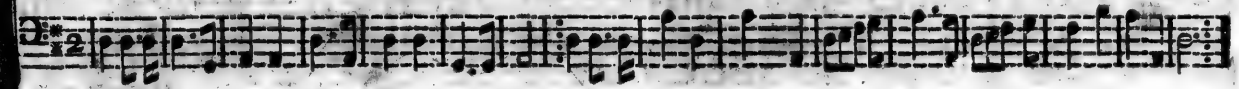
3 Let heav'n,
And earth,
Shout, praising without end,
The love,
Above,
What mortals comprehend.

4 Our hearts,
Our tongues,
Shall join th' immortal song;
On earth,
In heav'n,
The Anthem we'll prolong.

Moderato.

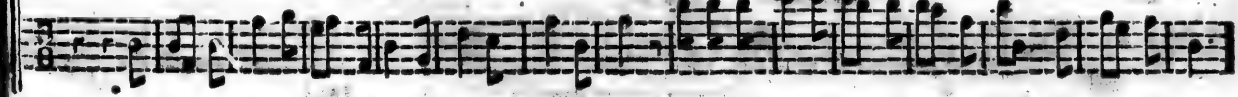


Ye that obey th' immortal king, Attend his holy place; Bow to the glories of his pow'r, And bless his wond'rous grace, His, &c.



Pia.

Lift up your hands by morning light, And send your souls on high; Raise your admiring thoughts by night, Above the star - ry sky.



AUSTRIA *continued.*

Andante. *Pia.* *For.*

The God of Sion cheers our hearts, With rays of quick'ning grace; The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad, And rules the swelling seas.

HINSDALE. C. M.

Holyoke.

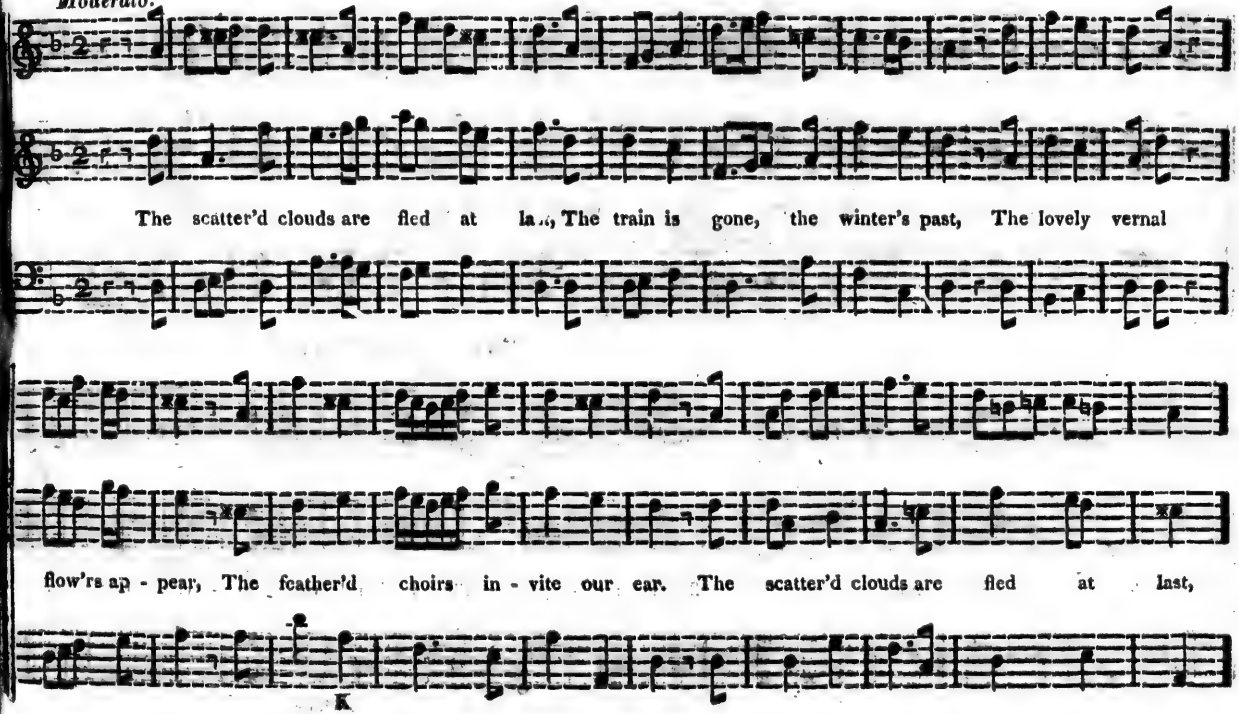
Thy courts immortal pleasure give, Thy, &c.

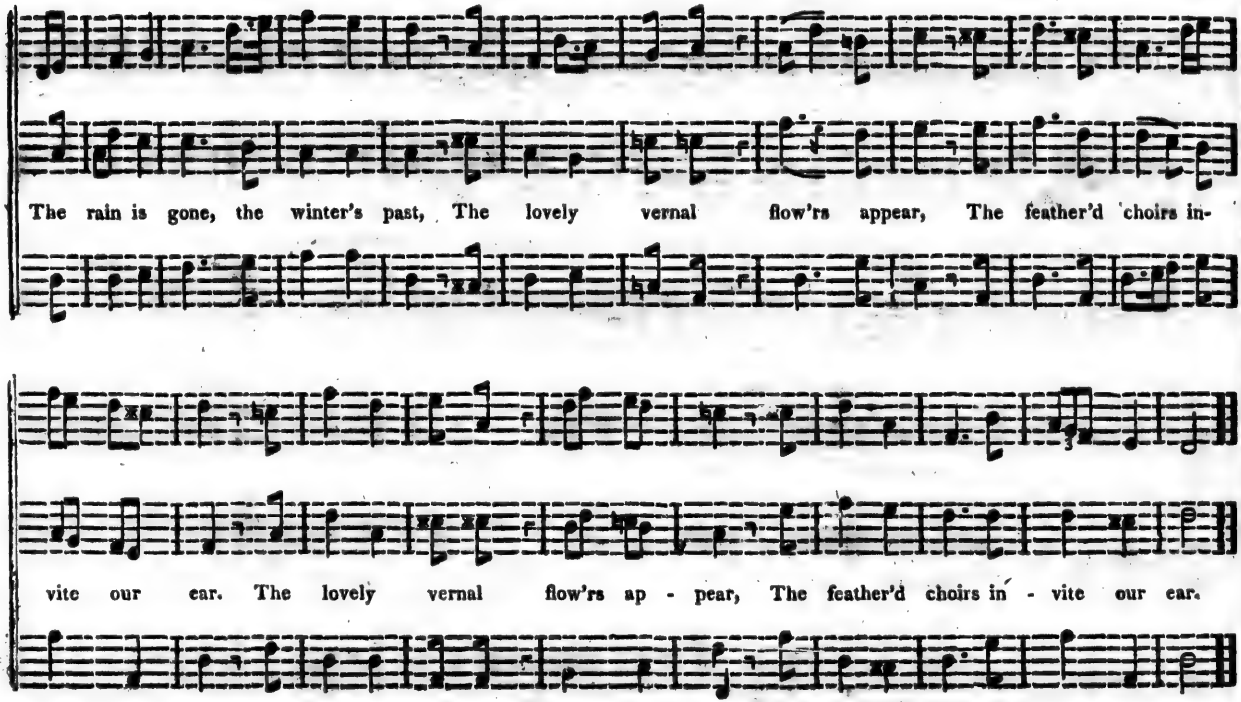
And raise me to thy throne; Thy courts immortal pleasure give, Thy presence joys unknown.

Thou wilt reveal the paths of life, Thy courts immortal pleasure, pleasure give, Thy presence, &c.

Thy courts immortal pleasure give, Thy, &c. Thy, &c.

Moderato.


The scatter'd clouds are fled at la.., The train is gone, the winter's past, The lovely vernal
flow'rs ap - pear, The feather'd choirs in - vite our ear. The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,

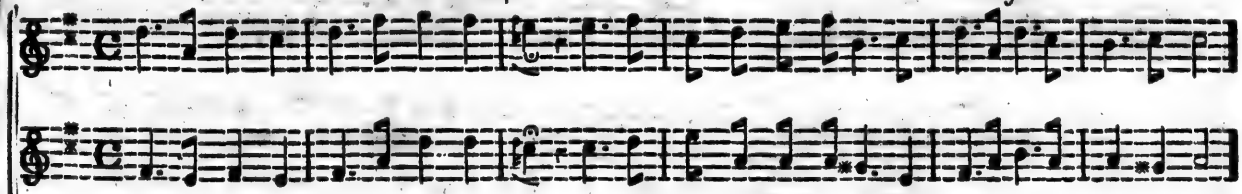

The rain is gone, the winter's past, The lovely vernal flow'rs appear, The feather'd choirs in-
vite our ear. The lovely vernal flow'rs ap - pear, The feather'd choirs in - vite our ear.

Pia. Moderato. *For.*

Now with sweetly pensive moan, Coos the turtle dove alone. Now with sweetly pensive moan, Coos the turtle dove alone.

VICTORS.'

Holyoke.



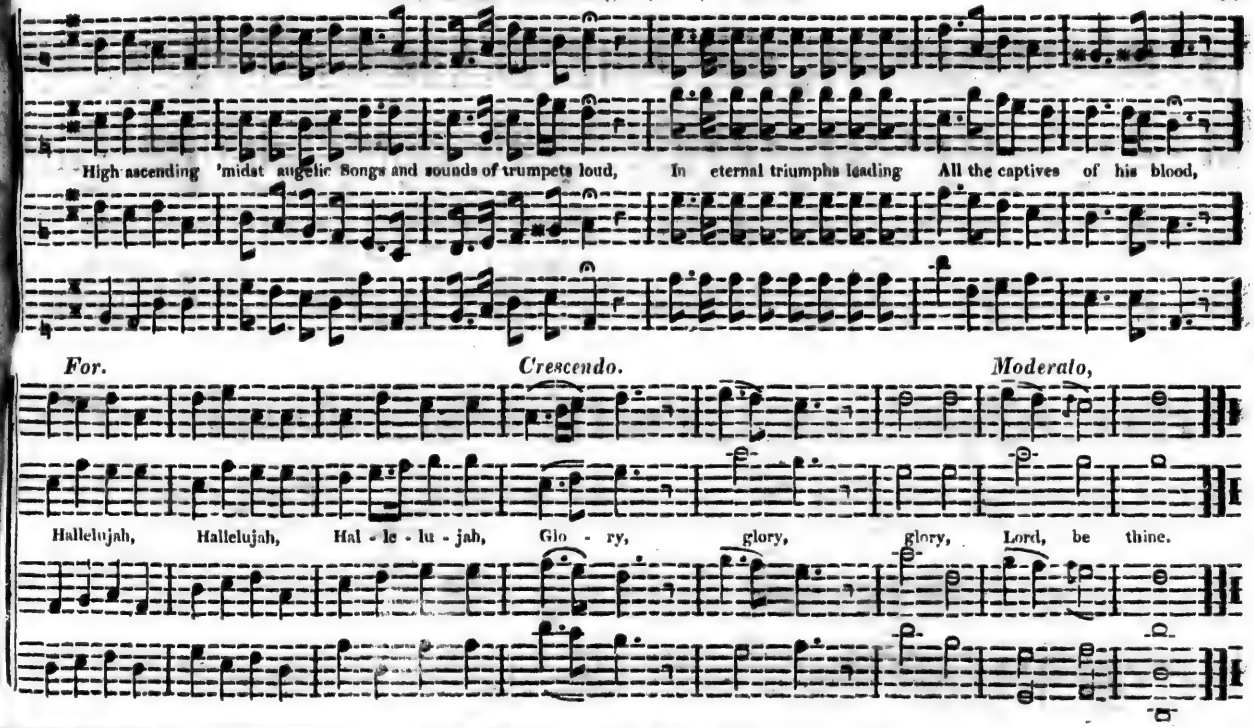
Sing the triumphs of your conq'ring head, Sing the triumphs of your conq'ring head, and cruci - fi - ed king.

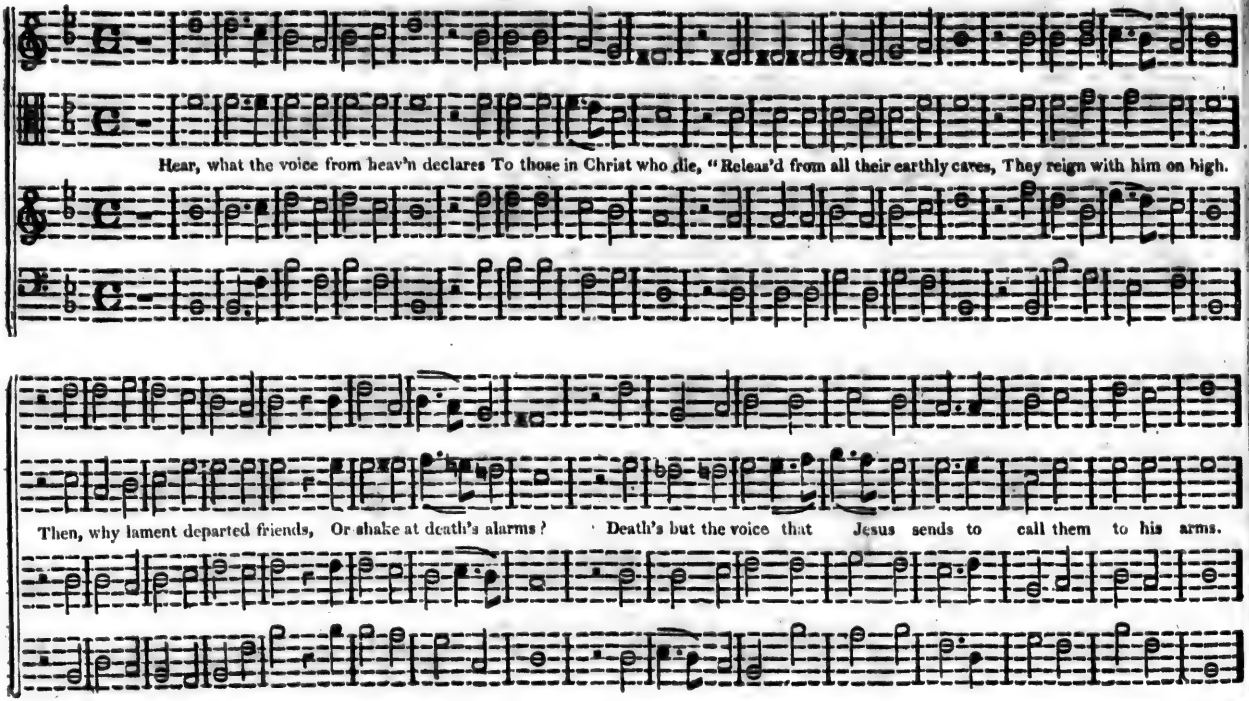
tr. *Moderato.*

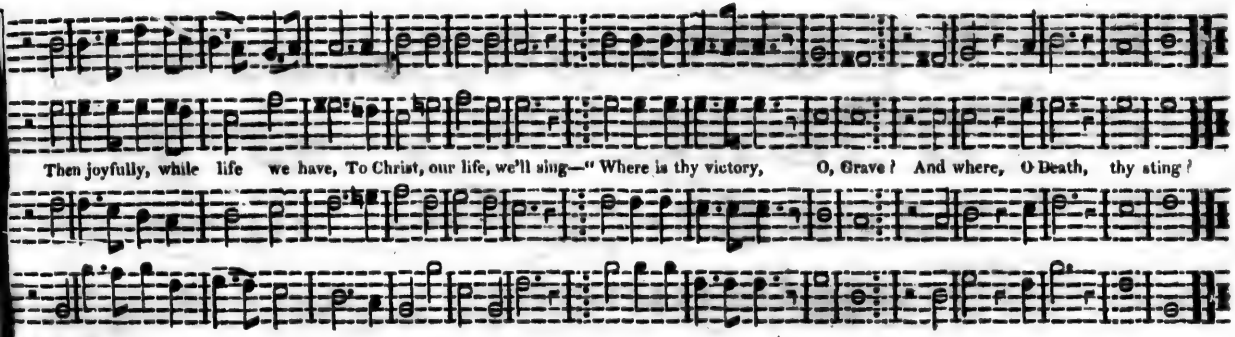
His atchievements, when he vanquish'd all our enemies, we'll sing; His atchievements, when he vanquish'd all our enemies, we'll sing.

Pia. *For.*

Most triumphant, great and glorious, He from death and hell arose; In him all his church victor'ous Triumph'd o'er her dreadful foes.

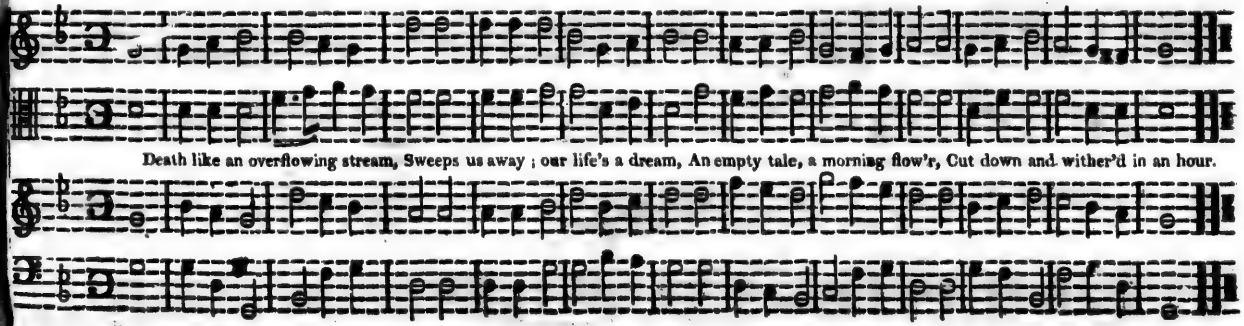

High ascending 'midst angelic Songs and sounds of trumpets loud, In eternal triumphs leading All the captives of his blood,
For.
Crescendo.
Moderato,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glory, glory, Lord, be thine.


Hear, what the voice from heav'n declares To those in Christ who die, "Releas'd from all their earthly cares, They reign with him on high.
Then, why lament departed friends, Or shake at death's alarms? Death's but the voice that Jesus sends to call them to his arms.



HOPKINTON. L. M.

Wood.



CHAMPLAIN. C. M. On the Resurection and Ascension. *Holyoke.*

Sym. *tr. Moderato.* *tr.* *Vivace.*

Angels, roll the rock away, Den of Death, resign thy pray. See, the Saviour quits the tomb,

Pia. *For.* *Sym. Pia. tr.* *For. Spirit.*

glowing with immortal bloom, Glowing with immortal bloom. Shout, shout ye seraphs, Gabriel, raise

For. *Sym.* *Mæstoso. Moderato.*

Hail and sing th' incarnate God. Heav'n unfolds its portals wide,

Matchless hero, thro' them ride. Heav'n unfolds its portals wide, Matchless hero, thro' them ride. King of glory, mount thy throne,

Moderato.

Boundless empire is thine own. King of glory, mount thy throne, Boundless empire is thine own. Hallelujah,

Crescendo.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen, Amen, Amen.

Andantino.

Thou sacred One, Almighty Three, Great everlasting mystery; What lofty numbers shall we frame, Equal to thy tremendous name?

Pia. *For.* *Pia.* *For.*

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne, Begin and speak the great unknown, Attempt the song, wind up your strings, To notes untry'd and boundless things

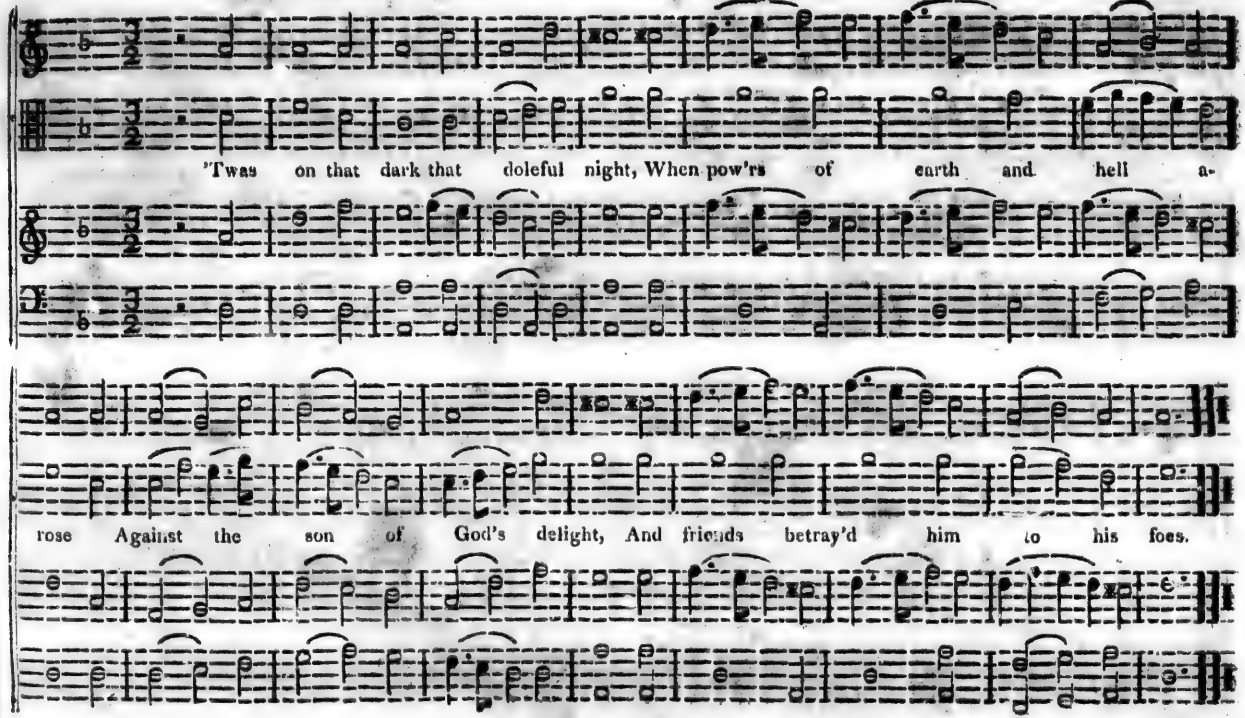
It means thy praise, &c.

Forgive the song that falls so low Beneath the gratitude I owe: It means thy praise, how-

It means thy praise, however poor, It means, &c.

It means thy praise, however poor, It means, &c.

ever poor, An angels song can do no more. It means, &c.


'Twas on that dark that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a-
rose Against the son of God's delight, And friends betray'd him to his foes.

SUTTON. C. M.

Goff.

I sink, &c

Save me, O God, the swelling floods Break in upon my soul, I sink, and sorrows o'er my head, Like mighty waters roll.

I sink, &c. Like mighty, &c.

KINGSTON. P. M.

Belknap.

Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd; While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; My trust, &c.

I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; Let not my foes that seek my

I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name, is in his name;

I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name;

Still triumph in my shame, Still, &c.

blood, Still triumph in my shame, Still, &c. Still triumph, triumph in my shame.

Still triumph in my shame, Still, &c.

Still triumph in my shame, Still triumph, &c.

NEW TRIUMPH. L. M.

Janes.

Air. *Pia.* *For.*

And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?

Say live forever wond'rous king, Born to redeem and strong to save; Then ask the monster where's thy sting? Then

For.

ask the monster, where's thy sting? And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave? And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave.

1st TREBLE. *Pia.* *For.* *Pia.*

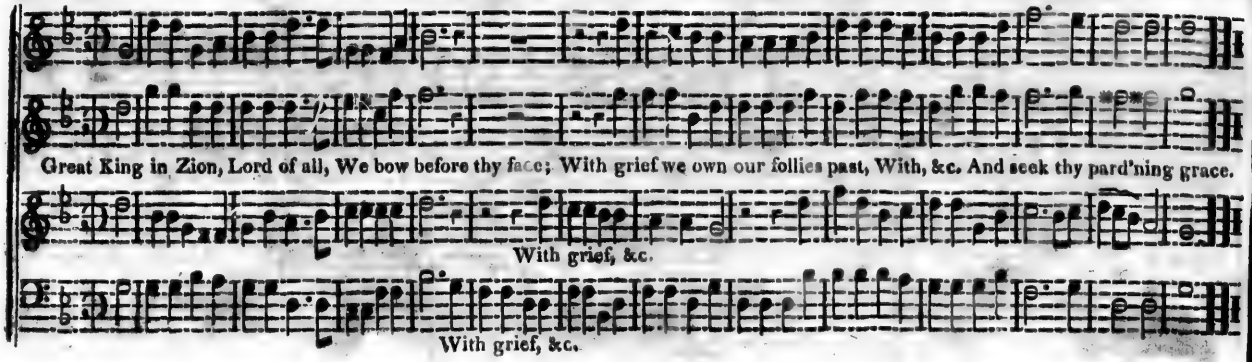
2d TREBLE.

TENOR. Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice Make rocks and hills his praise rebound; Praise him with harps melodious noise, And gentle

For *Pia.* *For.* *Pia.* *For.*

psaltr 's silver sound. Let virgin troops soft timbrils bring, And some with graceful motion dance; Let instruments with various strings, With organs join'd his praise advance.

M



2 While we invoke thine awful name
In this appointed rite,
May love divine inspire our songs,
And fill our souls with light.

3 Near to thy seat would we approach.
And find acceptance there,
Jesus, by thine own sacrifice,
Present our ardent prayer.

4 A grateful tribute, Lord, inspire,
For all thy mercies past:
Let goodness crown each future day,
While months and years shall last.

5 Before thy throne, great God, we bring
Our highly favour'd land;
Be thou our never failing friend,
And guide us by thine hand.

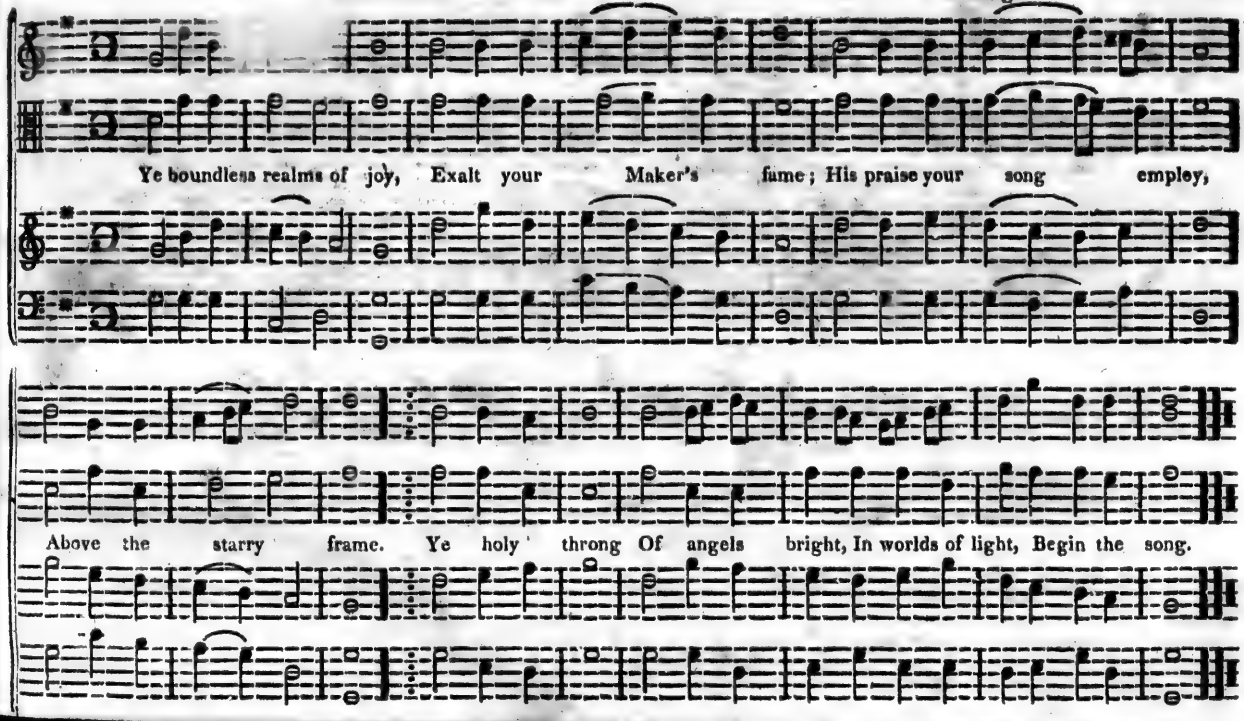
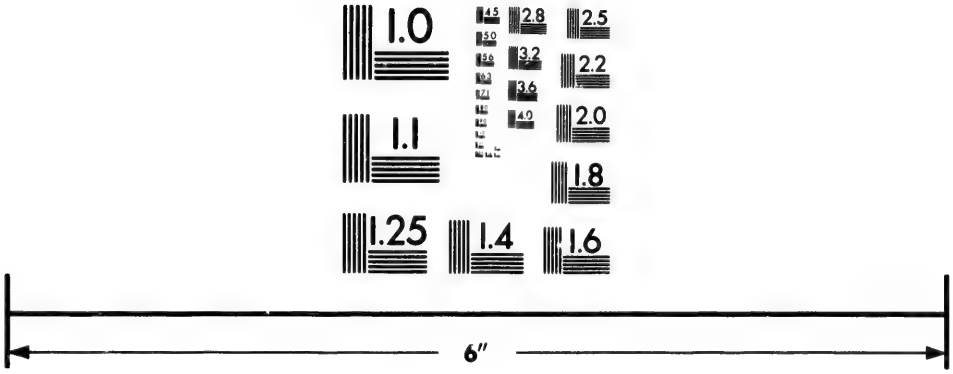

Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; His praise your song employ,
Above the starry frame. Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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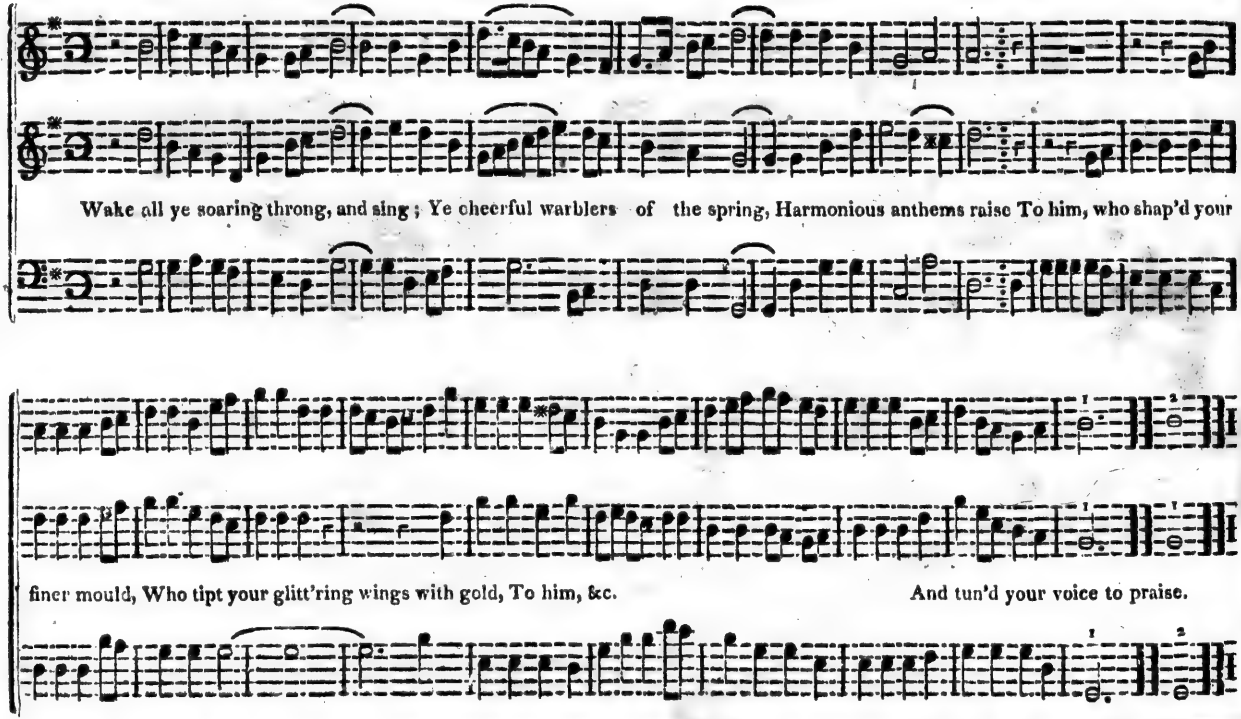
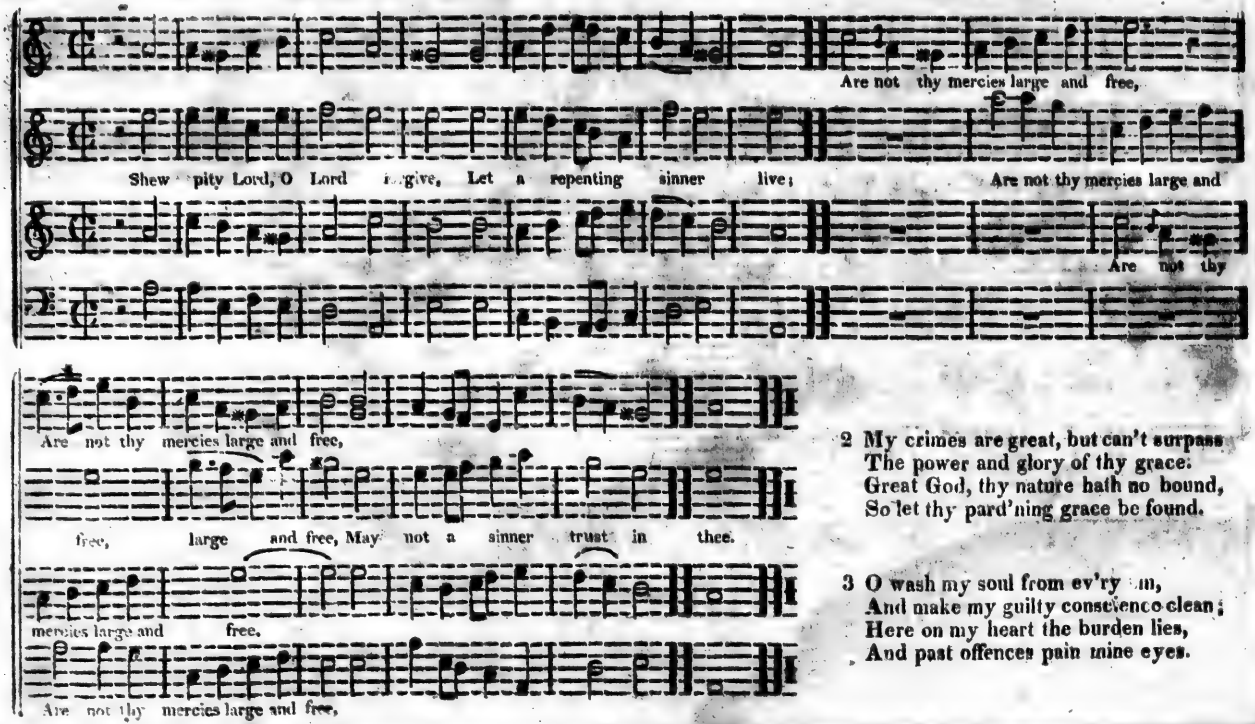

Wake all ye soaring throng, and sing; Ye cheerful warblers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise To him, who shap'd your
finer mould, Who tipt your glitt'ring wings with gold, To him, &c.
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Hark from the tombs, a mournful sound, My ears attend the cry, Ye living

men come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie, Where you must shortly lie.



2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning grace be found.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

SUDBURY. S. M.

Sanger.

1 2

Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,

Now let your voices join To form a sacred song, Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways With music pass along, Ye pilgrims, &c.

RUSSIA. L. M.

Read.

Laid in, &c.

False are the men of high degree, The baser sort are vanity; Laid in a balance both appear Light as a puff of empty air.

Laid in, &c. Light as, &c.

Laid in, &c. Light as, &c.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

Edson.

My soul thy great Cre - a - tor praise, When cloth'd in his ce - les - tial rays,

He in full ma-

He in, &c.

He in full majesty appears, He in full majesty appears, And like a robe his glory wears,

jesty appears, He in, &c. And like, &c.

WILLIAMSTOWN. L. M.

Edson.

A faithful, &c.

A faithful, &c.

Lord, if thou dost not soon appear, Virtue and truth will flee away; A faithful man among us here Will scarce be found if thou delay.

A faithful, &c. Will, &c.

LISBON. S. M.

Read.

Welcome, &c.

Welcome sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise: Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re - - joic - - ing eyes.

Welcome, &c.

Welcome, &c. And these, &c.

Great Comforter, &c.

Why should the children of our King, Go mourning all their days Great comforter, &c.

Great comforter descend and bring, Some tokens of thy grace, Some

Great comforter, &c.

Some tokens, &c. Great, &c.

Great comforter descend and bring, Some, &c.

tokens of thy grace, Great comforter descend and bring, Some tokens of thy grace, Some tokens of thy grace.

tokens of thy grace, Great, &c.

Lord what a thot'less wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and repine, To see the wicked plac'd on high, In pride and robes of honour shine.

But O, &c. On, &c.

But, O, &c. On, &c.

But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctuary taught me so; On slipp'ry socks I see them stand, And fi'ry billows roll below.

But O, &c. On, &c.

My soul, &c.

Had not thy word been my delight, When earthly joys are fled, My soul, &c. Had &c.

My soul oppress'd with sorrows weight Had sunk among the dead, Had sunk a-

My soul, &c. Had, &c.

Had, &c. My soul, &c.

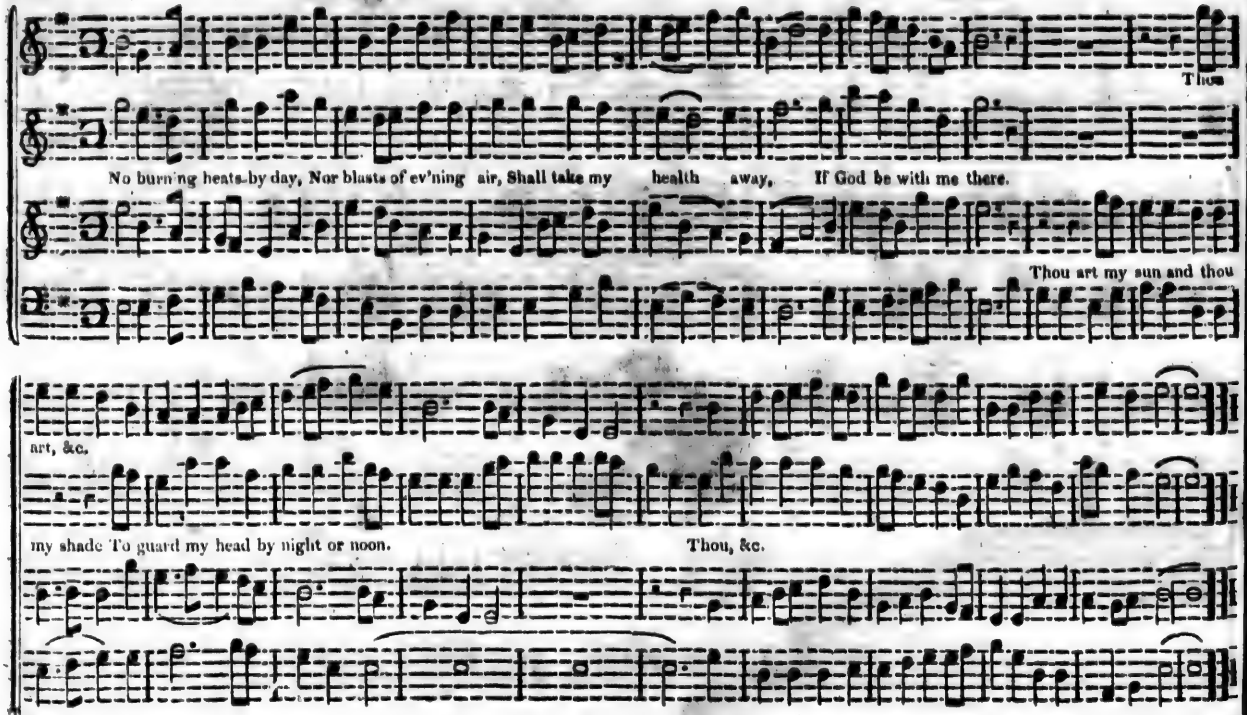
My soul, &c.

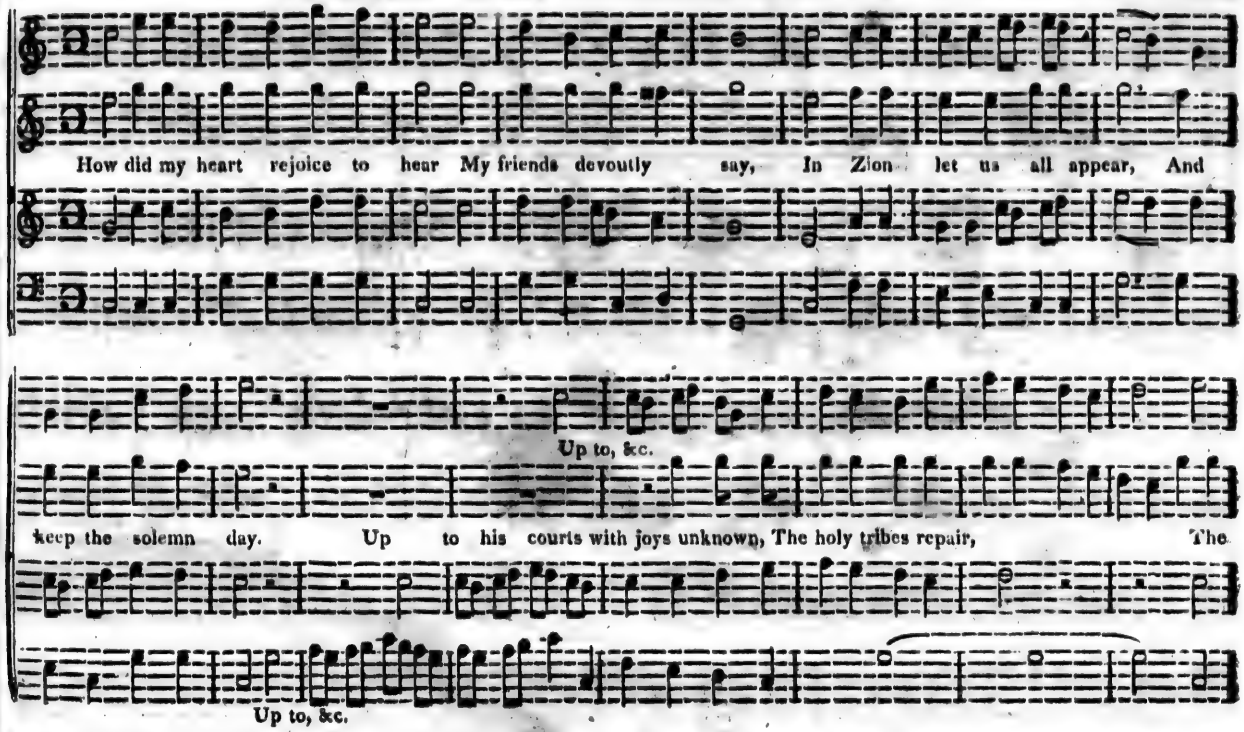
mong the dead, My soul oppress'd with sorrow's weight, Had sunk among the dead, Had sunk among the dead.

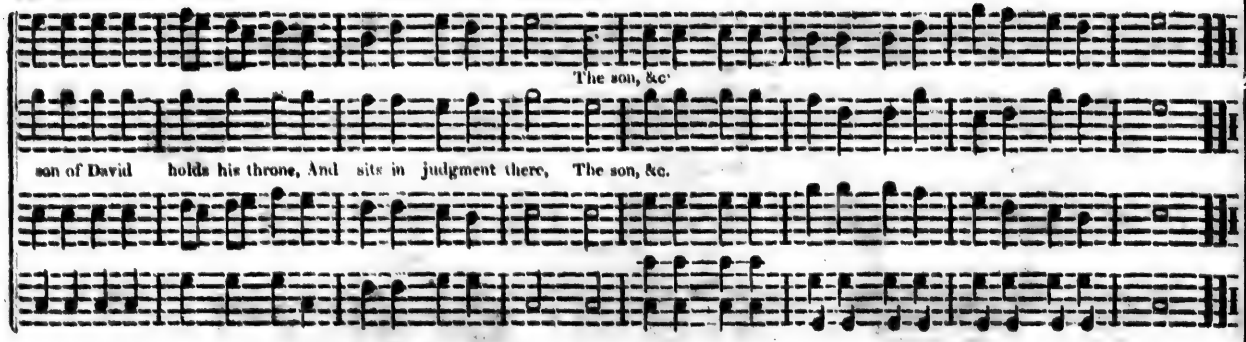
My soul, &c. Had sunk, &c.

Preserve me, Lord, in time of need; For succour to thy throne I flee, But

have no merits there to plead; My goodness cannot reach to thee, My goodness cannot reach to thee.

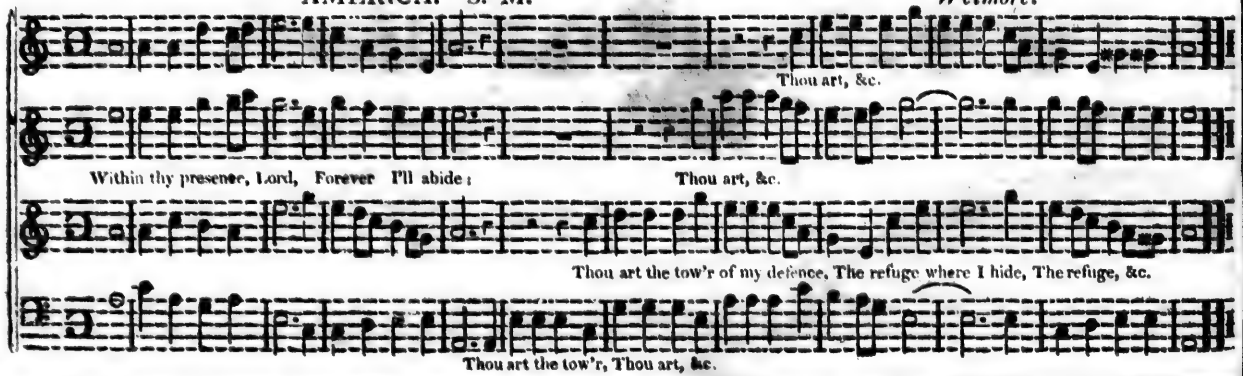

Thou
No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of ev'ning air, Shall take my health away, If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun and thou
art, &c.
my shade To guard my head by night or noon.
Thou, &c.

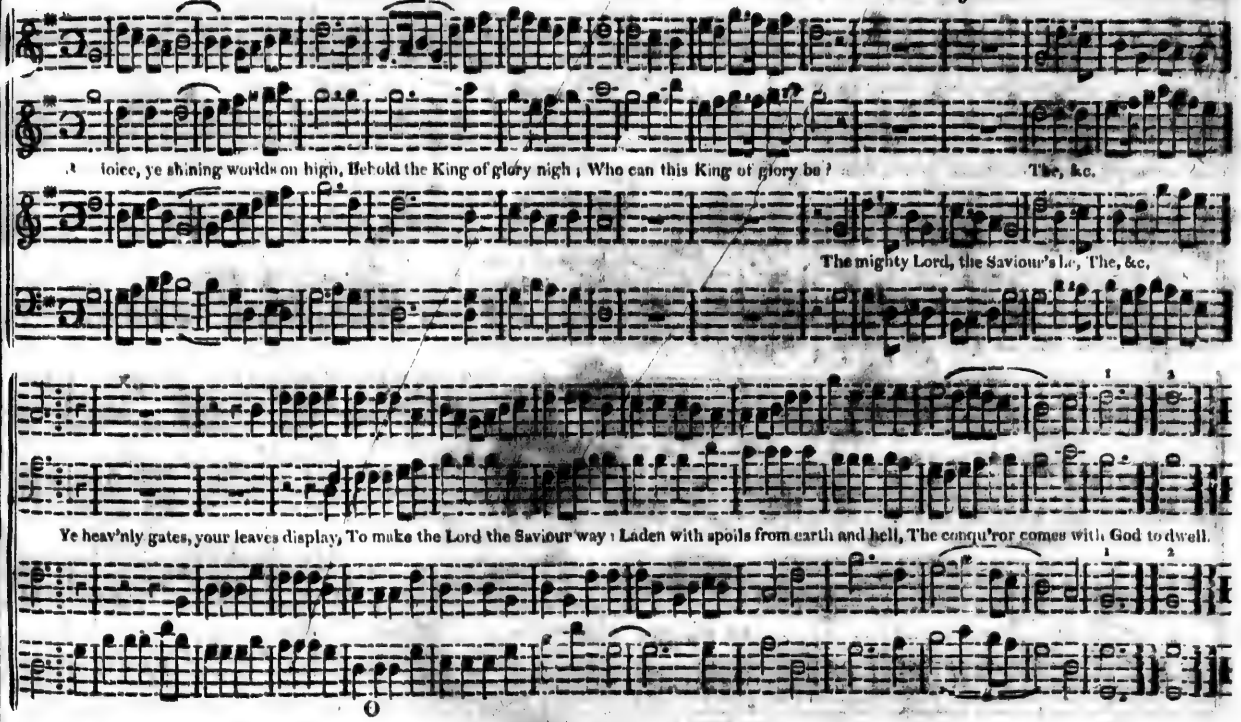

How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends devoutly say, In Zion let us all appear, And
Up to, &c.
keep the solemn day. Up to his courts with joys unknown, The holy tribes repair, The
Up to, &c.

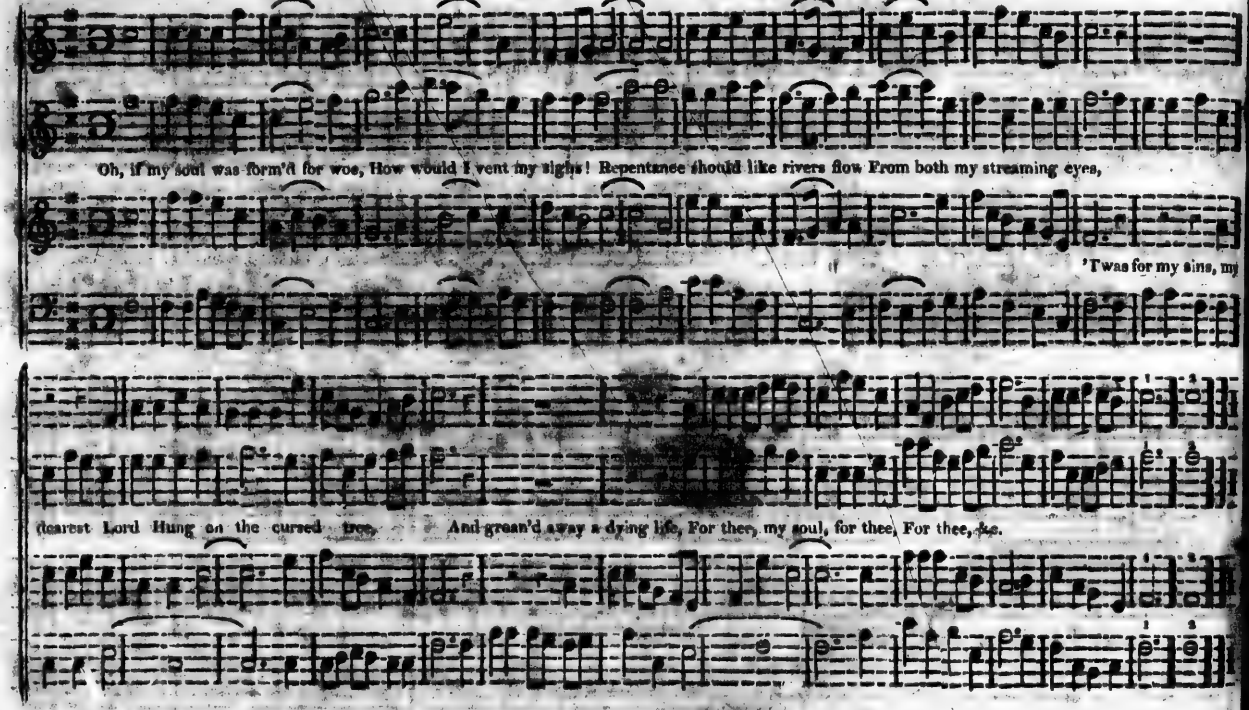


AMERICA. S. M.

Wetmore.




Voice, ye shining worlds on high, Behold the King of glory nigh; Who can this King of glory be? The, &c.
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he, The, &c.
Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display, To make the Lord the Saviour way: Laden with spoils from earth and hell, The conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.


Oh, if my soul was form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like rivers flow From both my streaming eyes,
'Twas for my sins, my
dearest Lord Hung on the cursed tree, And groan'd away a dying life, For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, &c.

Hark how the gospel trumpet sounds Thro' all the earth the echo bounds. And

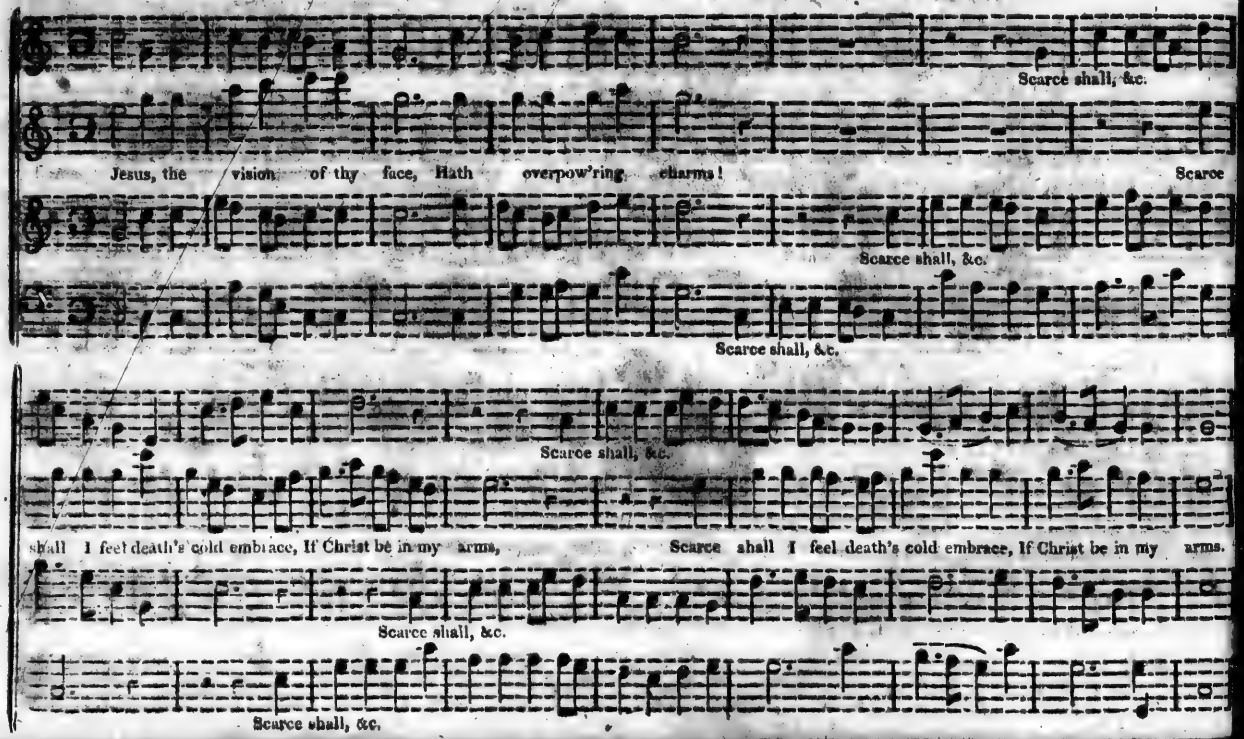
And by Jesus re-

Jesus by redeeming blood, Is bringing sinners back to God: And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.

deeming blood, &c. And guides, &c.

GRAFTON. C. M.

Stone.



Then will, &c. How, &c. A

Then will ye hear my heart-strings break, How sweet the minutes roll, How sweet, &c.

Then will, &c. How sweet, &c. A mortal paleness

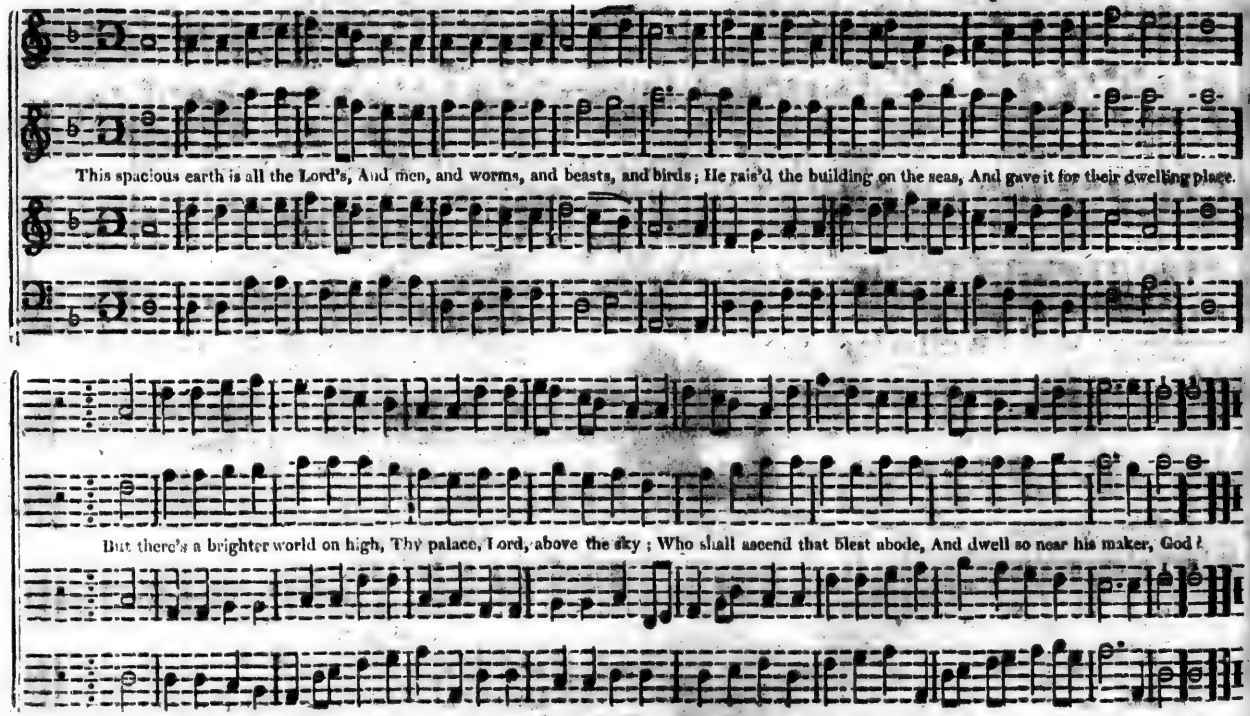
Then will, &c. How sweet, &c. A mortal, &c.

mortal paleness, &c,

A mortal paleness on my cheek, And glory in my soul, And, &c.

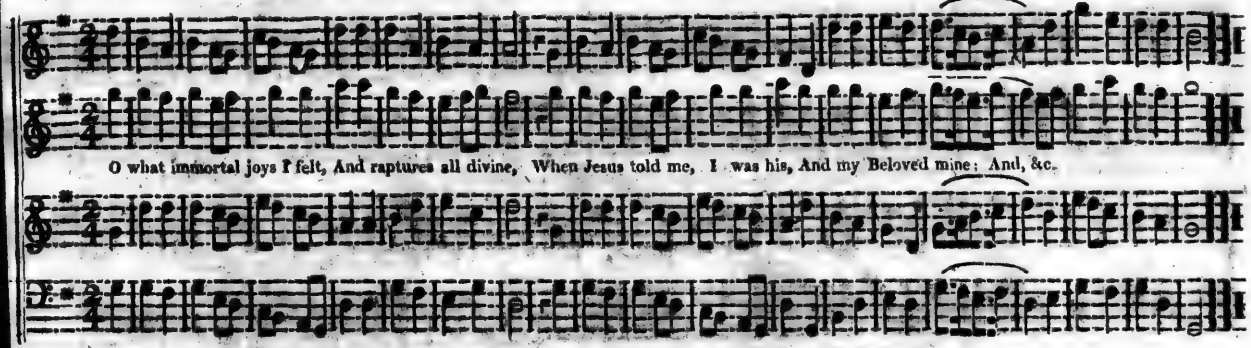
on my cheek, And, &c.

A mortal, &c.


This spacious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds; He rais'd the building on the seas, And gave it for their dwelling place.
But there's a brighter world on high, Thy palace, Lord, above the sky; Who shall ascend that blest abode, And dwell so near his maker, God!

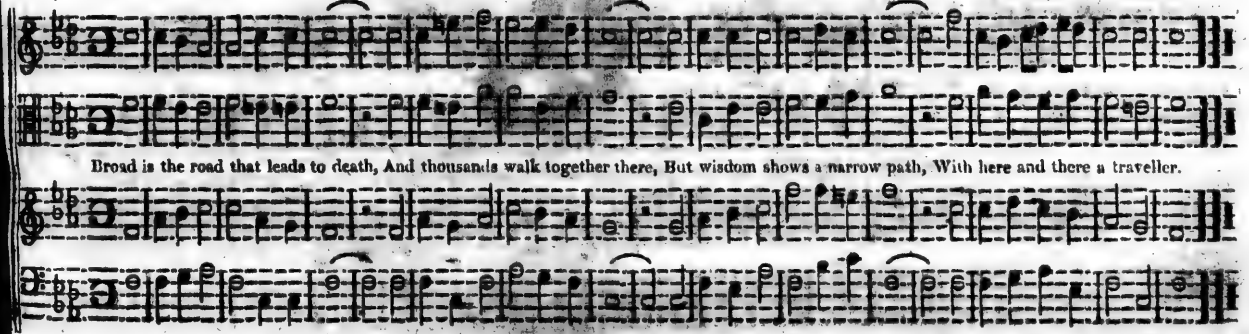
DANVILLE. C. M.

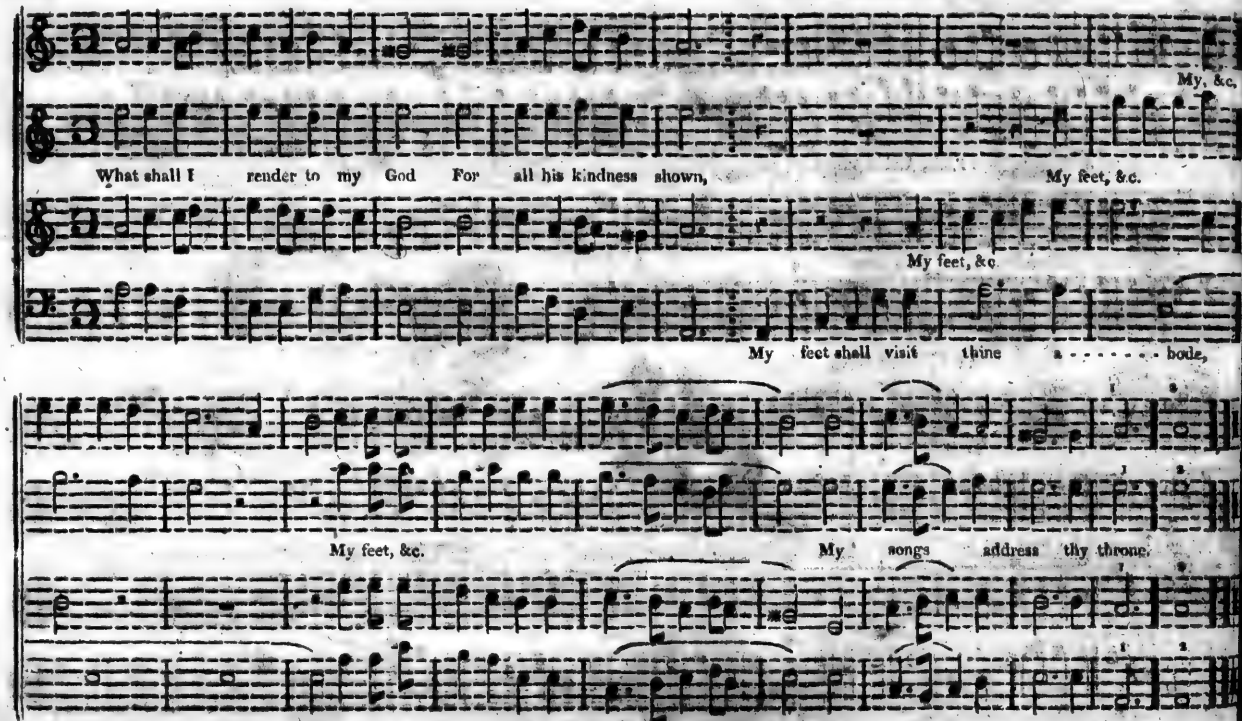
Williams.

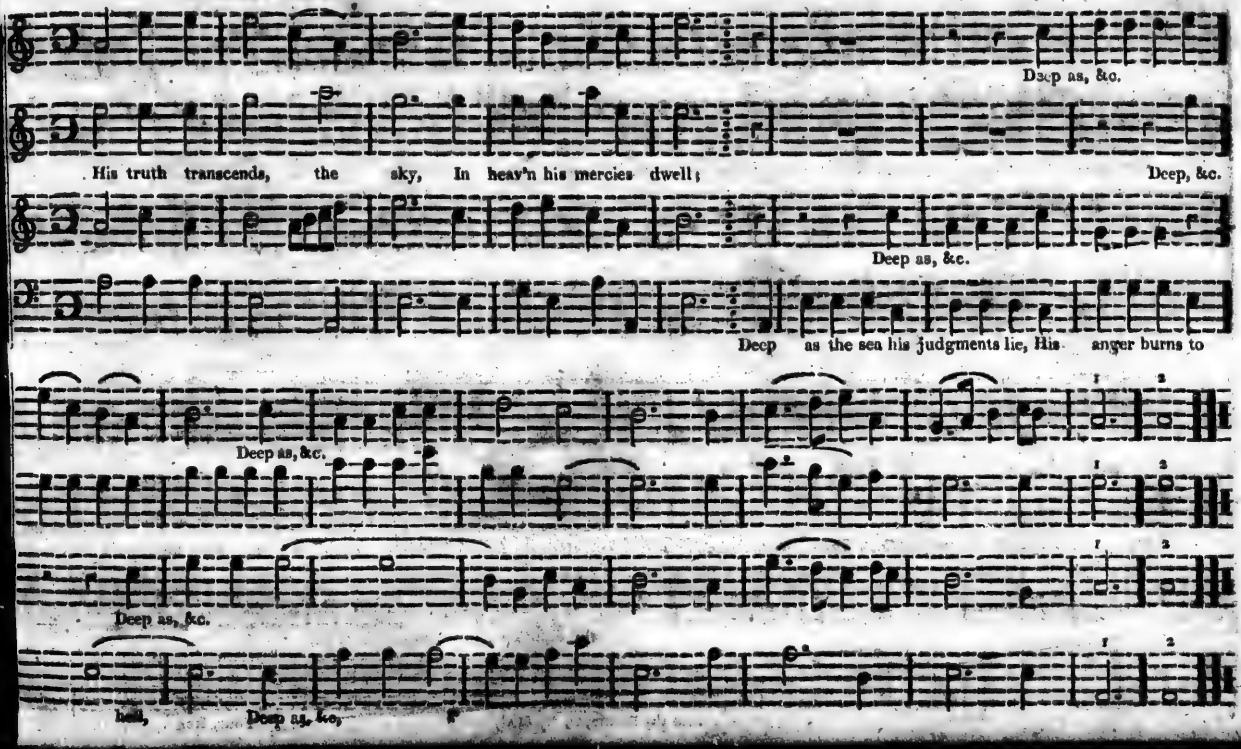


WINDHAM. L. M.

Read.




My, &c.
What shall I render to my God For all his kindness shown,
My feet, &c.
My feet, &c.
My feet shall visit thine a - - - - - - - bode,
My feet, &c.
My songs address thy throne.


Deep as, &c.
His truth transcends, the sky, In heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep, &c.
Deep as, &c.
Deep as the sea his judgments lie, His anger burns to
Deep as, &c.
Deep as, &c.
hell, Deep as, &c.

FOUNTAIN. L. M.

Leach.

O ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh, 'Tis God invites the fallen race, Mercy and free salvation buy, Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

NORWICH. S. M.

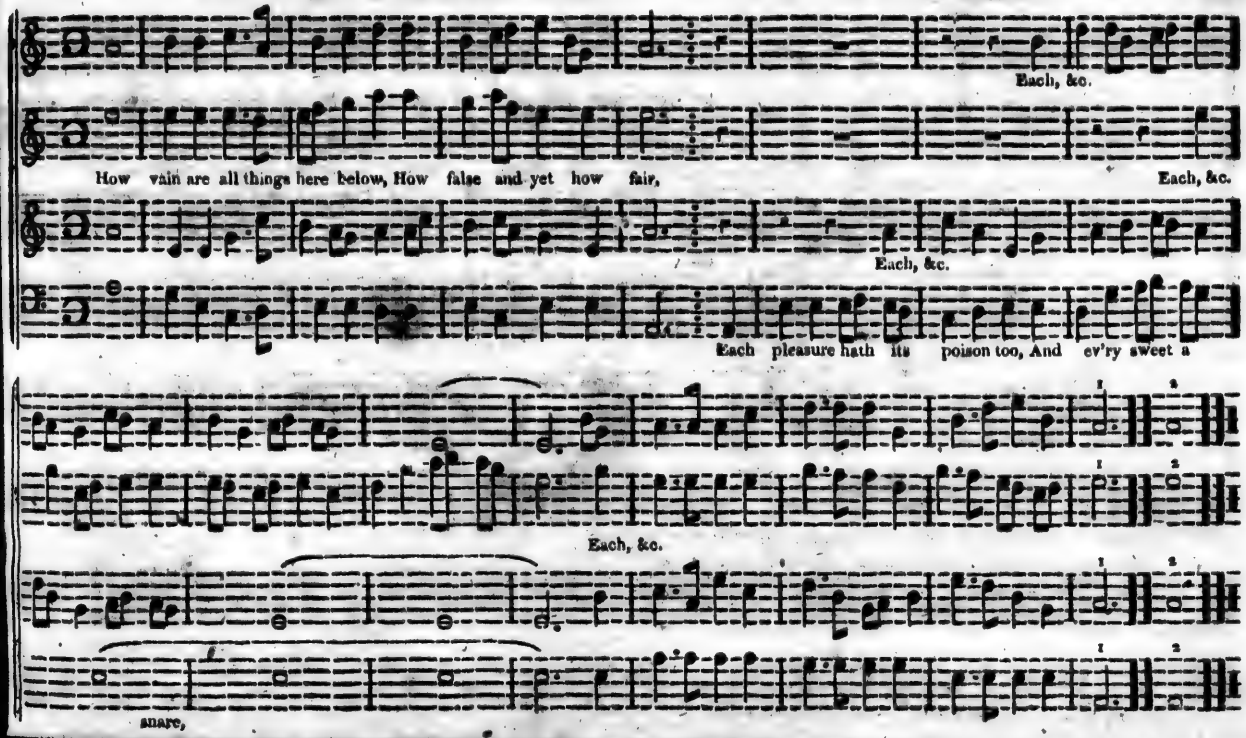
Brownson.

Into thy bosom, O my God,

My sorrows like a flood, Impatient of restraint, Into thy bosom, O, Into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.

Into thy bosom, O, Into, &c.

Into thy bosom, O, my God, Pour, &c.


Each, &c.
How vain are all things here below, How false and yet how fair,
Each, &c.
Each, &c.
Each pleasure hath its poison too, And ev'ry sweet a
Each, &c.
snare,

VICTORY. C. M.

Read.

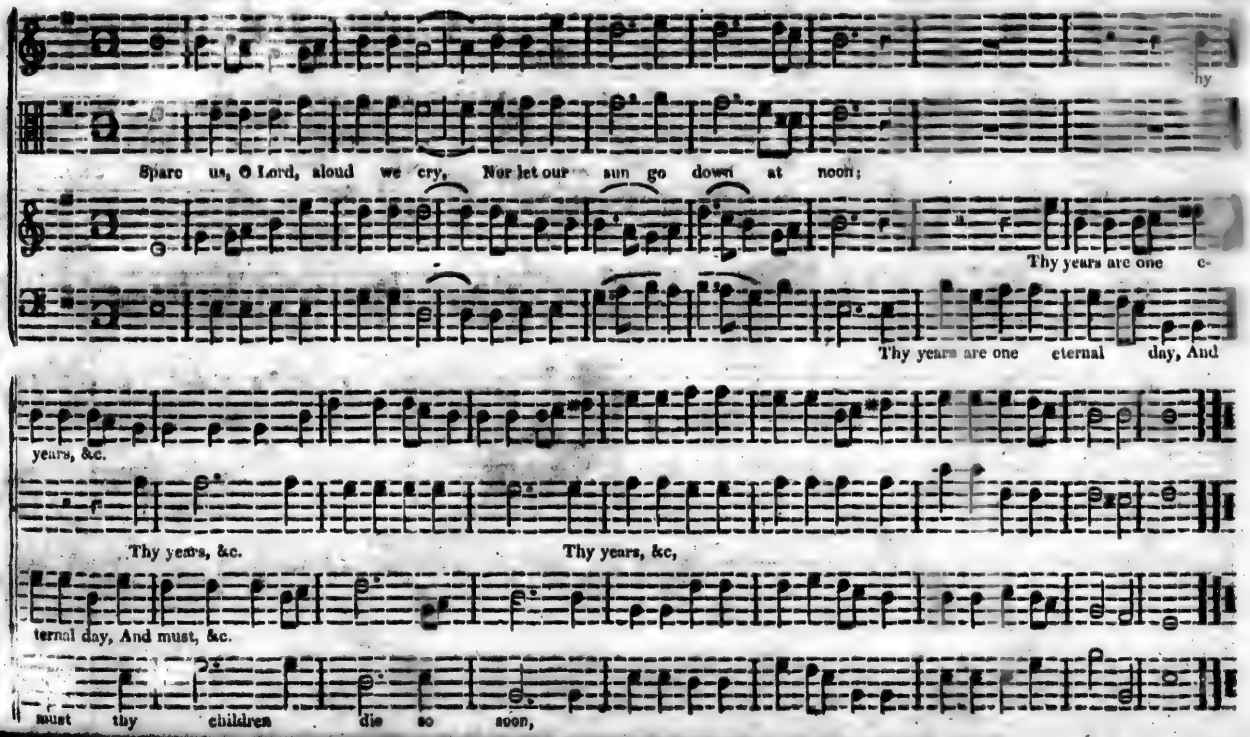
Now shall my head, be lifted high, Above my foes around,

And songs of joy and victory, sound, Within thy temple sound,

And songs of joy and victory, Within thy temple sound, sound, sound, Within thy temple sound.

And songs, &c. Within, &c. sound,

And songs, &c. sound,


Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry, Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one e-
Thy years are one eternal day, And
years, &c.
Thy years, &c.
Thy years, &c,
ternal day, And must, &c.
must thy children die so soon,

Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast;

O may my heart in

O may, &c.

O may, &c. Like David's, &c.

may, &c. Like, &c.

tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound,

Air. *Slow and Soft.*

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, Oh! quit this mortal frame, Trembling,

Increase. *Slow and soft.* *Increase.*

hoping, ling'ring, flying, Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying, Cease fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life.

Loud. Soft. *Loud. Soft.* *Loud. Soft.* *Loud.*

Hark, they, whisper angels say, they whisper angels say, Hark,

Hark, Hark, Hark, they whisper angels say,

Loud. Soft. *Loud.*

Hark, they whisper angels say, Sister spirit come away, Sister spirit come away.

Soft. *Loud.*

What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,

Increase. *Loud.*

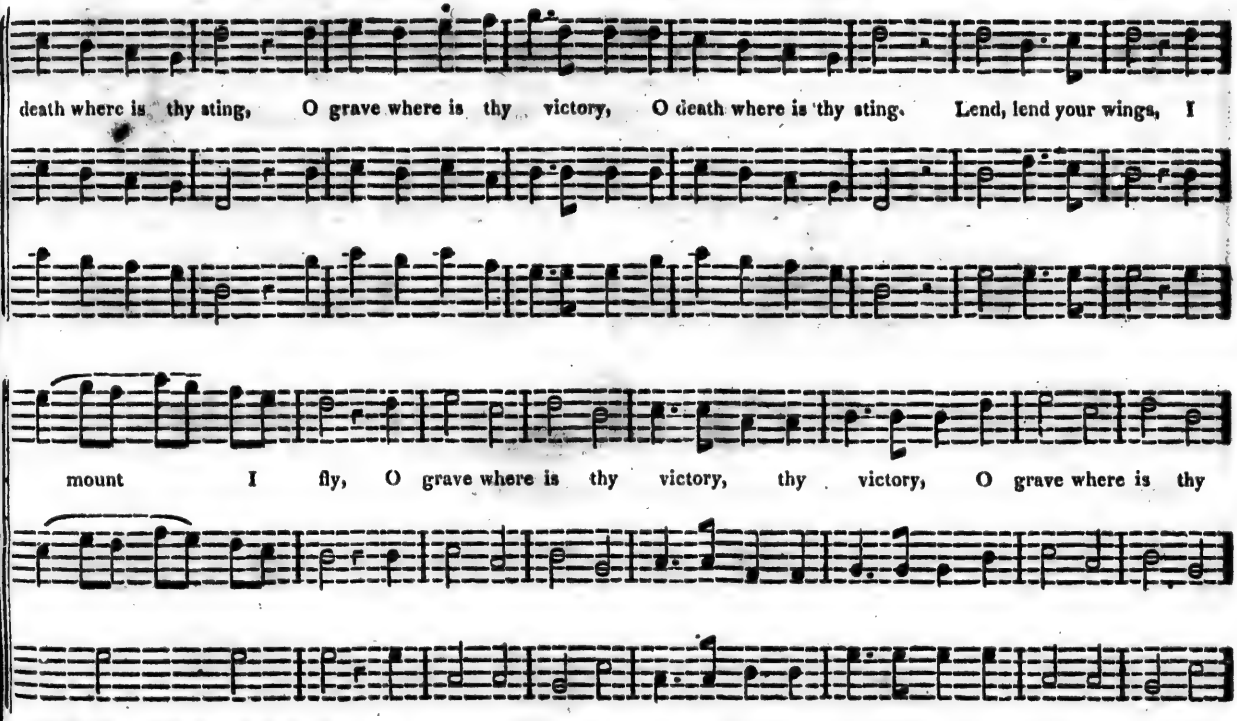
Tell me my soul can this be death, Tell me my soul can this be death.

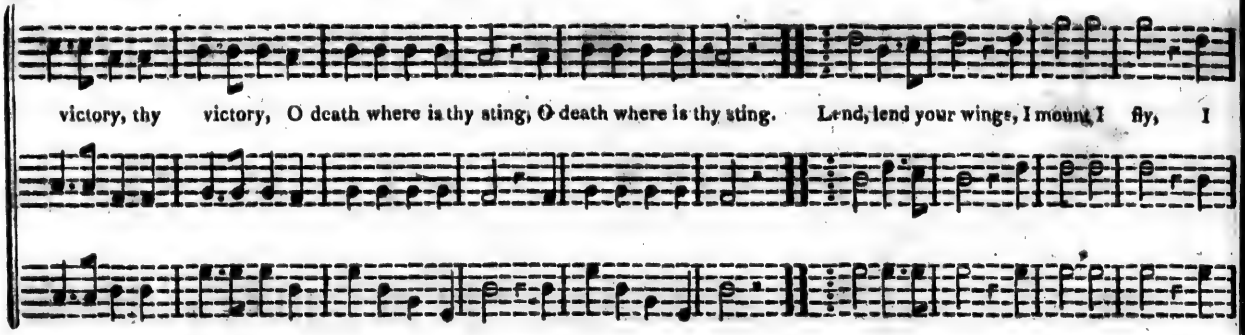
Soft. *Increase.*

The world recedes it disappears, Heav'n opens on my eyes, My ears with sounds se - raphic ring.

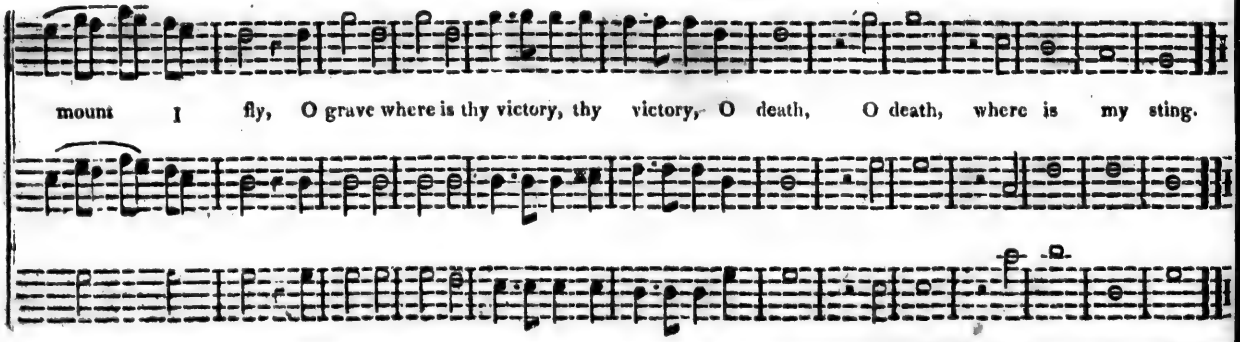
Lively and bold.

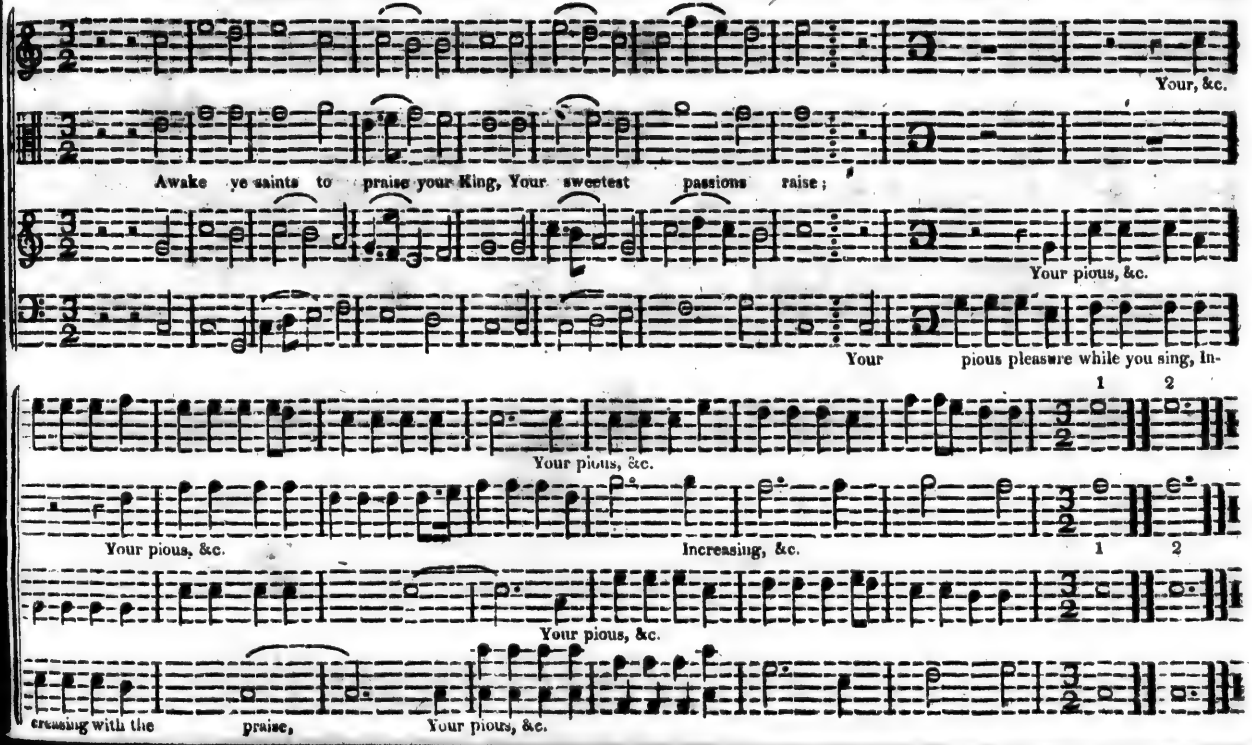
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave where is thy victory, O grave where is thy victory, O


death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory, O death where is thy sting. Lend, lend your wings, I
mount I fly, O grave where is thy victory, thy victory, O grave where is thy


victory, thy victory, O death where is thy sting, O death where is thy sting. Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, I

Slow.


mount I fly, O grave where is thy victory, thy victory, O death, O death, where is my sting.


Your, &c.
Awake ye saints to praise your King, Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious, &c.
Your pious pleasure while you sing, In-
Your pious, &c.
Your pious, &c.
Increasing, &c.
Your pious, &c.
creasing with the praise, Your pious, &c.

The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high, And underneath his feet he

cast, The dark - - - ness of the sky. On cherubs and on cherubim, Full royally he rode, And

on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.

MEAR. C. M.

A. Williams' Coll.

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear, Our tribes devoutly say, Up Isr'el to the temple haste, And keep your festal day.

With, &c. With, &c.

With, &c. And bow be-

With rev'rence let the saints appear, With rev'rence let the saints appear, the saints appear,

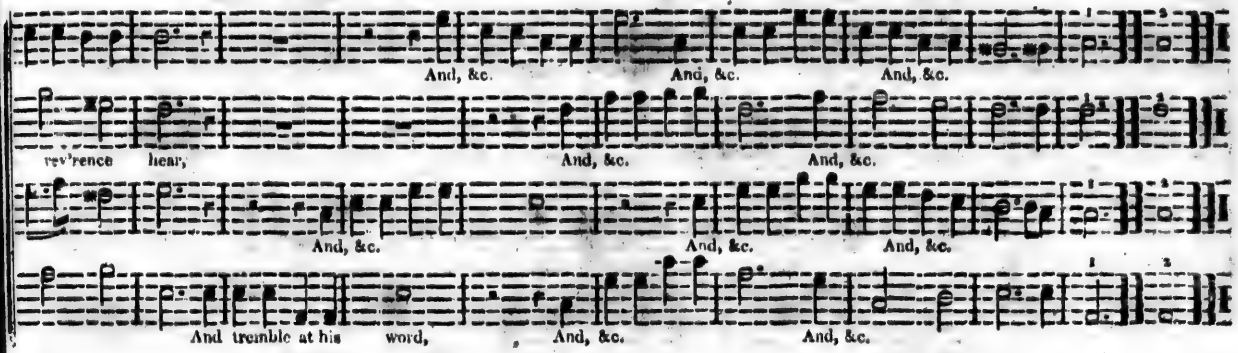
With rev'rence, &c. With rev'rence, &c.

His high, &c. His high, &c.

fore the Lord; His high, &c. His high commands with

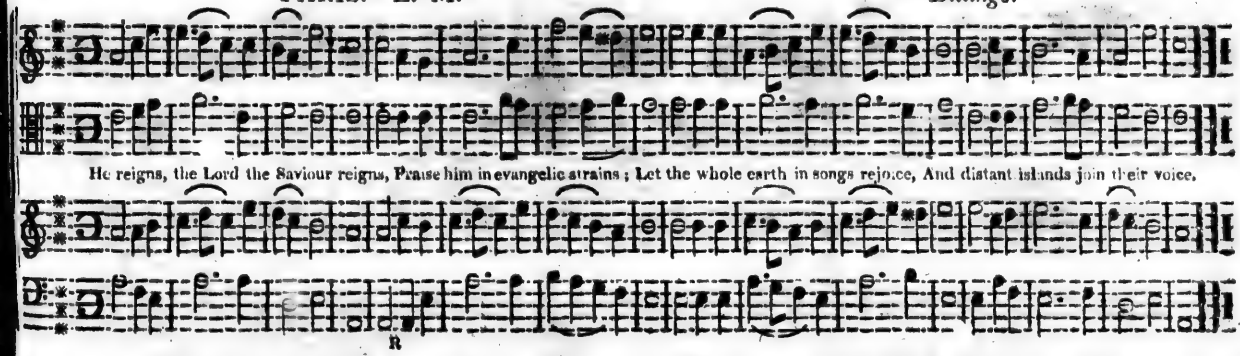
His high, &c.

His high commands with rev'rence hear, His high commands, His, &c.



PARIS. L. M.

Billings.



Early my God without delay, I haste to seek thy face, My thirsty spirit faints a-

way, Without thy cheering grace: So pilgrims, &c.

So pilgrims, &c. So, &c.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So pilgrims on the

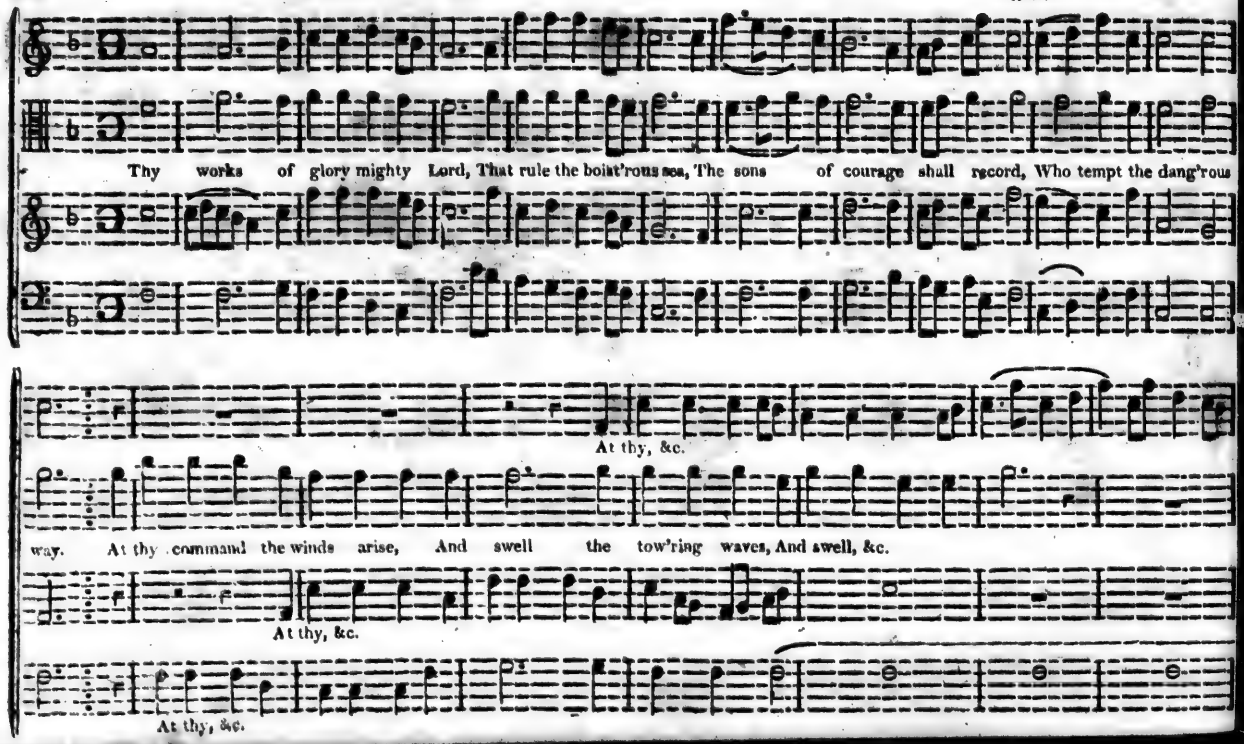
pilgrims, &c. Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for, &c.

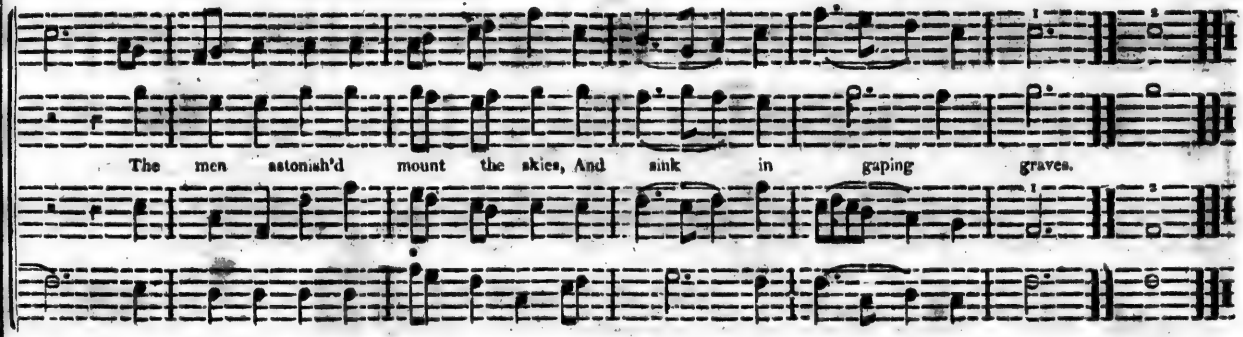
Beneath a burning sky, Long for, &c. Long for a

Long for, &c.

scorching sand, Long for, &c.

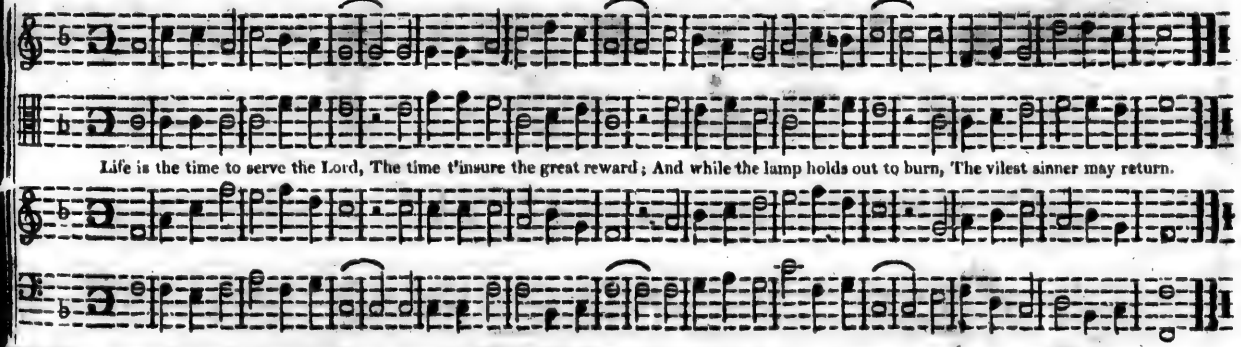
cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.


Thy works of glory mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dang'rous
At thy, &c.
way. At thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves, And swell, &c.
At thy, &c.
At thy, &c.



WELLS. L. M.

Holdrayd.



When thou, &c.

My soul come meditate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou, &c.

When thou, &c. And

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown

house of clay, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.

fly to unknown lands,

lands,

High was, &c. High, &c.

Thro' ev'ry age eternal God, Thou art our rest our safe abode; High was, &c.

High was, &c. High, &c.

High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, High was thy throne ere

Or earth, &c. Or earth, &c.

ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid, Or earth, &c. Or earth, &c.

Or earth, &c. Or earth, &c.

heav'n was made, Or earth, &c. Or earth, &c.

The angel, &c.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground ; The angel, &c.

The angel, &c. And, &c.

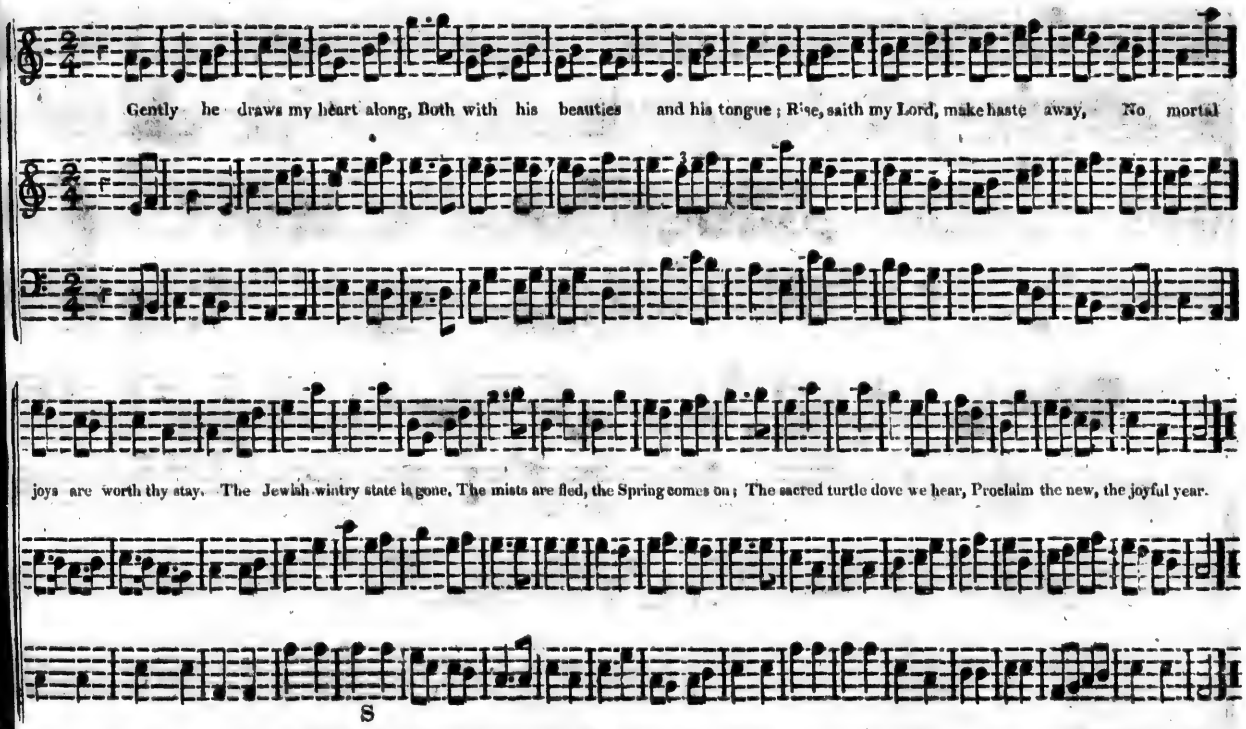
The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone around, And

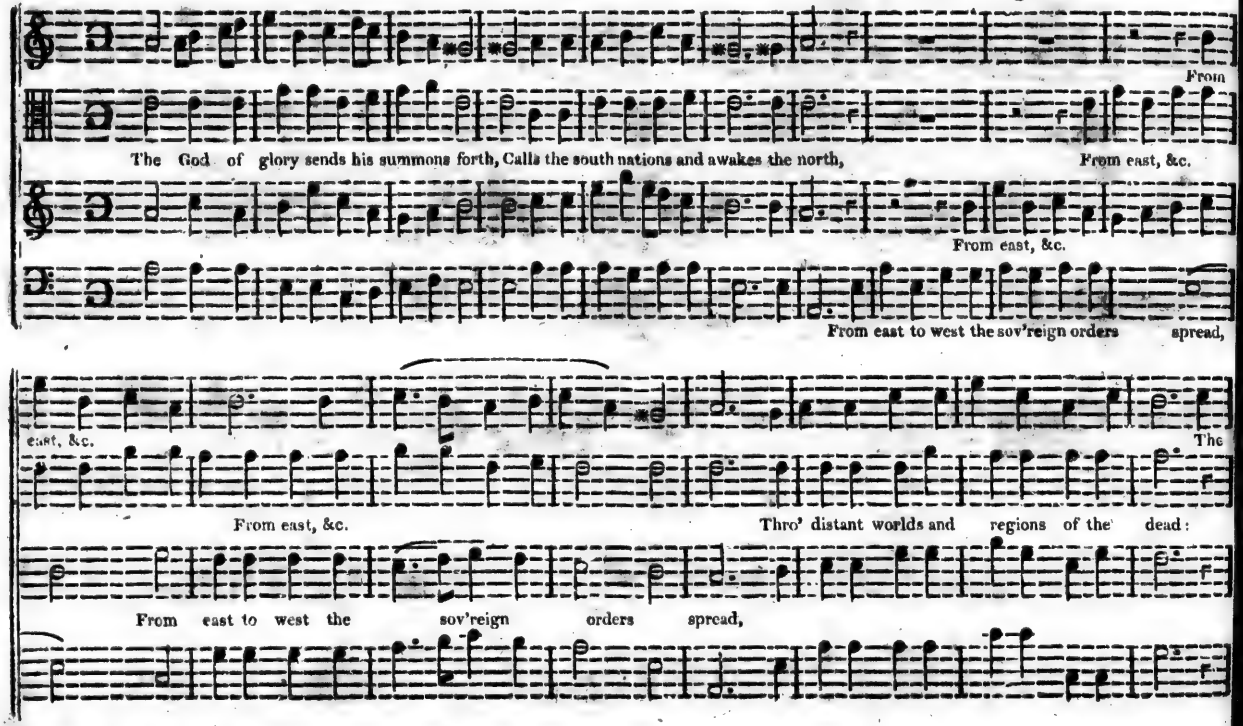
And glory, &c. The angel, &c.

And, &c. The angel, &c.

The angel, &c. And glory, &c.

glo - - - - - ry shone around, The angel, &c.


Gently he draws my heart along, Both with his beauties and his tongue; Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away, No mortal
joys are worth thy stay. The Jewish wintry state is gone, The mists are fled, the Spring comes on; The sacred turtle dove we hear, Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
S


From
The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north,
From east, &c.
From east, &c.
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
east, &c.
The
From east, &c.
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,

trumpet sounds, hea'n trembles, heav'n re - joic - - es, The trumpet, &c. The trumpet, &c.

The trumpet, &c. The trumpet sounds, The trumpet, &c.

The trumpet, &c. The trumpet, &c.

The trumpet, &c. The trumpet, &c.

trembles, heav'n rejoices, Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheer - - - - - ful voices.

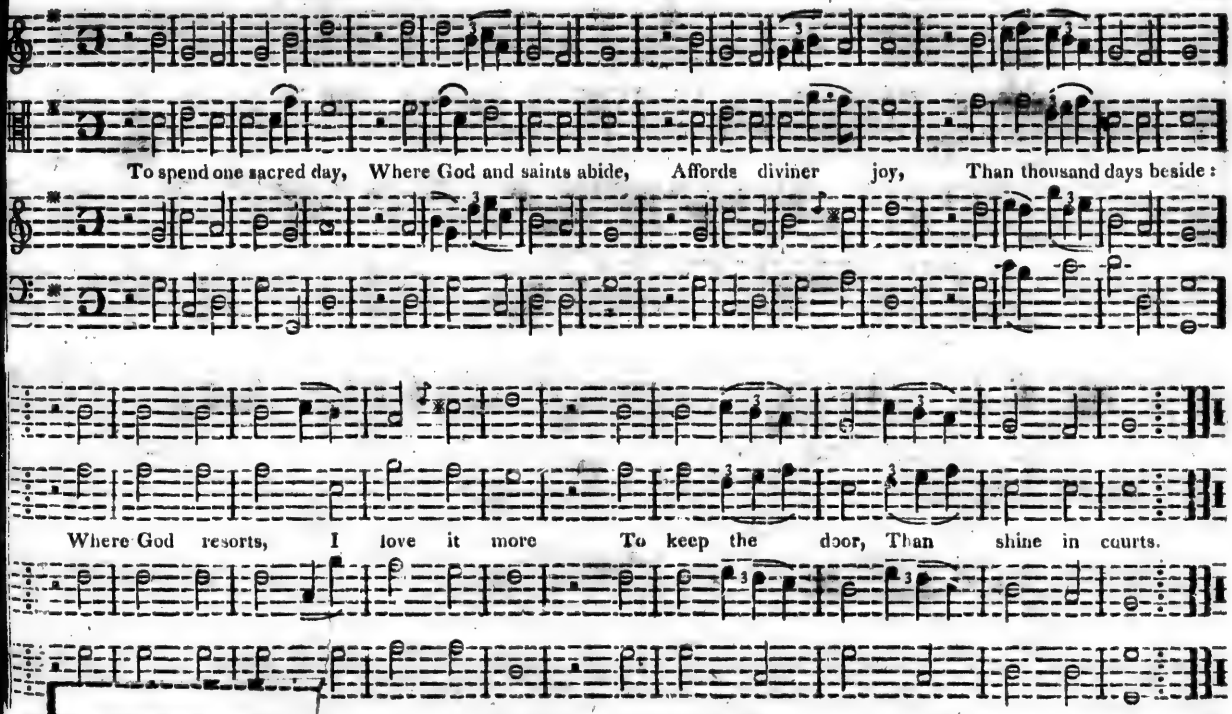
Firm was my health, my day was bright, And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;

Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

Fondly I said within my heart, Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

Pleasure, &c

Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.


To spend one sacred day, Where God and saints abide, Affords diviner joy, Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, I love it more To keep the door, Than shine in courts.

PEMBROKE. L. M.

Smith.

Bless, &c.

Bless O my soul, O, &c.

Bless O my soul, Bless O my soul the living God, Call home thy tho'ts that rove abroad,

Bless O my soul, O, &c.

Let all, &c.

Let all, &c. In work and

Let all, &c. In work and worship so divine,

all the pow'rs within me join, In, &c.

shall ne'er depart.

worship so divine, Bless O my soul the God of grace, His favours claim thy highest

Bless, &c.

Bless, &c.

Bless, &c.

praise' Why shou'd the wonders he has wrought, Be lost in si - - - - lence and forgot.

Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,

My refuge 'is the God of love, My foes insult and cry, Fly like a tim'rous, trembling

Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,

Since I have plac'd my trust in God, Why

dove, Fly, &c. To distant mountains fly. my trust in God, A refuge always nigh,

Fly, &c. my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why

should I like a tim'rous bird, Why, &c. Why, &c.

Why, &c. a tim'rous, &c.

Why, &c. Why, &c.

should, &c. a tim'rous, &c.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

Williams.

Ah! whither shall I go, Burthen'd and sick and faint? To whom should I my troubles show, And pour out my complaint.

Ye sons of men with joy record The various wonders of the Lord, And let his pow'r and goodness sound, Thro' all your tribes the world around,

Let the high heav'ns your

Let the, &c. Where, &c.

Let the, &c. Where sun and moon and planets roll, And stars that glow from pole to pole.

Where, &c.

songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun, and moon, and planets roll, Where, &c.

With private friends,

Praise ye the Lord, our God to praise My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise; and in the throng Of

With private friends,

saints, his praise shall be my song, With private friends and in the throng Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

The lofty pillars of the sky, And spacious concave rais'd on high, Spangled with stars a shining frame, Their

Th' unweary'd, &c.

great o - rig - i - nal proclaim. Th' unweary'd, &c.

Th' unweary'd, &c.

Th' unweary'd sun from day to day, Pours knowledge on his golden ray, And

And pub - lish - es to ev'ry land, The work of an almighty hand.

And, &c.

pub - - - lish - es to ev'ry land, And, &c.

CHARLESTON. C. M.

SLOW.

With earnest longings of the mind, My God, to thee I look, So pants the hunted hart to find And taste the cooling brook, And, &c.

Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And waters veil the

With songs and honors sounding loud, Address the Lord on high; Over, &c.

Over, &c.

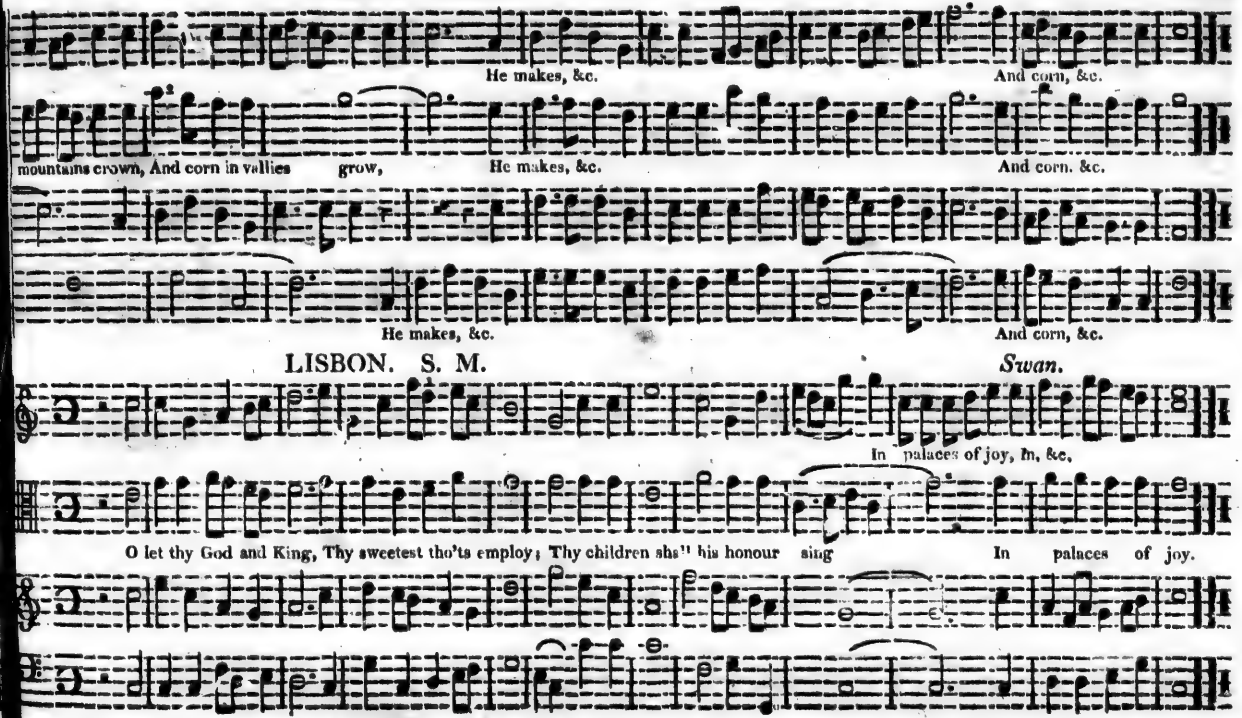
Over the heav'ns he

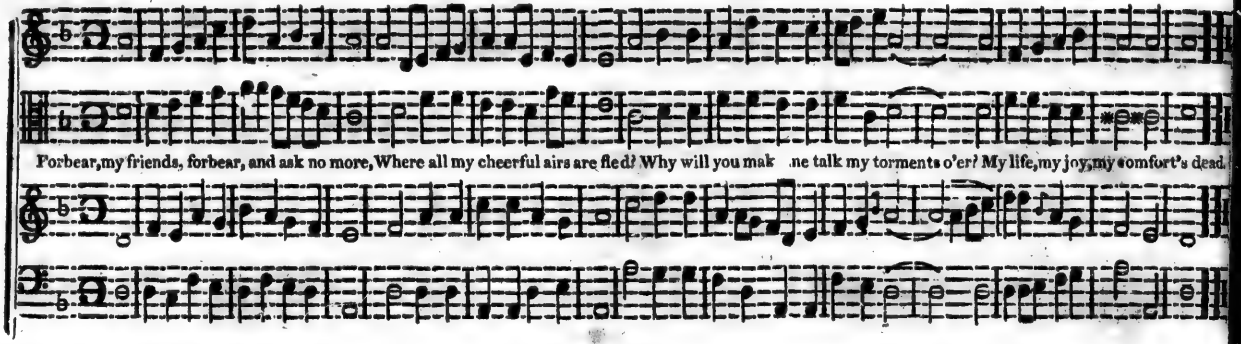
sky, And, &c. He sends, &c.

He sends his show'rs of blessings down, To cheer the plains below, He makes the grass the

He sends, &c.

He sends, &c.


He makes, &c.
And corn, &c.
mountains crown, And corn in vallies grow, He makes, &c.
And corn. &c.
He makes, &c.
And corn, &c.
LISBON. S. M.
Swan.
In palaces of joy, In, &c.
O let thy God and King, Thy sweetest tho'ts employ; Thy children sha'll his honour sing In palaces of joy.



2 Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,
Hear the long groans that waste my breath,
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes.
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

3 Unkind disease, to vail that rosy face
With tumors of a mortal pale,
While mortal purples with their dismal grace
And double horror spot the vail.

4 Uncomely vail, and most unkind disease!
Is this Sophronia, once the fair?
Are these the features that were born to please?
And beauty spread her ensigns there.

5 I was all love, and she was all delight,
Let me run back to seasons past;
Ah flow'ry days when first she charm'd my sight!
But roses will not always last.

6 Yet still Sophronia pleas'd, nor time, nor care,
Could take her youthful bloom away;
Virtue has charms which nothing can impair;
Beauty like her's could ne'er decay.

7 Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly birth;
The seed descending from above
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

8 Such was Sophronia's soul celestial dew
And angels food were her repast:
Devotion was her work, and thence she drew,
Delights which strangers never taste.

9 Not the gay splendors of a flattering court
Could tempt her to appear and shine;
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort,
But I was blest and she was mine.

10 Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung,
Her smiles could all my pains control,
Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue
Was soft and gentle as her soul.

11 She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all,
Love grew with ev'ry waning moon;
Had heaven a length of years delay'd its call,
Still I had thought it call'd too soon.

12 But peace my sorrows! nor with murmuring voice
Dare to accuse heav'ns high decree:
She was first ripe for everlasting joys;
Sophron, she waits above for thee.

Pia. *For.*

Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days? Great comforter, descend and bring Some tokens of thy grace. Thou art the earnest of his love, The

Pia. *For.*

pledge of joys to come, And thy soft wings, celestial Dove, Will safe convey me home. And thy soft wings, &c.

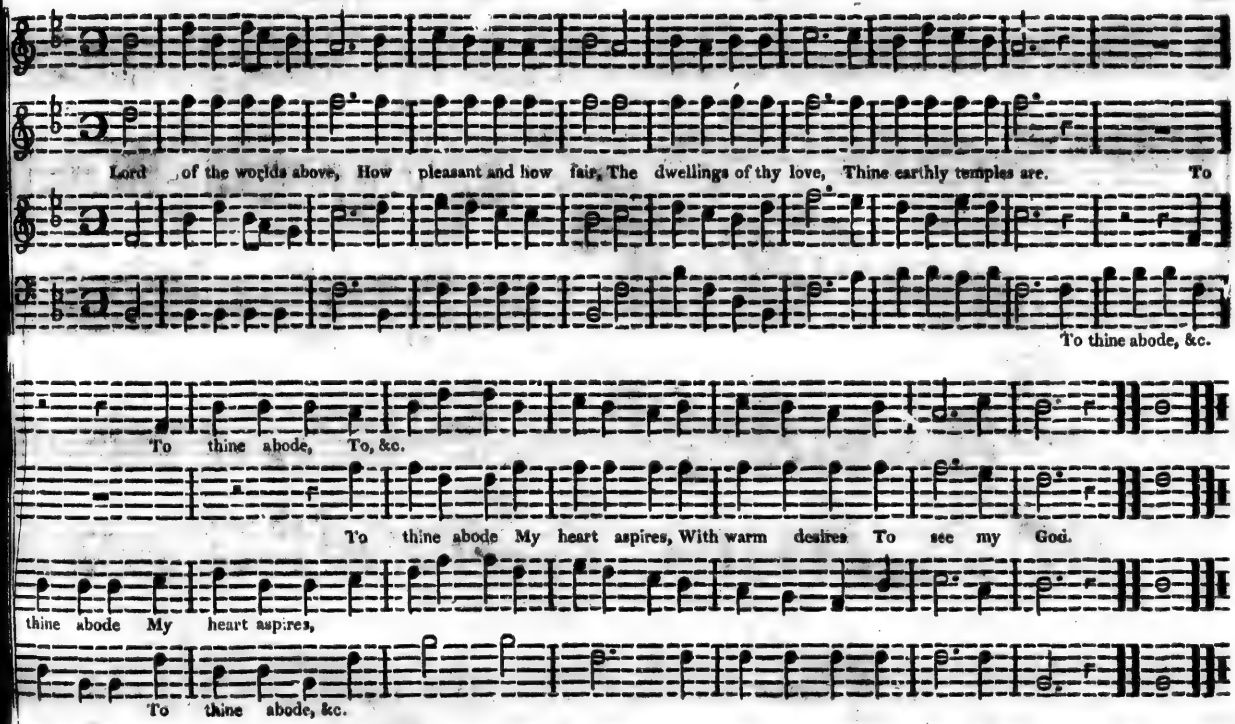
Pia.

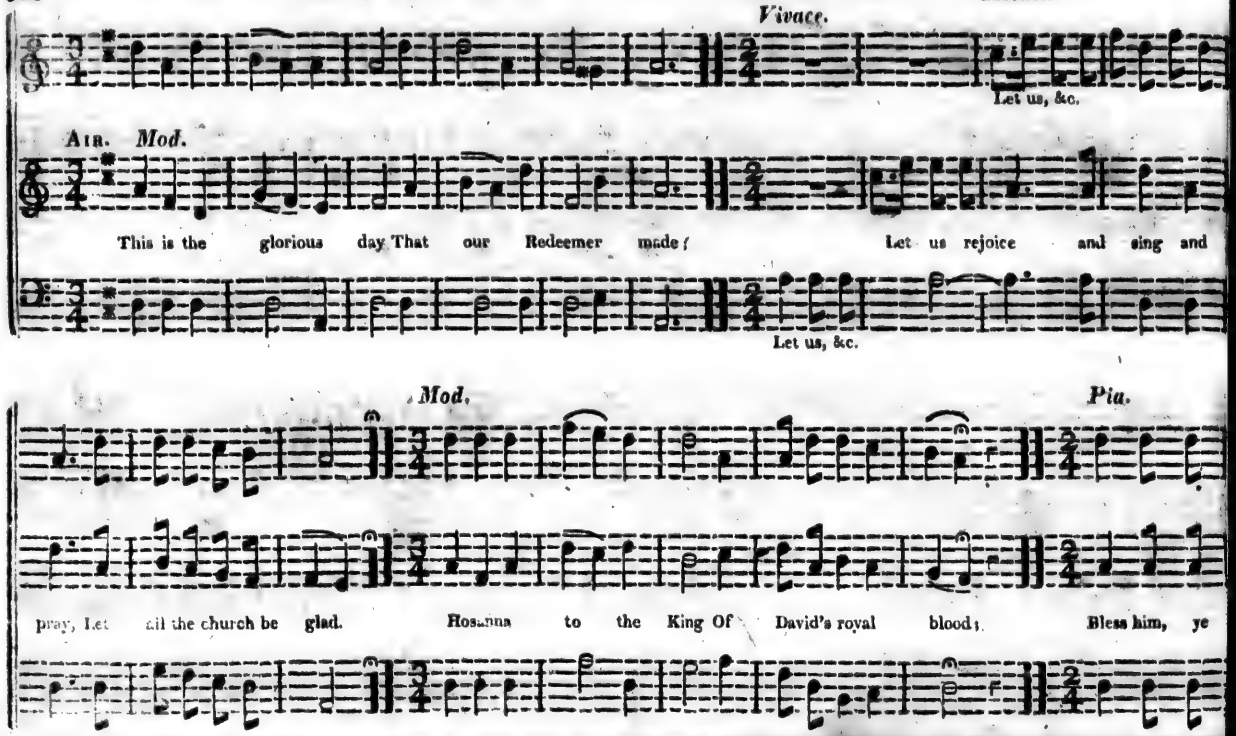
Air.

Now can my soul in God rejoice, I feel my Saviour's cheering voice, My heart awakes to sing his praise, And longs to join immortal lays. Hold me, O Jesus, in thine

Pia. *For.*

arms, And cheer me with immortal charms, 'Till I awake in realms above, Forever to enjoy thy love, 'Till, &c.


Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are. To
To thine abode, &c.
To thine abode, To, &c.
To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires To see my God.
thine abode My heart aspires,
To thine abode, &c.


Vivace.
Let us, &c.
Air. Mod.
This is the glorious day That our Redeemer made; Let us rejoice and sing and
Let us, &c.
Mod.
Pia.
pray, Let all the church be glad. Hosanna to the King Of David's royal blood; Bless him, ye

For.

saints, He comes to bring Salvation from your God, Bless him ye saints, &c.

CONCORD. S. M. *Holden.*

Before, &c. Before, &c.

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Before, &c. Before, &c.

Come my beloved haste away, Cut short the hours of thy delay; Fly like a youthful hart or roe, Over the

Fly like, &c.

hills where spices grow, Fly like, &c.

Fly like, &c. Over, &c.

Fly like, &c. Over, &c.

O . . . . . ver, &c. Over, &c.

Fly like, &c.

ELIM. 7's. Words by Merrick.

AIR.

Lift your voice and thankful sing Praises to your heav'nly King; For his blessings far extend, And his mercy knows no end.

The sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests cease to

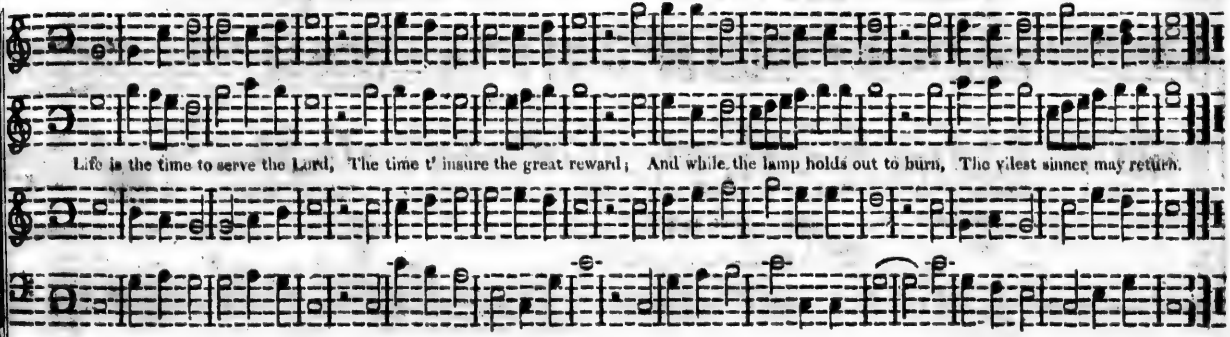
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal pow'r; The sea grows calm at thy command, And

The sea, &c.

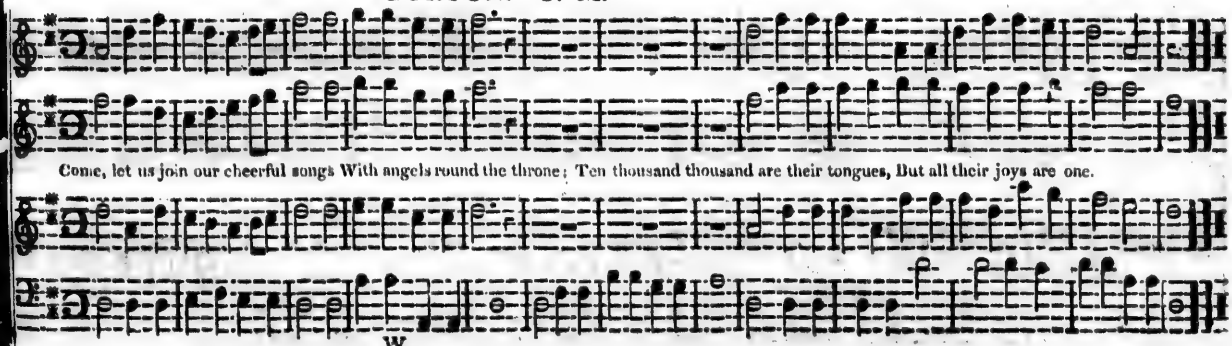
The sea, &c.

roar, &c.

tempests cease to roar, And tempests cease to roar, And tempests cease to roar.


Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

BURTON. C. M.


Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

Whose weeping, &c.

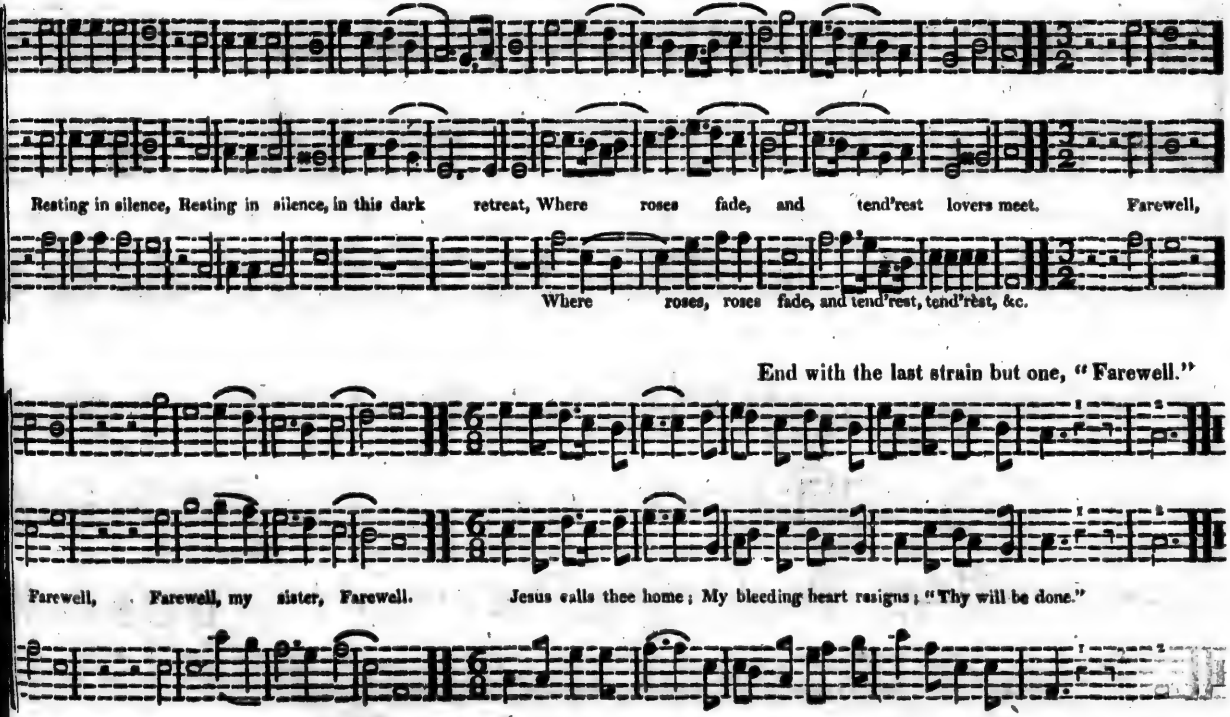
This tree a sacred monument I rear, Whose weeping boughs, weeping boughs give birth to vent the flowing

Whose weeping boughs, weeping, weeping, weeping, &c.

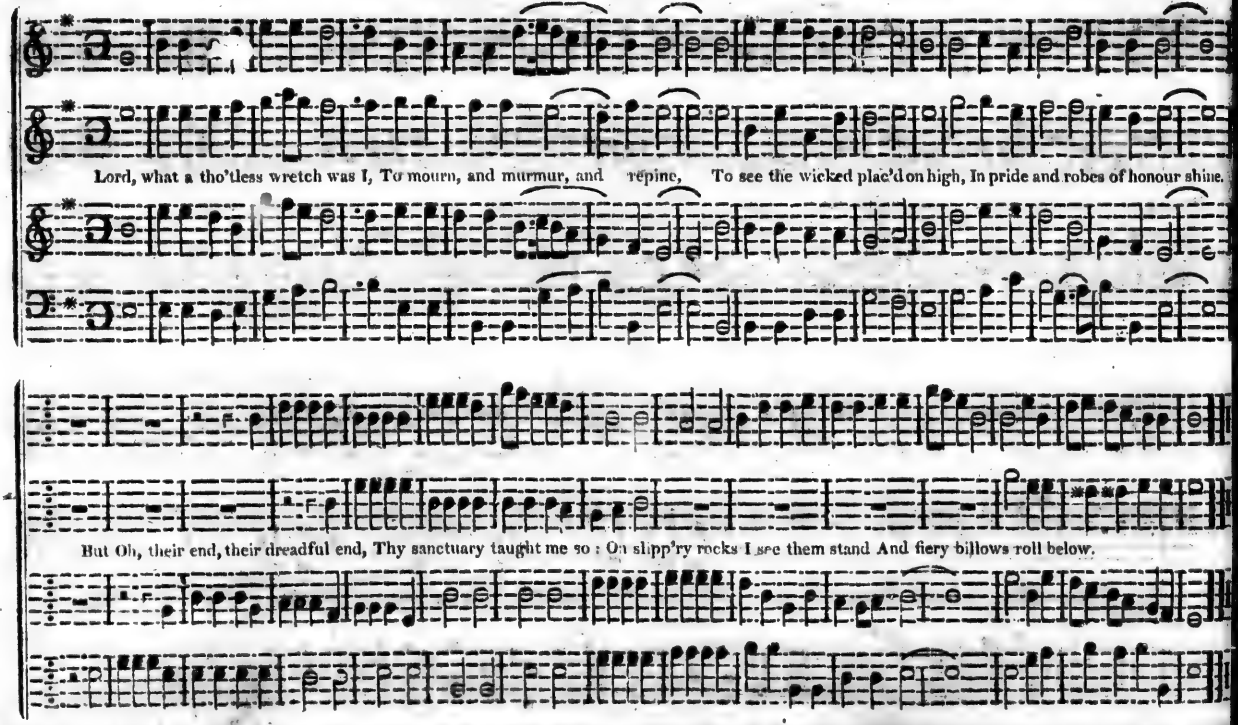
tears; And shall in future years Tell me that thou art here. The roses at thy feet Shall also bear a part, And information give, That here thou art. Resting in silence,

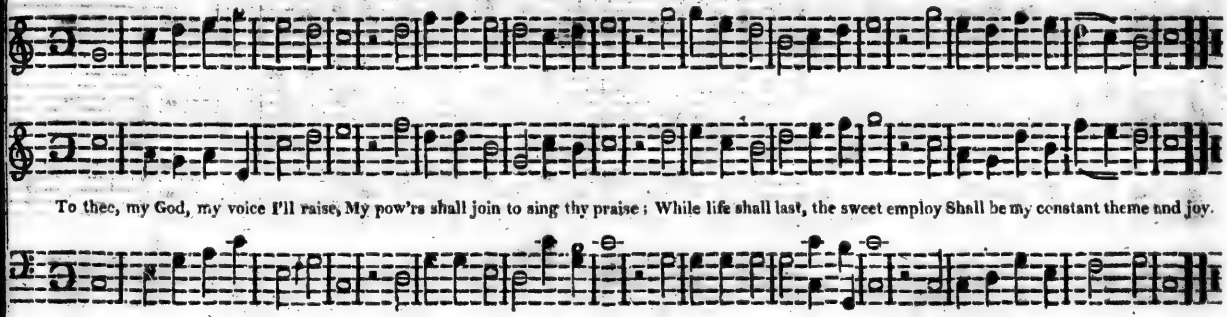
Tell me, Tell me, &c.

* Occasioned by the death of his sister, on whose grave he planted a weeping-willow and a rose-bush, and inscribed these lines.


Resting in silence, Resting in silence, in this dark retreat, Where roses fade, and tend'rest lovers meet. Farewell,
Where roses, roses fade, and tend'rest, tend'rest, &c.
End with the last strain but one, "Farewell."
Farewell, Farewell, my sister, Farewell. Jesus calls thee home; My bleeding heart resigns; "Thy will be done."

GAGETOWN. L. M.


Lord, what a tho'tless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine, To see the wicked plac'd on high, In pride and robes of honour shine.
But Oh, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctuary taught me so: On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand And fiery billows roll below.

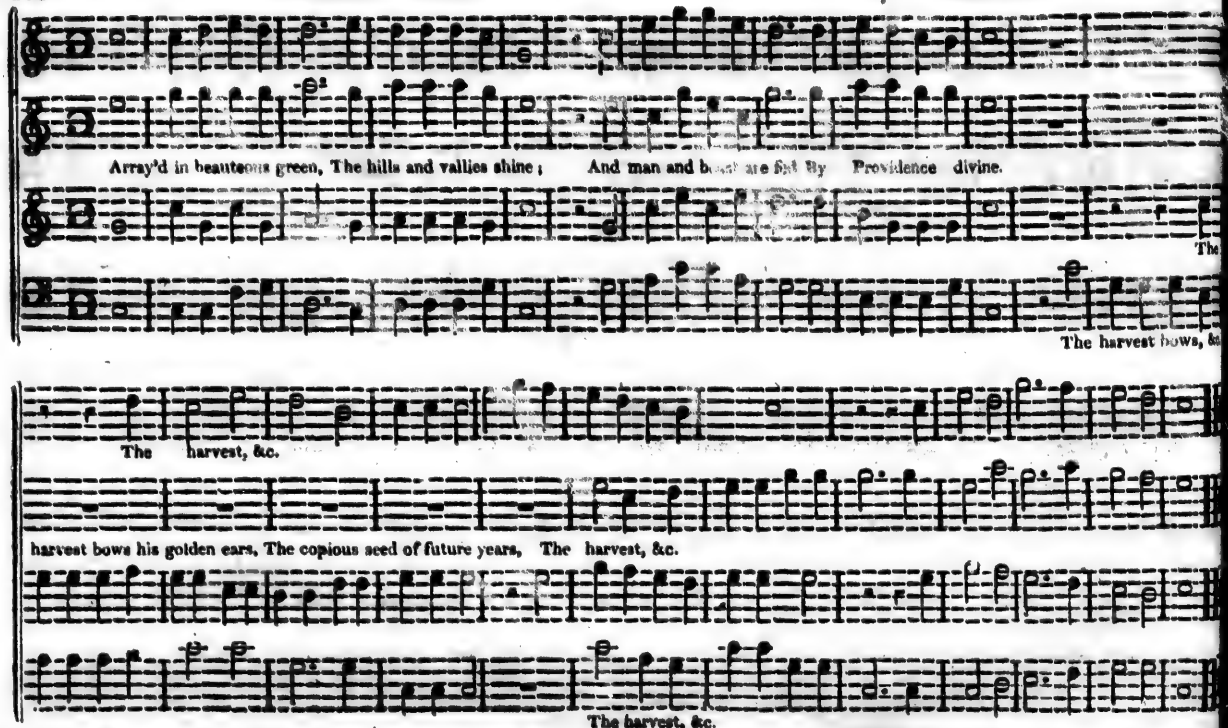


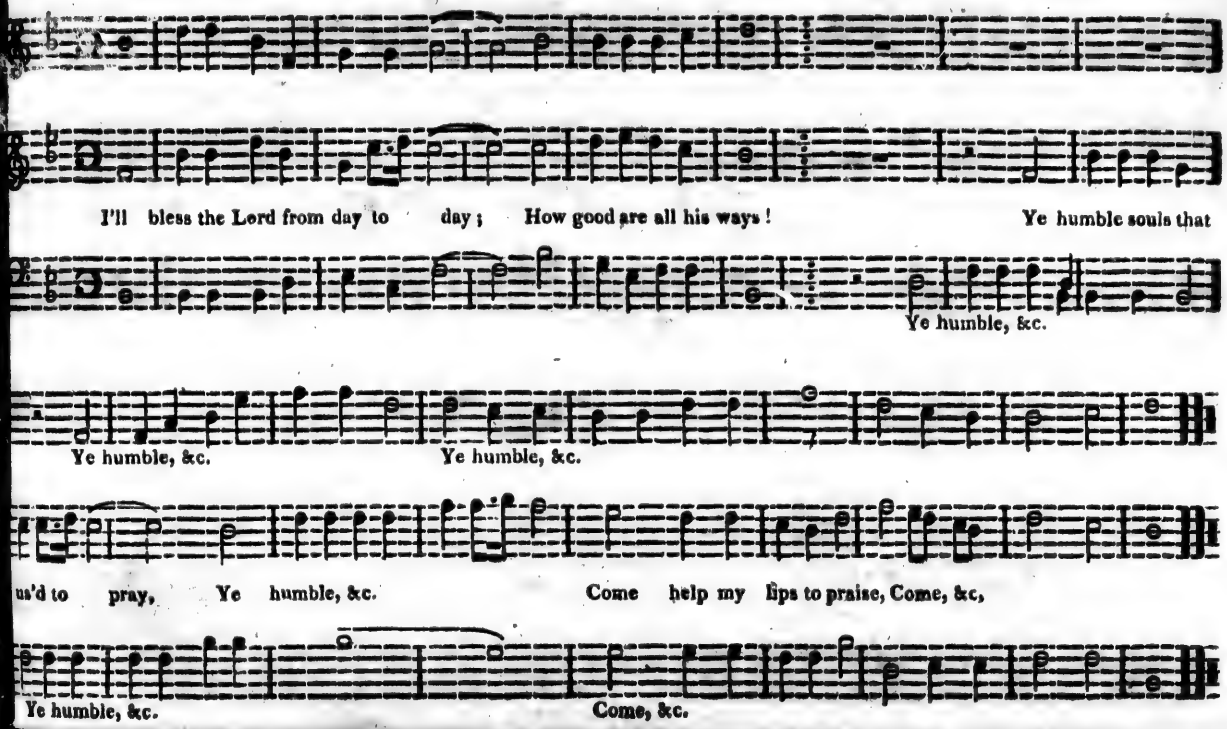
2 For O how many and how great
Thy mercies, Lord, to me are shewn;
Each morning does thy love repeat,
Each night thy goodness does return.

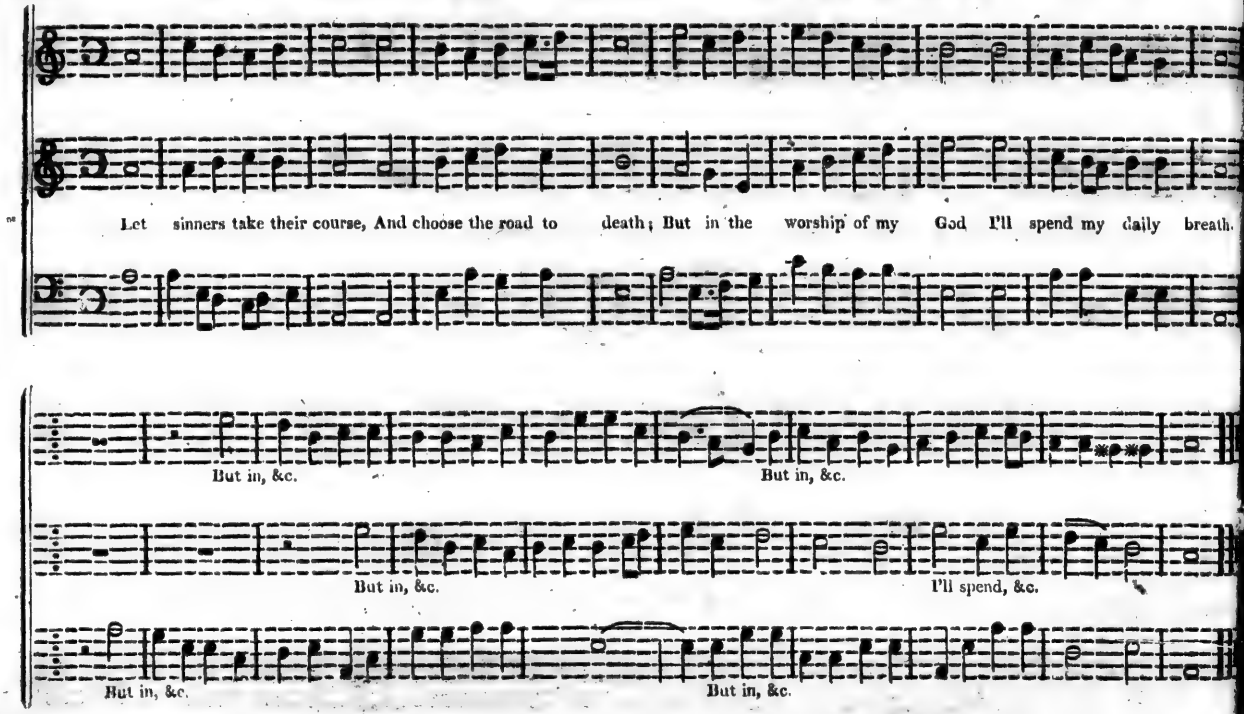
3 When dangers lurk around our tent,
And thousands stare us in the face,
To Israel's God our cries we vent,
And he preserves us by his grace.

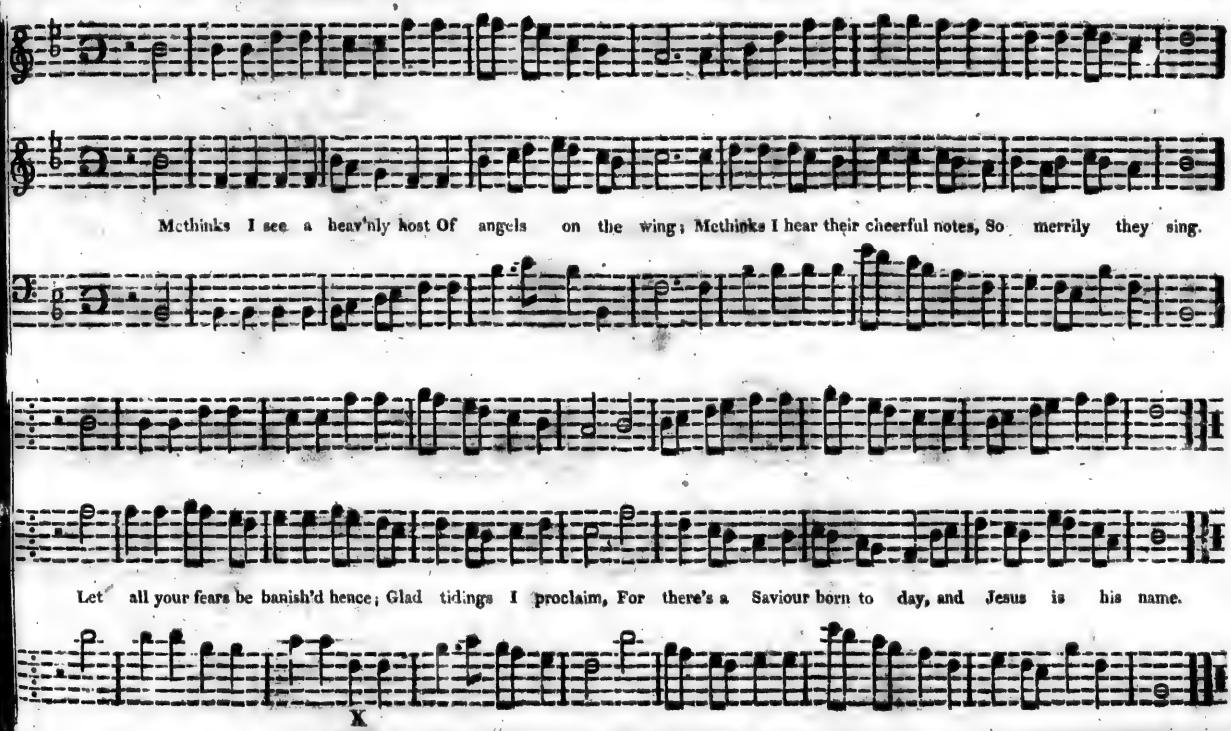
4 Since day and night we are thy care,
And mercies every moment flow,
O may each night and day declare
The praise that to our God we owe.

5 Hosannah to the great Three One:
Let angels raise the anthem higher;
And all intelligences known
Strike in and join the blissful choir.


Array'd in beauteous green, The hills and vallies shine; And man and beast are fed By Providence divine.
The harvest bows, &c.
The harvest, &c.
harvest bows his golden ears, The copious seed of future years, The harvest, &c.
The harvest, &c.


I'll bless the Lord from day to day; How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that
Ye humble, &c.
Ye humble, &c.
Ye humble, &c.
us'd to pray, Ye humble, &c.
Come help my lips to praise, Come, &c,
Ye humble, &c.
Come, &c.


Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the worship of my God I'll spend my daily breath.
But in, &c.
But in, &c.
But in, &c.
I'll spend, &c.
But in, &c.
But in, &c.


Methinks I see a heav'nly host Of angels on the wing; Methinks I hear their cheerful notes, So merrily they sing.
Let all your fears be banish'd hence; Glad tidings I proclaim, For there's a Saviour born to day, and Jesus is his name.

CANADA. C. M.

Jesus, thy name, high over all In hell or earth or sky, Angels and men before it fall, And

Jesus, &c.

devils fear and fly. Jesus, the name to sinners dear, The name to sinners

Jesus, &c.

giv'n; It scatters all their guilty fear, It turns their hell to heav'n.

COMPASSION. S. M.

Words by Beddome.

Let floods, &c.

AIR. *Mod.*

Did Christ for sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief, Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

Let floods, &c.

Treble Solo. Moderato.

'Tis thine, sweet power to raise the thought sublime, Quell each rude passion and the heart refine, Quell each rude passion and the heart refine.

Bass Solo.

Soft are thy strains, as Gabriel's gentlest string, as Gabriel's gentlest string, as Gabriel's gentlest string.

Tenor Solo.

Soft are thy strains, as Gabriel's gentlest string, as Gabriel's gentlest string, as Gabriel's gentlest string.

Soft are thy strains, Soft are thy strains, Soft are thy strains, as Gabriel's gentlest string,

calm as the breathing zephyrs, calm as the breathing, breathing zephyrs,

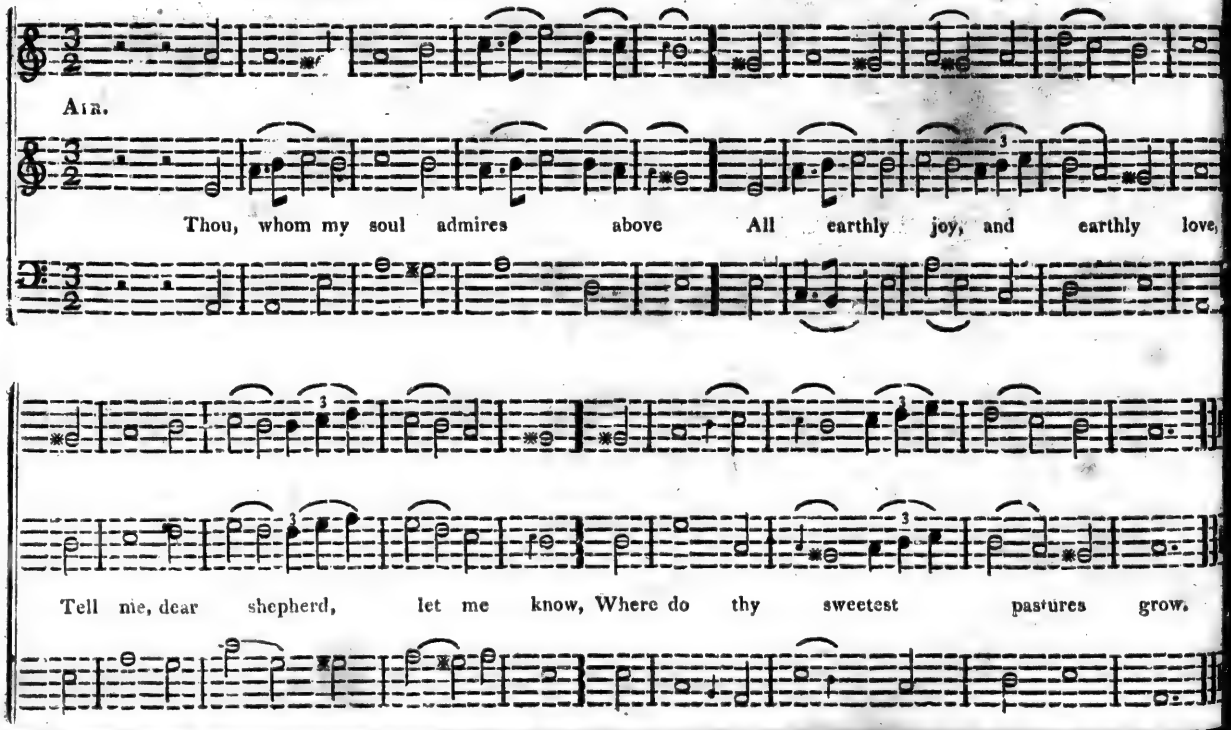
calm as the breathing zephyrs, breathing zephyrs, calm as the breathing

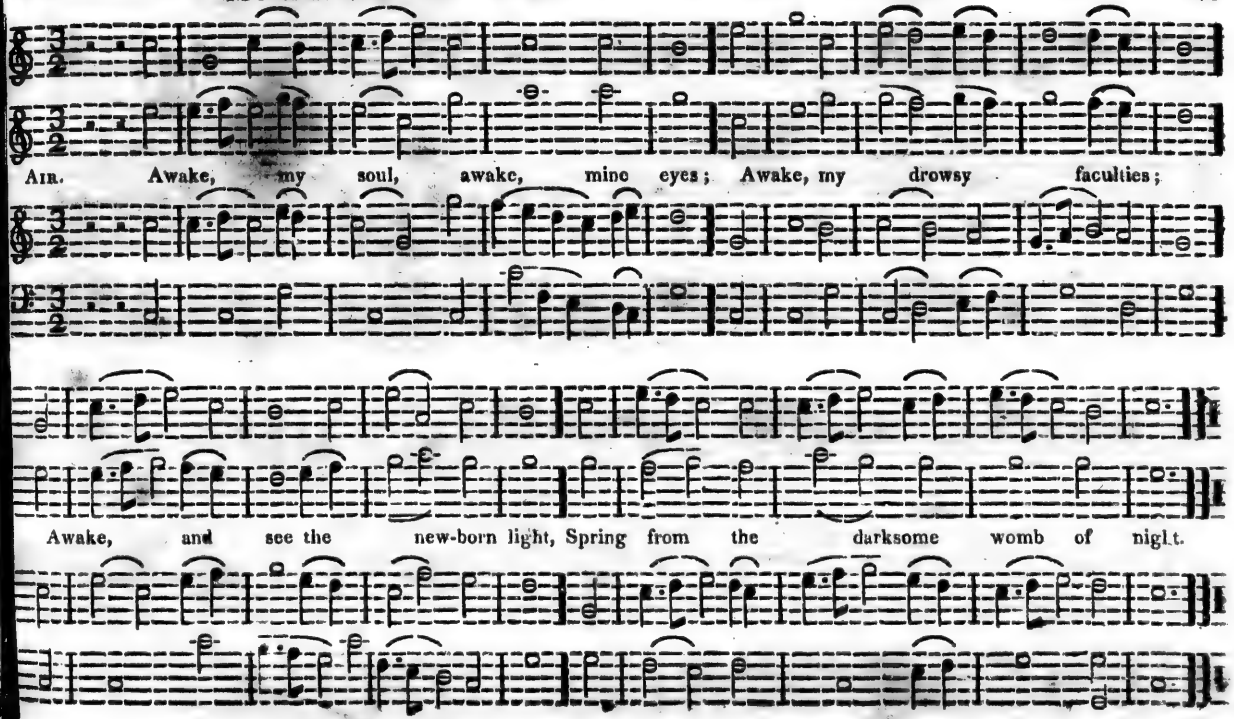
calm as the breathing zephyrs, calm as the

calm as the breathing zephyrs, &c.

zephyrs, breathing, breathing, breathing zephyrs, Calm as the breathing zephyrs of the spring.

breathing zephyrs, breathing zephyrs, &c.


Air.
Thou, whom my soul admires above All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear shepherd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow.


Air. Awake, my soul, awake, mine eyes; Awake, my drowsy faculties;
Awake, and see the new-born light, Spring from the darksome womb of night.

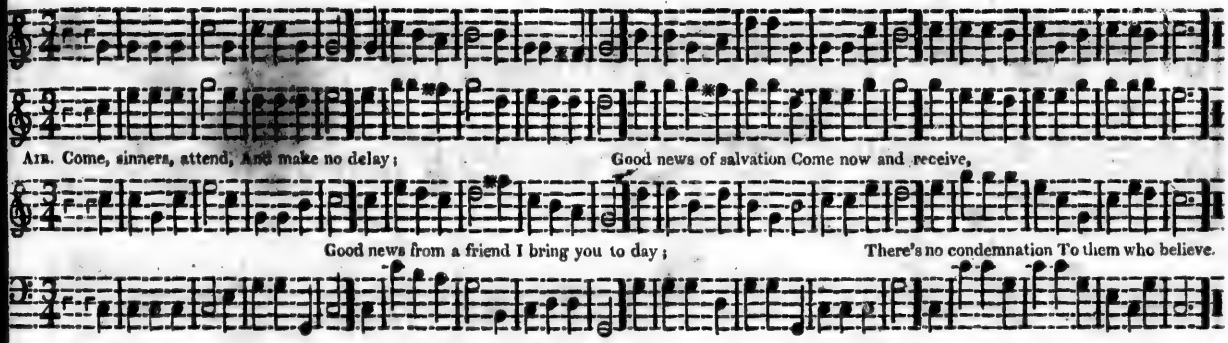
Andante.

AIR.

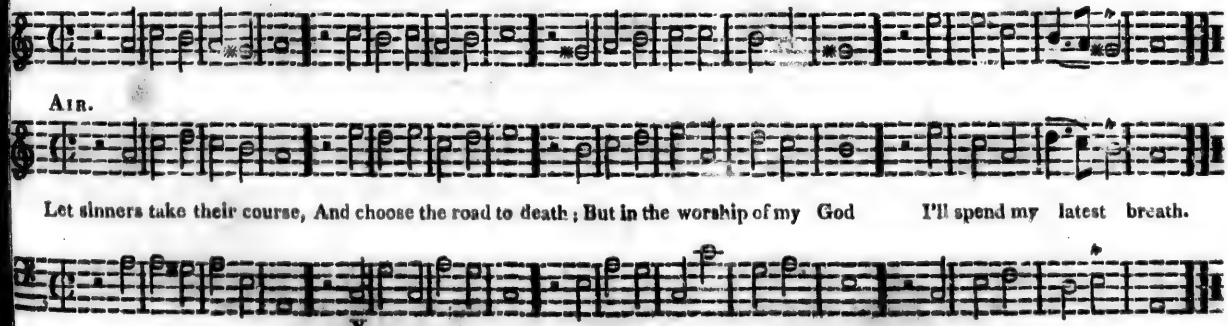
There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,

Pia. *For.*

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.



ORANGE. S. M. *A. Williams' Coll.*



HYMN OF THANKSGIVING FOR DELIVERANCE IN A STORM.

AIR.

Our little bark, on boist'rous seas, By cruel tempest tost, Without one cheerful beam of hope,

N. B. The Hallelujahs to be sung only at the end of the 5th and 6th verses.

Expecting to be lost, Halle - - lujah, Halle - - lujah, Halle - - lujah, A - - men.

2 We to the Lord in humble pray'r
Breath'd out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts
We begg'd return of peace.

3 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

4 The stormy winds did cease to blow,
The waves no more did roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to each soul.

5 Oh! may our grateful, trembling hearts
Sweet hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserv'd,
Our Saviour and our King.

6 Let us proclaim to all the world,
With heart and voice, again,
And tell the wonders he hath done
For us, the sons of men.

Adagio. *Pia.*

AIR.

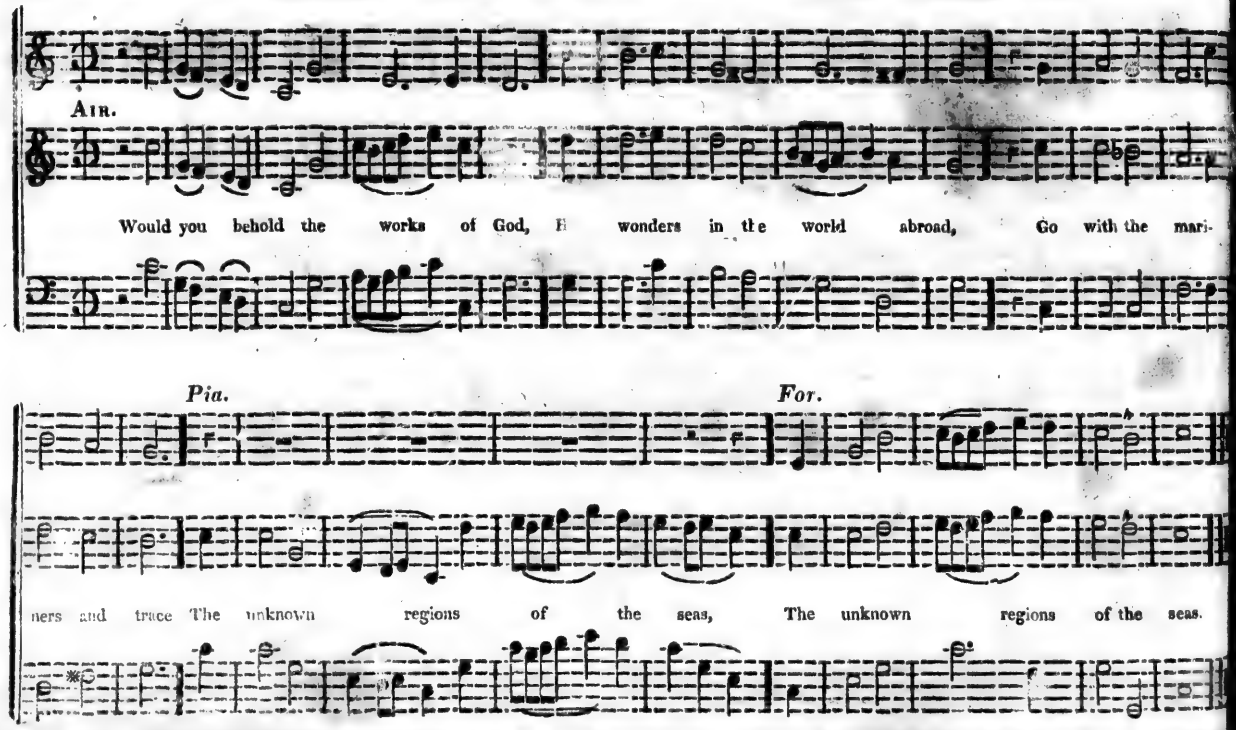
Few are our days, those few we dream away, Sure is our fate, to moulder in the clay.

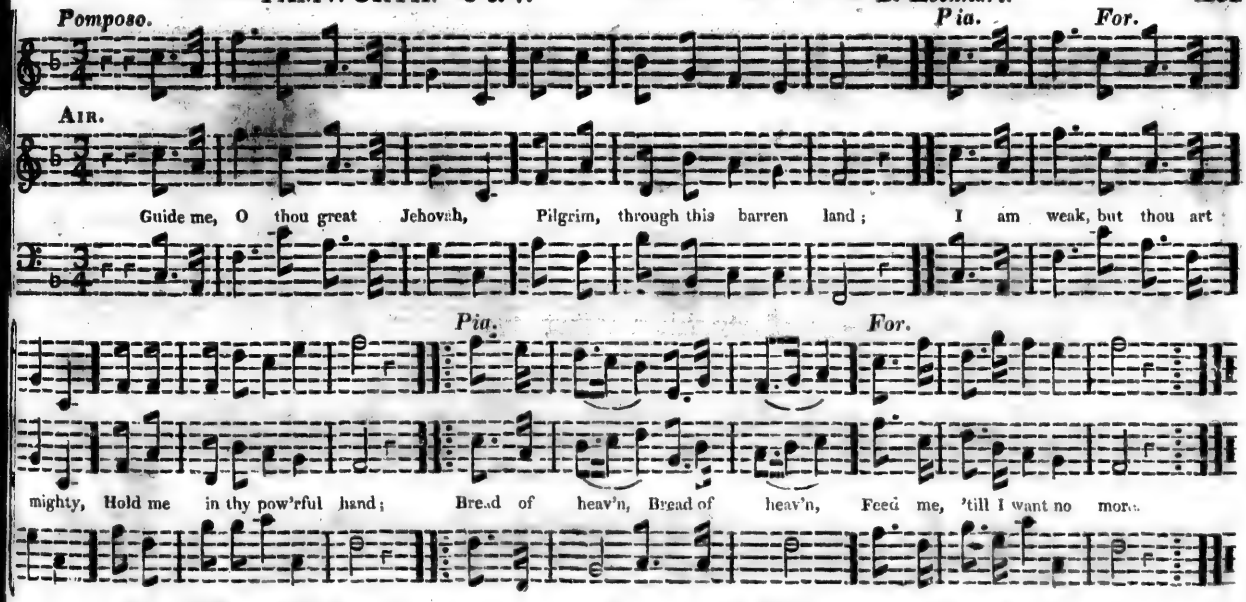
For. *Pia.* *For.* *Pia.*

Rise, immortal soul, Above thine earthly fate, Time yet is thine, but soon it is too late.

2 Lo midnight's gloom invites the pensive mind,
Pale is the scene, but shadows there you'll find;
Rise, immortal soul, shun glooms, pursue thy flight,
Lest hence thy fate be like the gloomy night.

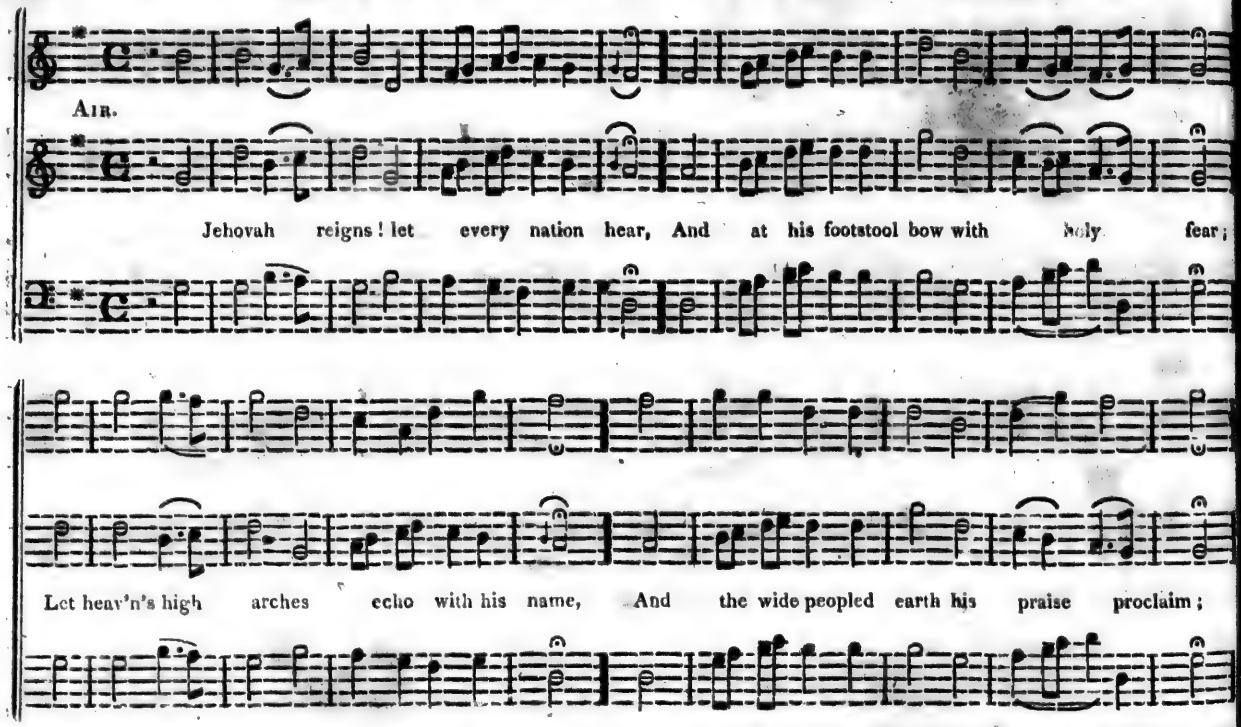
3 Hark from the grave, oblivion's doleful tones,
There shall our names be mouldered like our bones:
Rise, immortal soul, that hence thy fame may shine,
Time flies and ends, eternity is thine.

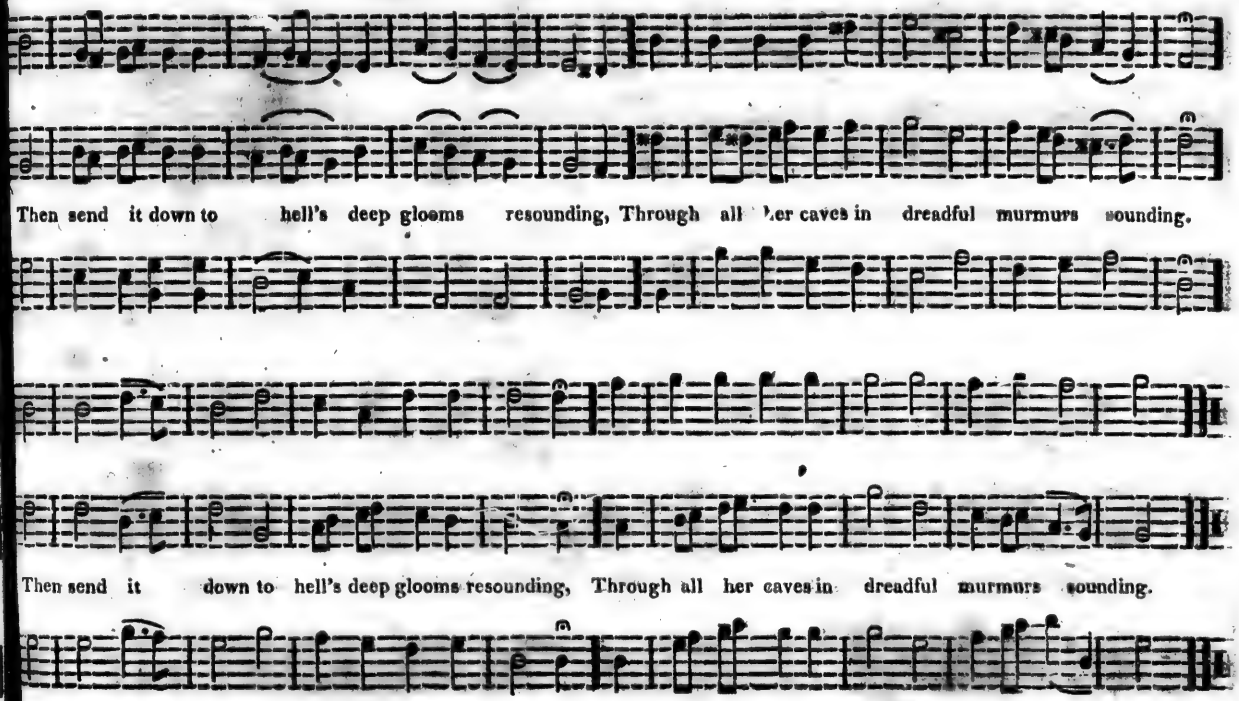

Air.
Would you behold the works of God, E wonders in the world abroad, Go with the mari-
Pia.
For.
ners and trace The unknown regions of the seas, The unknown regions of the seas.



3 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction:
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.


Air.
Jehovah reigns! let every nation hear, And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name, And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim;

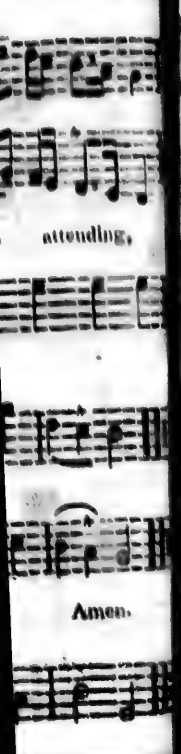

Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resounding, Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resounding, Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

Pin.

Air.

Lo, He comes with clouds descending, Once for favour'd sinners slain! Thousand thousand saints attending,

Swell the triumph of his train. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.



RECOVERY. L. M.

Fondly, &c.

Firm was my health my day was bright And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night, Fondly I said within my heart Pond-

Pleas-

Pleasure and peace shall

Fondly, &c.

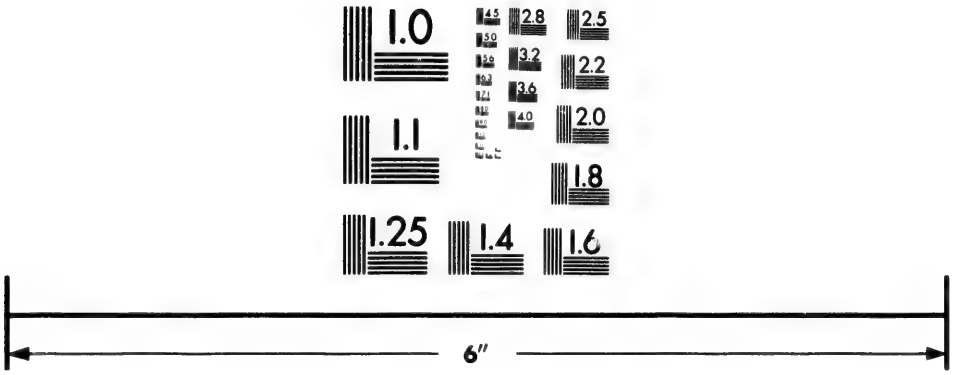
ly I said within my heart Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart, Fondly, &c.

sure, &c. Fondly, &c.

ne'er depart, Fondly, &c.

2

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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Air. *Sym.*

Hark! hark, how the watchmen cry! Attend the trumpet's sound; Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh, The powers of hell surround.

Sym.

Pia. *For.*

The day of battle is at hand, The day of battle is at hand, Go forth, go forth to glor'o

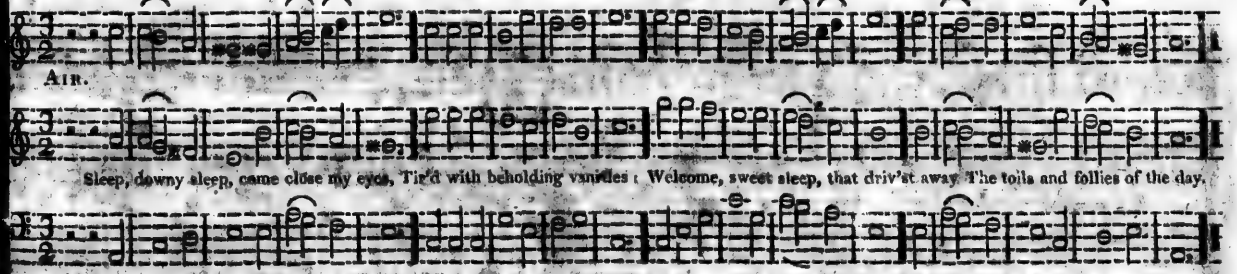
Who bow to Christ's command, Your arms and hearts prepare; The day of battle is at hand, The day of battle is at hand, Go forth to glor'o

Your arms and hearts prepare; The day of battle is at hand, The day of battle is at hand, Go forth, go forth to glor'o

Sym.

WORSHIP, OR EVENING HYMN. L. M.

J. Clark.

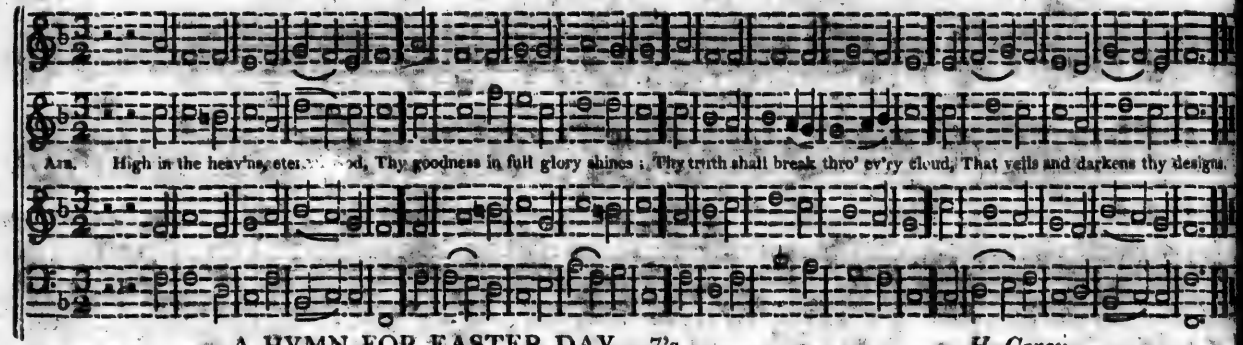


2 On thy soft bosom let me lie,
Forget the world and learn to die;
O, Israel's watchful Shepherd spread
Thy guardian angels round my bed.

3 Let not the spirits of the air,
Whilst I repose, my soul ensnare;
But guard thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasp'd in thy everlasting arms.

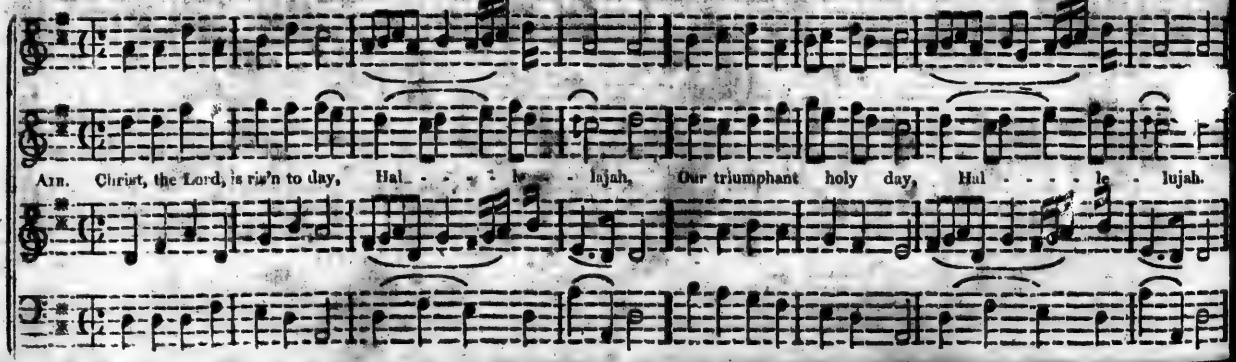
ANGELS' HYMN. L. M.

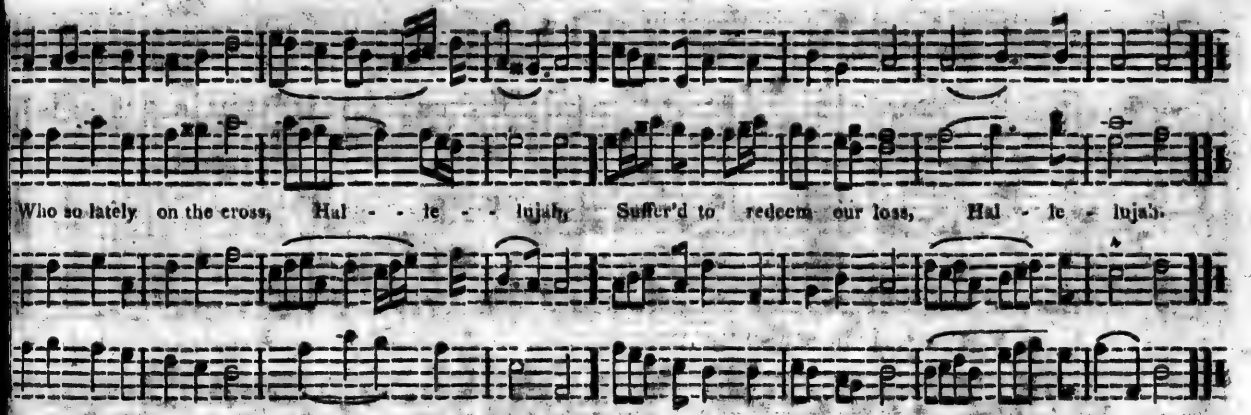
W. Tansur.



A HYMN FOR EASTER DAY. 7's.

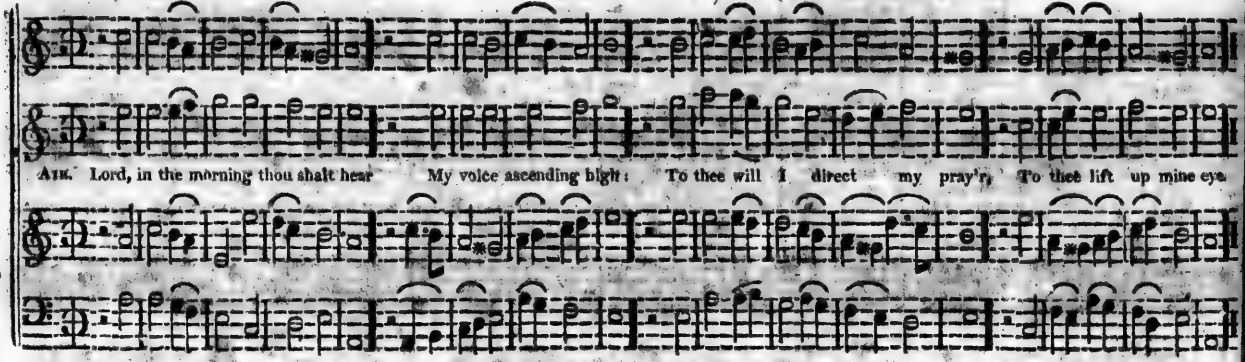
H. Carey.



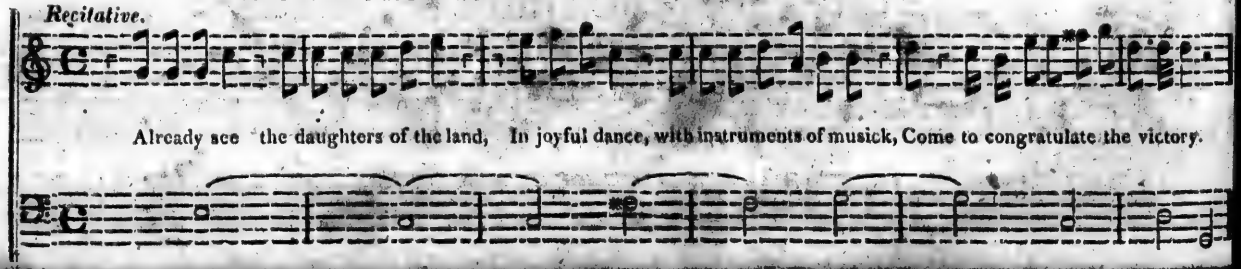


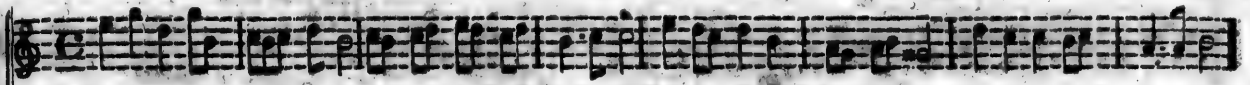
2 Hymns of praises let us sing, Hallelujah.
Unto Christ, our heav'nly King, Hallelujah.
Who endur'd the cross and grave, Hallelujah.
Sinners to redeem and save, Hallelujah.

3 But the pains which he endur'd, Hallelujah.
Our salvation has procur'd Hallelujah.
Now he reigns above the sky, Hallelujah.
Where the angels ever cry, Hallelujah.

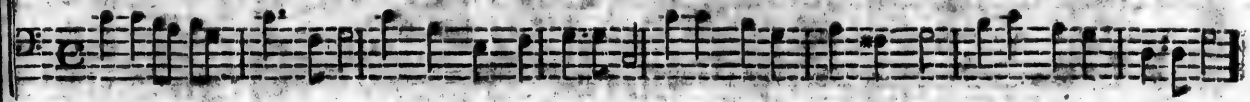


A SONG FROM HANDEL's ORATORIO OF SAUL.

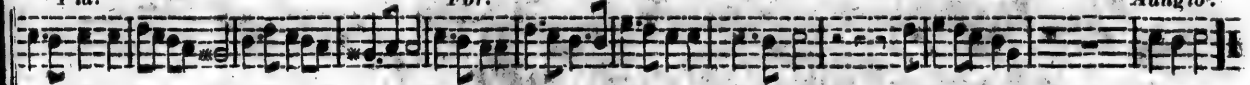


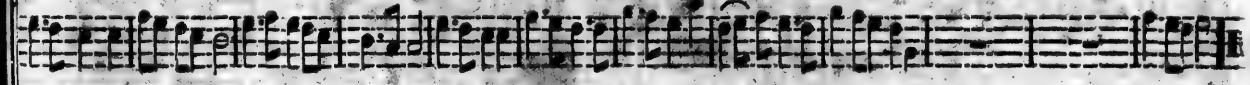


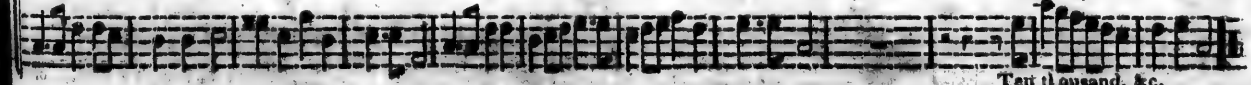
AIR.



Pia. *For.* *Adagio.*







Behold, behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in har - - - mony, 'tis

that ran down &c.

like that precious ointment upon the head of Aaron, that ran down, &c. to the skirts of his garment;

that ran down, &c. As the dew

that ran down, &c. As the dew of

as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the moun - - - - - - - - tains of Zion: for

of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the moun - - - - - - - - - - - - tains of Zion:

Hermon, and as the dew, &c.

there the Lord commanded his blessing ev'n life for ever, ever, evermore, Sing Hallelujah to his glorious name.

VERNON. C. M.

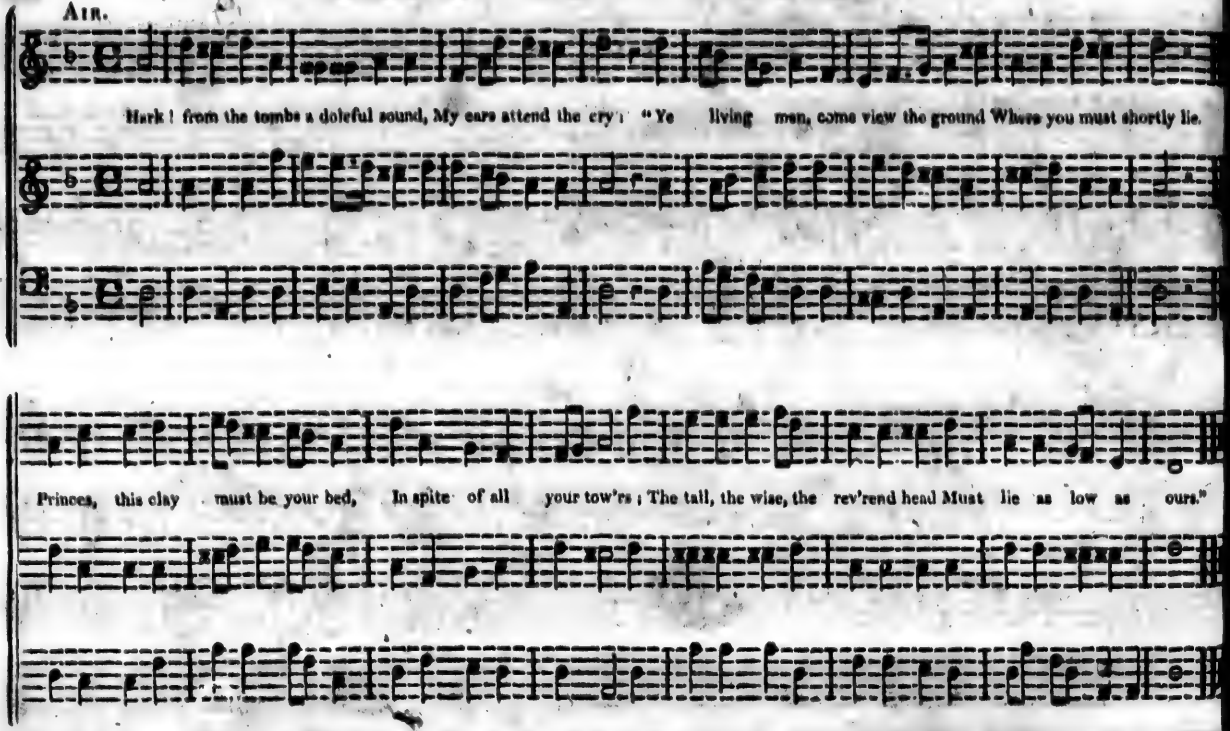
When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

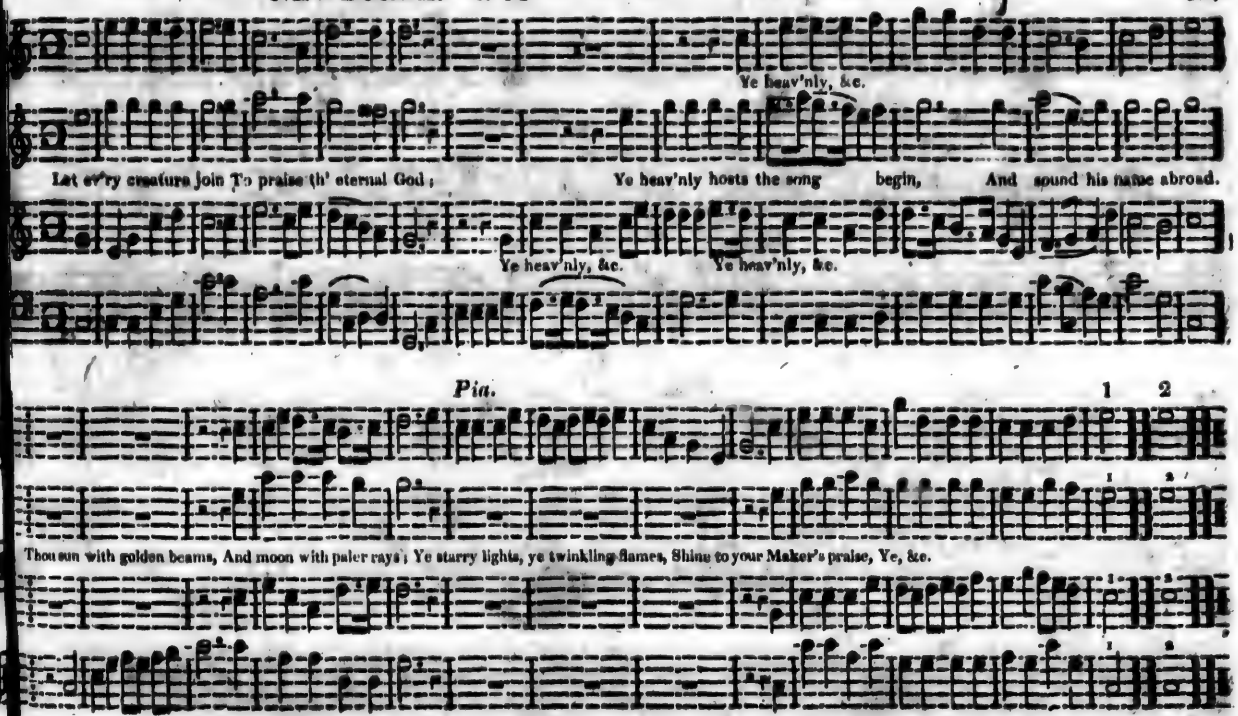
Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurl'd; Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall; May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all:

There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

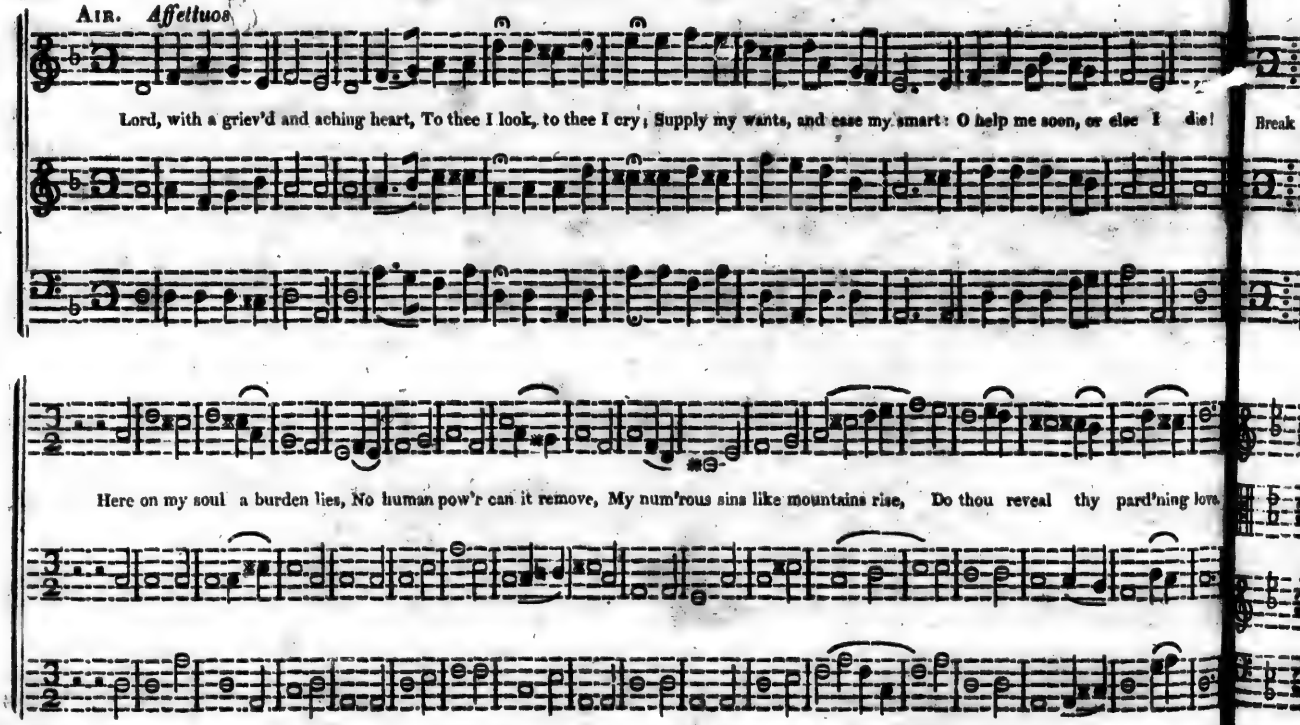
AIR.

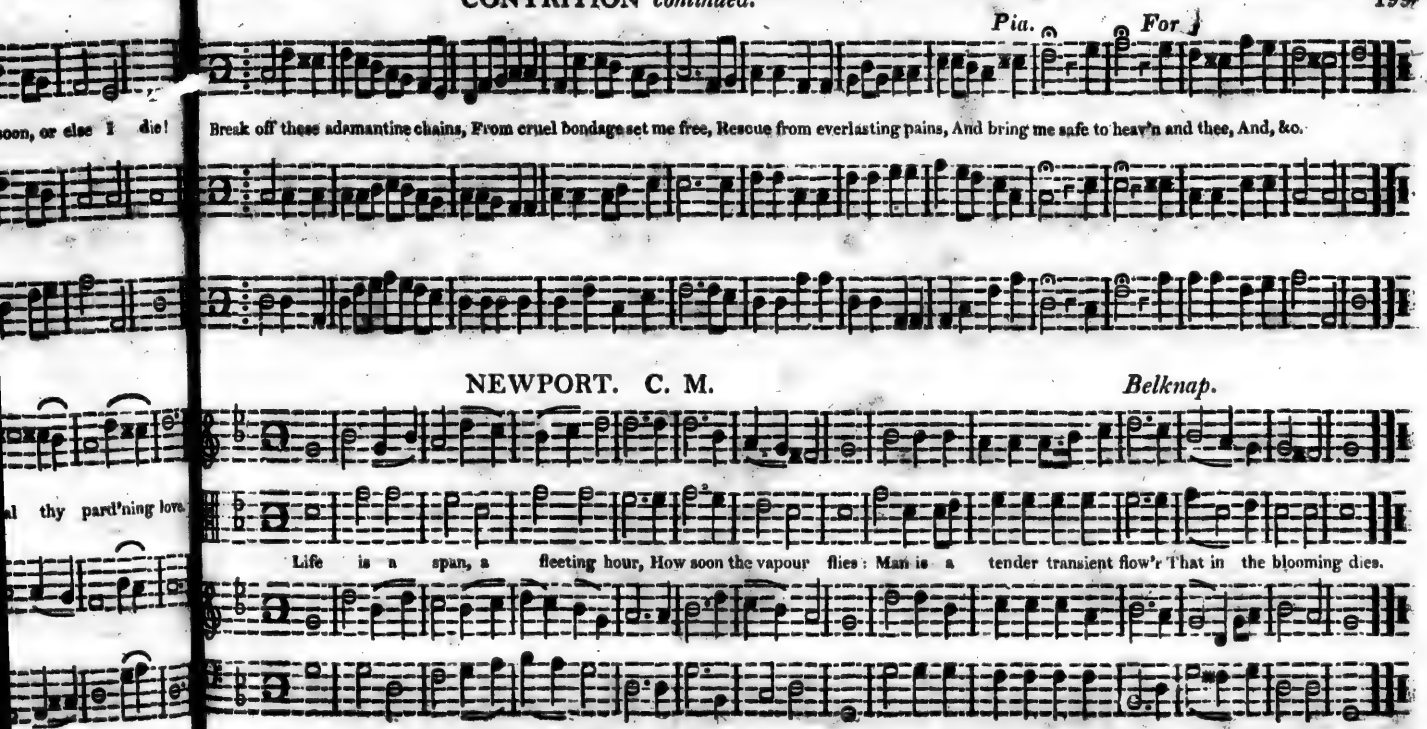

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, My ears attend the cry: "Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.
Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head Must lie as low as ours."

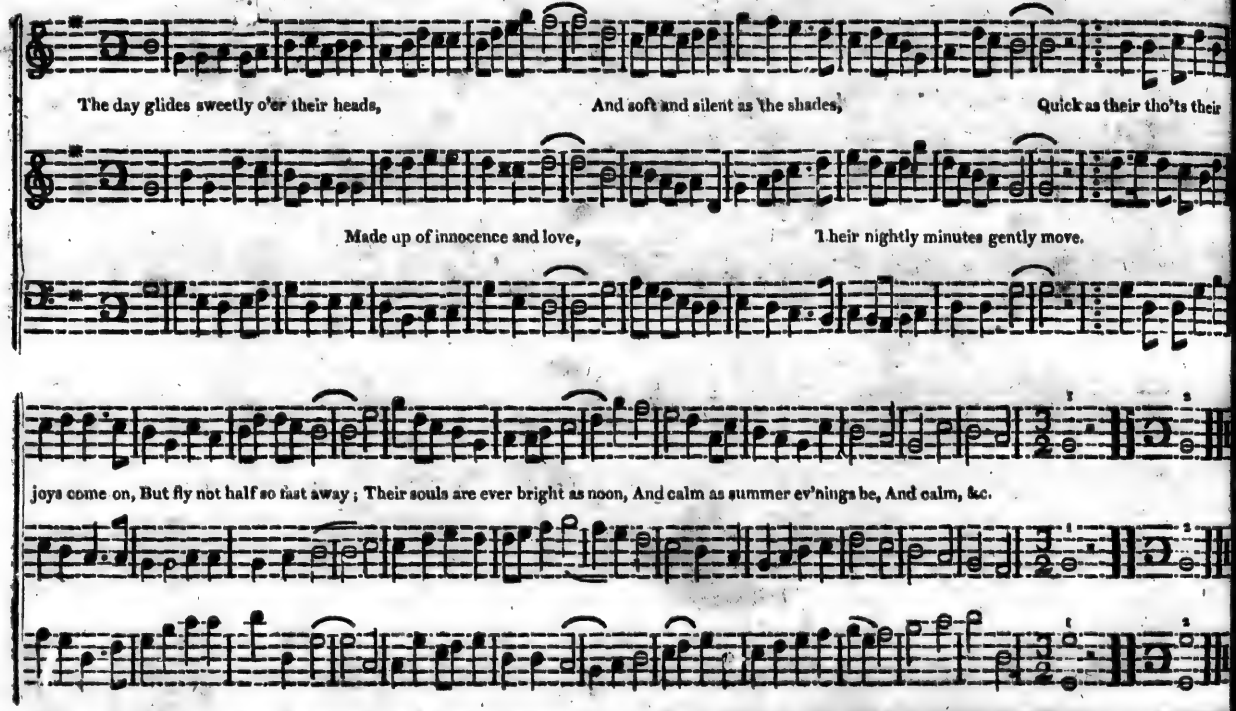

Ye heav'nly, &c.
Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin, And sound his name abroad.
Ye heav'nly, &c.
Ye heav'nly, &c.
Pia.
1 2
Thou sun with golden beams, And moon with paler rays; Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise, Ye, &c.

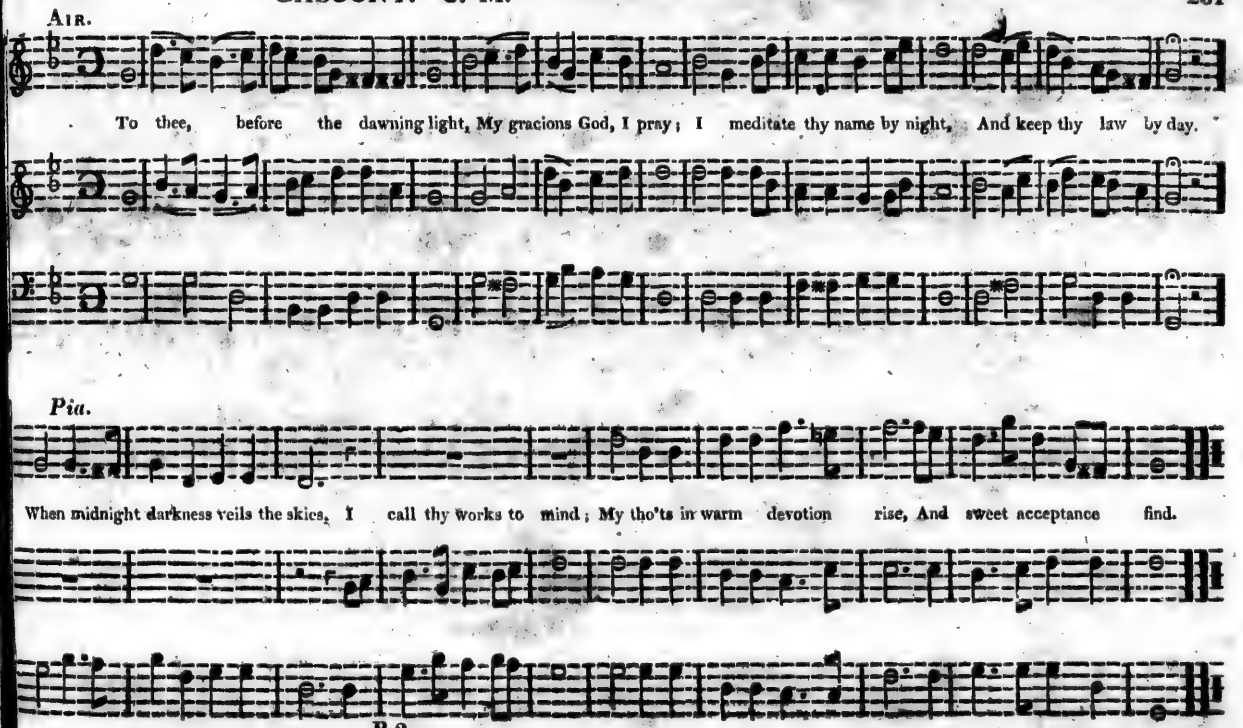
CONTRITION. L. M.

AIR. *Affettuoso*




Pia.
For
Break off these adamantine chains, From cruel bondage set me free, Rescue from everlasting pains, And bring me safe to heav'n and thee, And, &c.
NEWPORT. C. M.
Belknap.
Life is a span, a fleeting hour, How soon the vapour flies: Man is a tender transient flow'r That in the blooming dies.


The day glides sweetly o'er their heads, And soft and silent as the shades, Quick as their tho'ts their
Made up of innocence and love, Their nightly minutes gently move.
joys come on, But fly not half so fast away; Their souls are ever bright as noon, And calm as summer ev'nings be, And calm, &c.


Air.
To thee, before the dawning light, My gracions God, I pray; I meditate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.
Pia.
When midnight darkness veils the skies, I call thy works to mind; My tho'ts in warm devotion rise, And sweet acceptance find.

FONTANVILLE. C. M.

AIR.

I love the windows of thy grace, Thro' which my Lord is seen; And long to meet my Saviour's face, Without a glass between.

Pia.

Oh, that the happy hour were come, To change my faith to sight! I shall behold my Lord at home, In a diviner light.

Brisk.

Haste, my

My Go

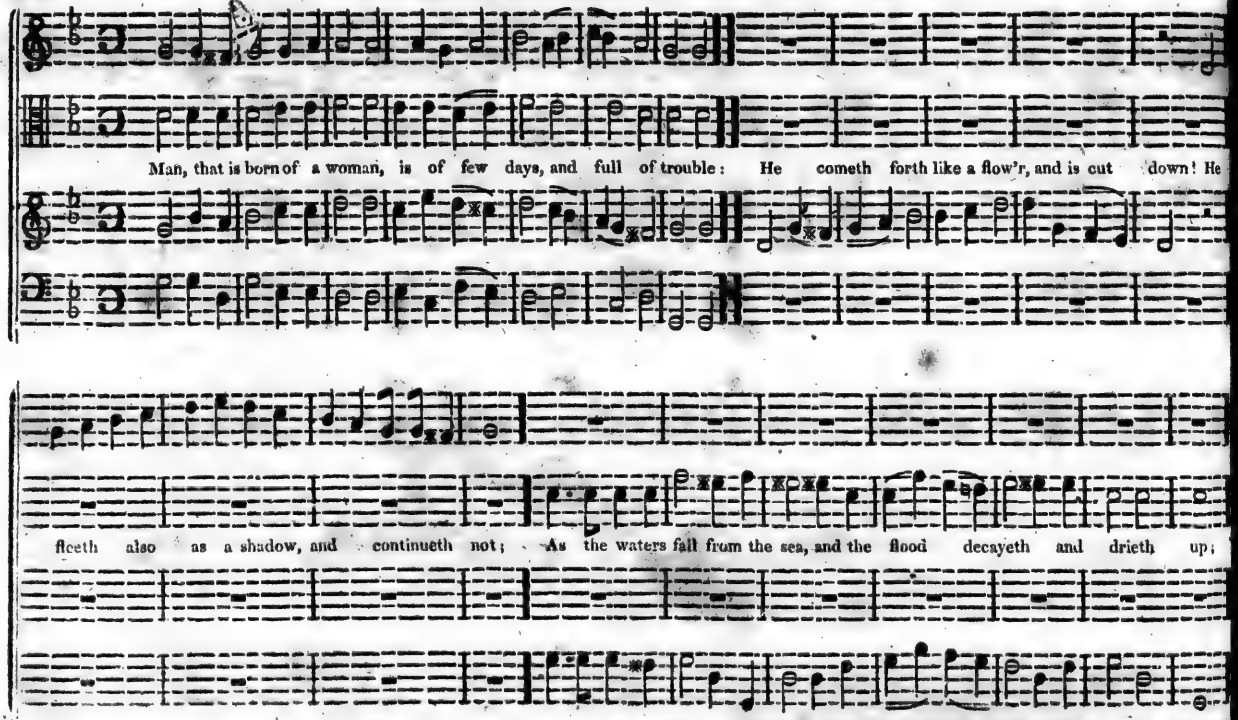
Brisk.

Haste, my Beloved, and remove These interposing days; Then shall my passions all be love, And all my pow'rs be praise.

REQUEST. S. M.

Humbert.

My God, permit my tongue This joy, to call thee mine; And let my early cries prevail To taste thy love divine.


Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble: He cometh forth like a flow'r, and is cut down! He
fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not; As the waters fall from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up;

STOCCATO.

So man lieth down, and riseth not: Till the heav'ns be no more, They shall not awake, They shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

They shall not awake,

But why lament departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

Farewell! Farewell! bright soul, a short farewell, 'Till we shall meet again above, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love.

Dear soul, we leave thee to thy rest; Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God, 'Till we, from bands of clay releas'd, Spring out and climb the shining road.

Glory to him who left his throné above, And downward bent his way on wings of love; That wept and bled, and died up-

Slow.

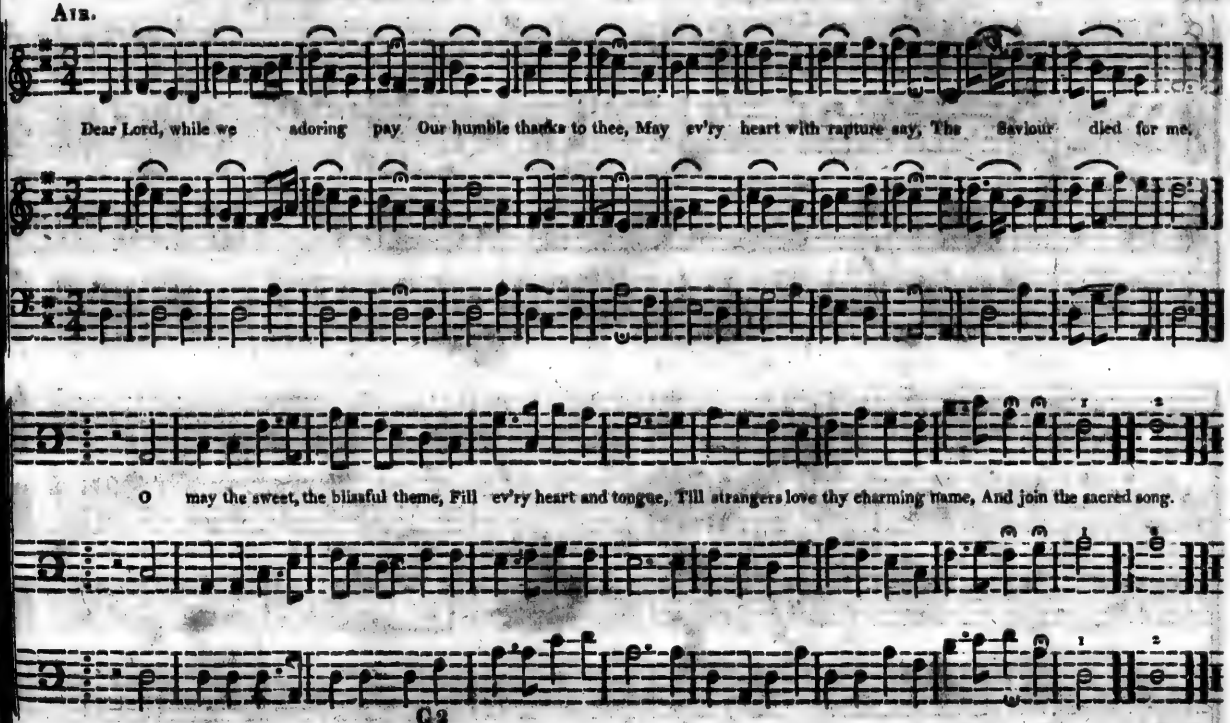
on the tree, To conquer death, and set the captives free. O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

AMANDA. L. M.

Death, like an over - - - - - flowing stream, Sweeps us a - - way: our life's a dream,

An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

Air.


Dear Lord, while we adoring pay Our humble thanks to thee, May ev'ry heart with rapture say, The Saviour died for me.
O may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill ev'ry heart and tongue, Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sacred song.

The meadows, &c.

The little hills on ev'ry side, Rejoice at falling show'rs, The

The meadows, &c.

The meadows dress'd in all their pride, Perfume the air with

Perfume, &c.

meadows, &c. The meadows, &c. Per - fume the air with flow'rs.

The meadows, &c.

flow'rs, The meadows, &c.

Sav'd from the ocean and tempestuous skies, Reduc'd to dust, here youth and vigour lies; Dire scenes I saw on Boston's boist'rous sh

Distressing scenes myself a part have bore: Learn this ye gay that life's a transient flow'r, Which grows, and blooms, and withers in an hour.

Pia. Moderato.

AIR.

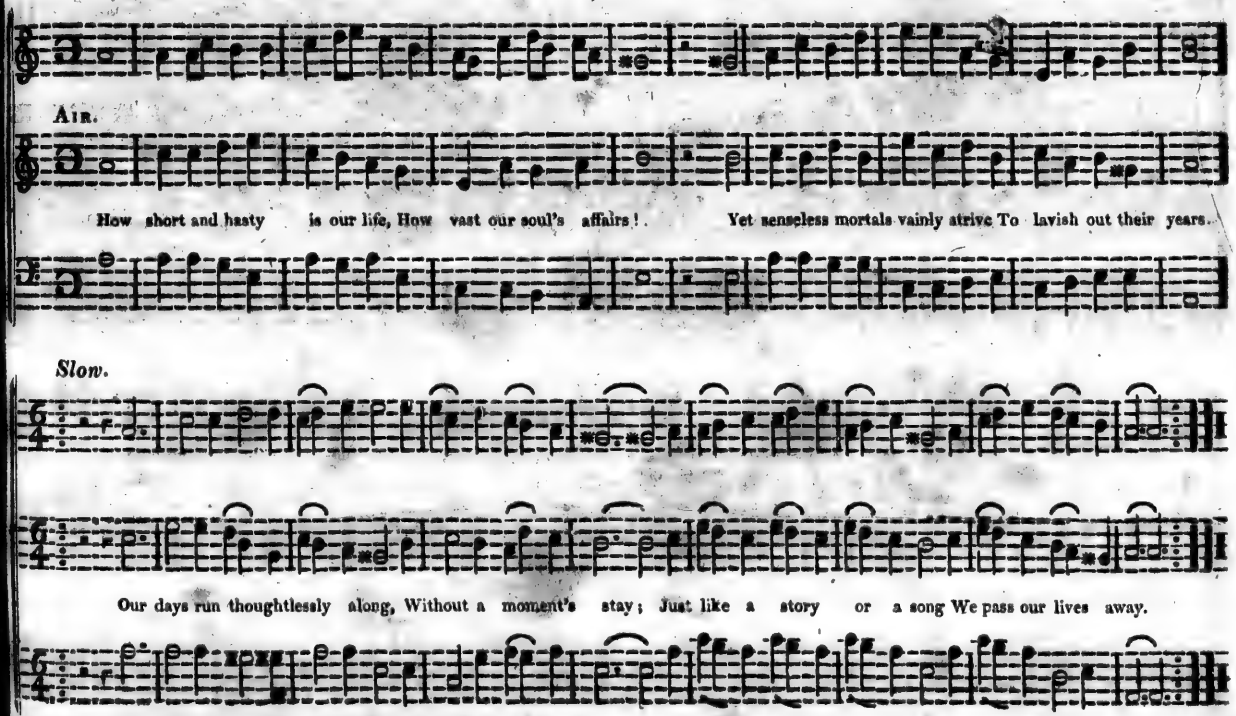
Fair morning star arise, With living glories bright, And pour on these awak'ning eyes A flood of sacred light. The horrid gloom is fled, Pierc'd

For.

Shine, &c.

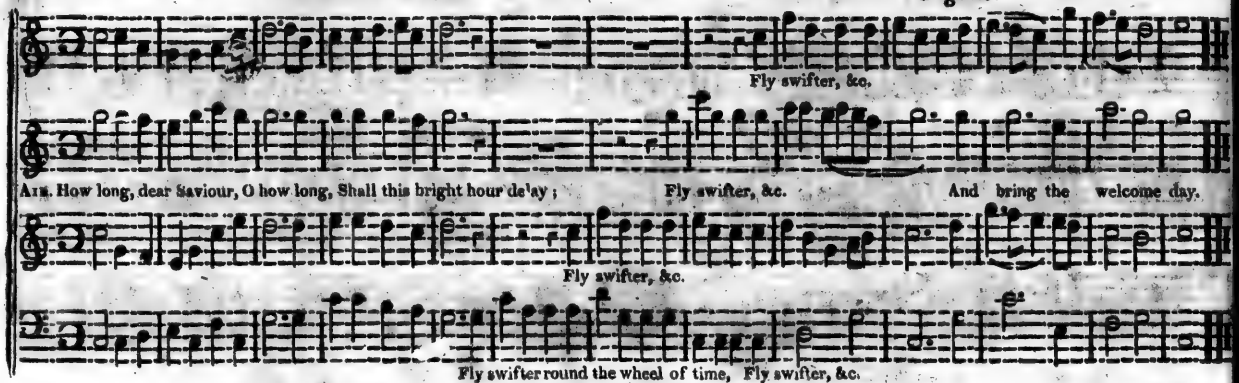
by thy heav'nly ray; Shine, &c. Shine, &c.

Shine, and our wand'ring footsteps lead, To everlasting day,


Air.
How short and hasty is our life, How vast our soul's affairs! Yet senseless mortals vainly strive To lavish out their years.
Slow.
Our days run thoughtlessly along, Without a moment's stay; Just like a story or a song We pass our lives away.

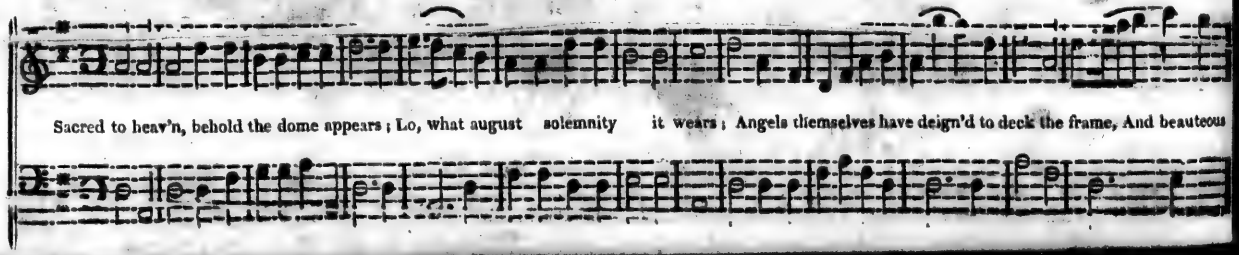
NORTHFIELD. C. M.

Ingalls.



A VIEW OF THE TEMPLE.—A MASONIC ODE.

Belknap.



Sheba shall report its fame. When the queen of the south shall return, To the climes which acknowledge her sway, Where the sun's warmer beams fiercely

Pia.

burn, The princess with transport shall say, Well worthy my journey, I've seen A monarch, both graceful and wise, Deserving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the

For.

skies. Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares, With equal sense your happiness and cares, Of riches much, but more of wisdom see, Proportion'd workmanship and masonry.

Pia.

O, charmin' Sheba, there behold What many stores of burnish'd gold, Yet richer is our art, Yet richer is our art: Wisdom and beauty both combine, Our

art to raise, our hearts to join, Wisdom and beauty both combine, Our art &c. Give to masonry the prize, Where the fairest choose the wise: Beauty still should wisdom love,

PIA.

CRES. *SLOW.*

Beauty and order reign above, Beauty and order reign above, Beauty and order reign above.

Eternal Pow'r, whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God; In-

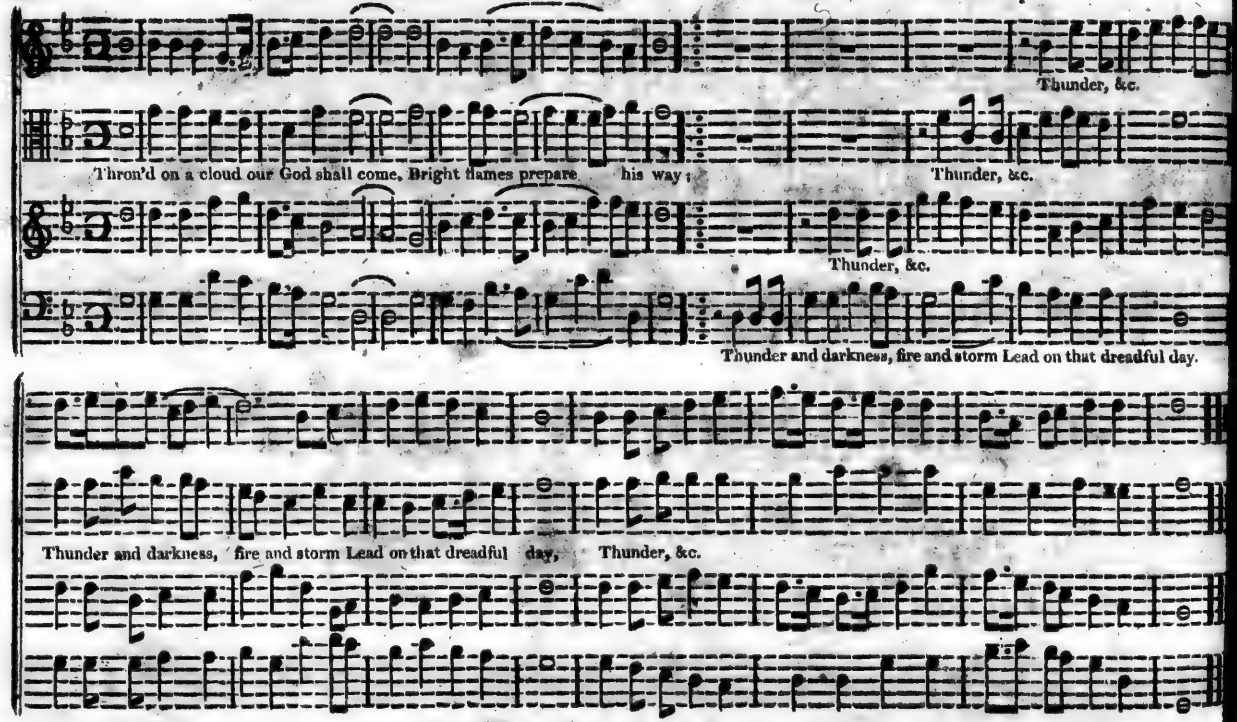
Infinite lengths be-

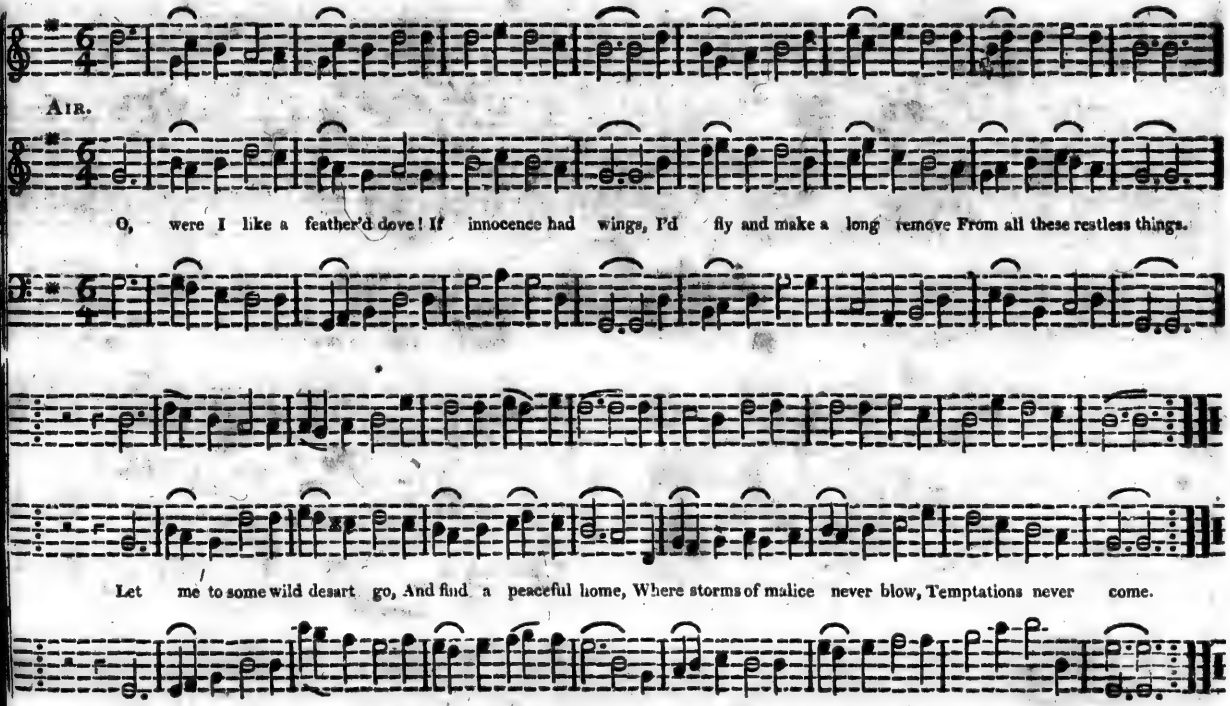
Infinite, &c.

Infinite, &c.

finite lengths beyond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.

yond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.


Thunder, &c.
Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder, &c.
Thunder, &c.
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on that dreadful day.
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on that dreadful day,
Thunder, &c.


Air.
O, were I like a feather'd dove! If innocence had wings, I'd fly and make a long remove From all these restless things.
Let me to some wild desart go, And find a peaceful home, Where storms of malice never blow, Temptations never come.

SANDY RIVER. L. M.

Belknap.

Pia.

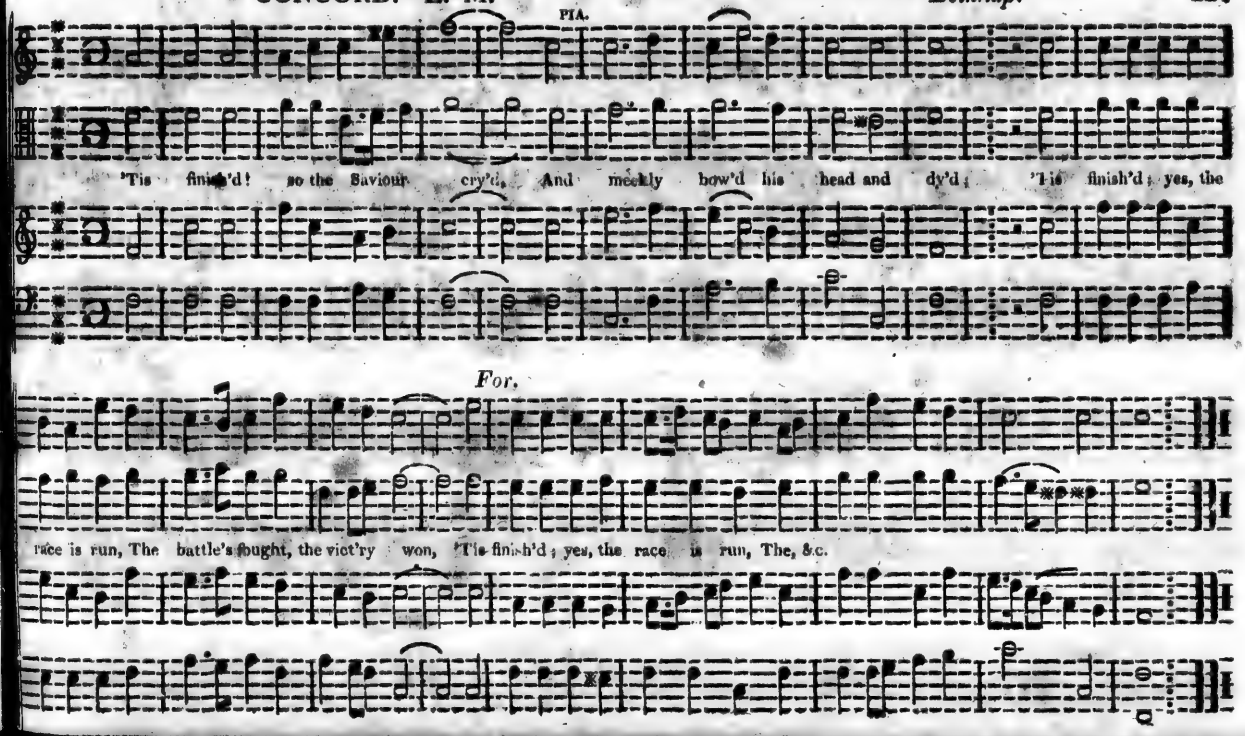
Beyond this curtain of the

AIR.

Descend, ye hosts of angels bright, And bear me on your guardian wings, Thro' regions of celestial light, Above the reach of earthly things.

sky, Up where eternal ages roll!

Where solid pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the soul, And fruits, &c.


PIA.
'Tis finish'd! so the Saviour cry'd, And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd; 'Tis finish'd; yes, the
For,
race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won, 'Tis finish'd; yes, the race is run, The, &c.

To part with thee, To part with thee my nature bleeds, The painful task is mine; My best of earthly gifts has fled, A gift al-

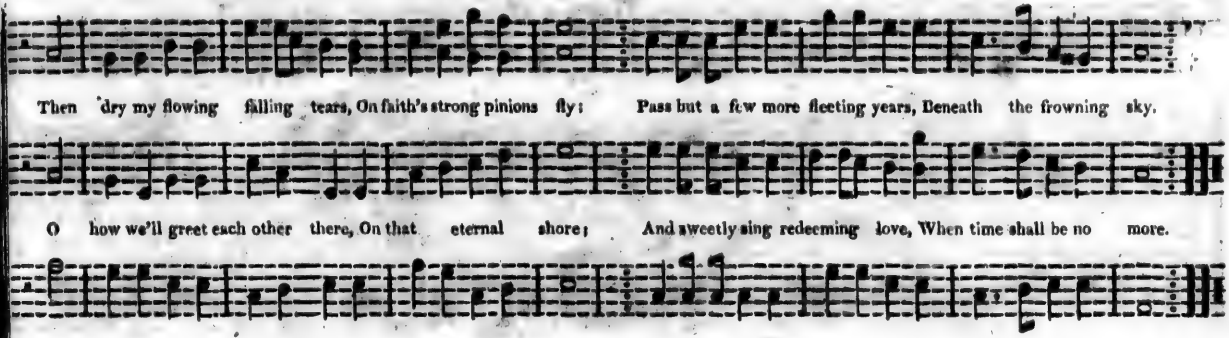
most divine. So much of heav'n made earth retire, She could no longer stay; Her love to God o'er-swell'd desire, And burst the band of clay.

O, let my ransom'd spirit go, The fullness of his love to know. I long to go nor wish my stay, Nor

ask but for my flight; Then joyful I shall soar away To everlasting night. I see, I see my

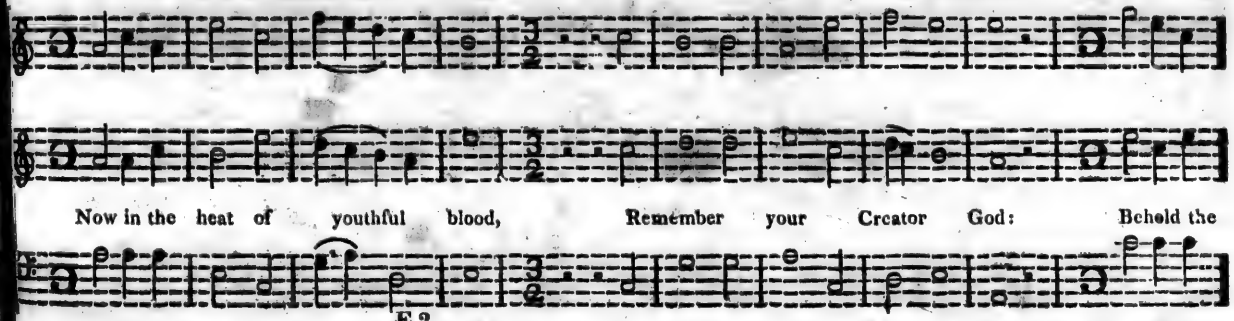
Saviour dear, I hear a solemn call; Heav'n smiles on his triumphant car, My Saviour and my all. She

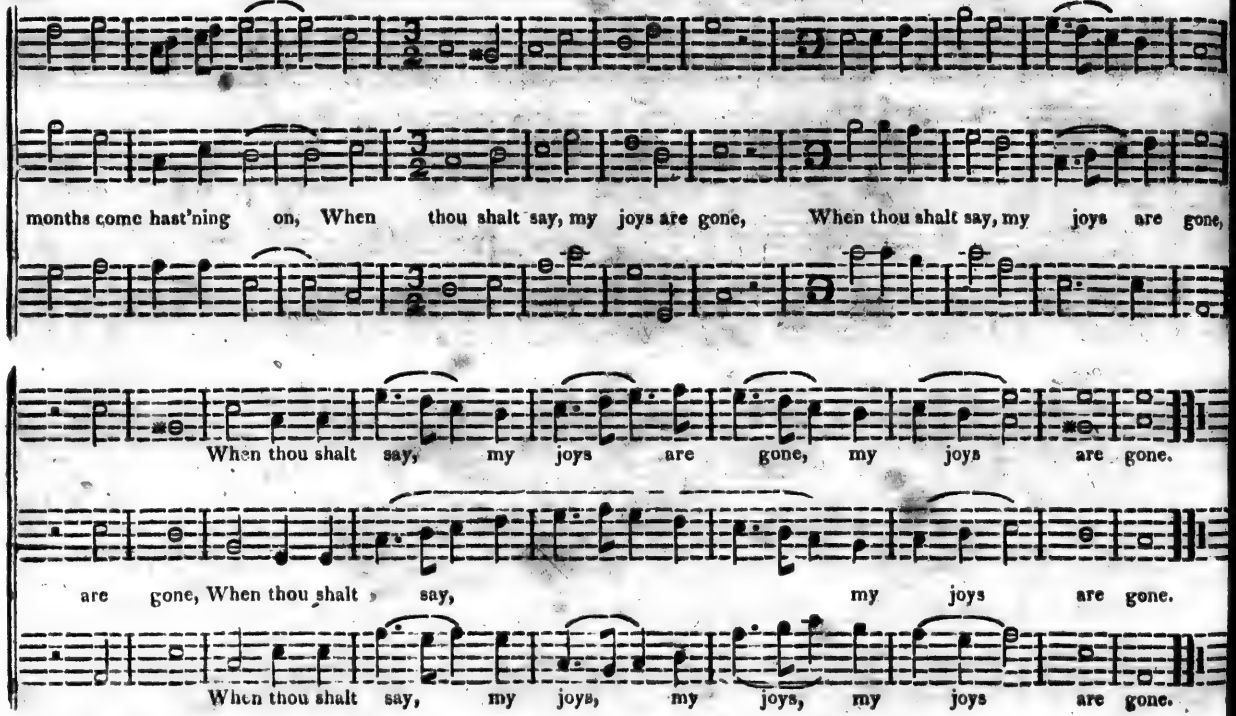
ceas't, she ceas't, her spirit soar'd away, To mansions in eter - - nal day.

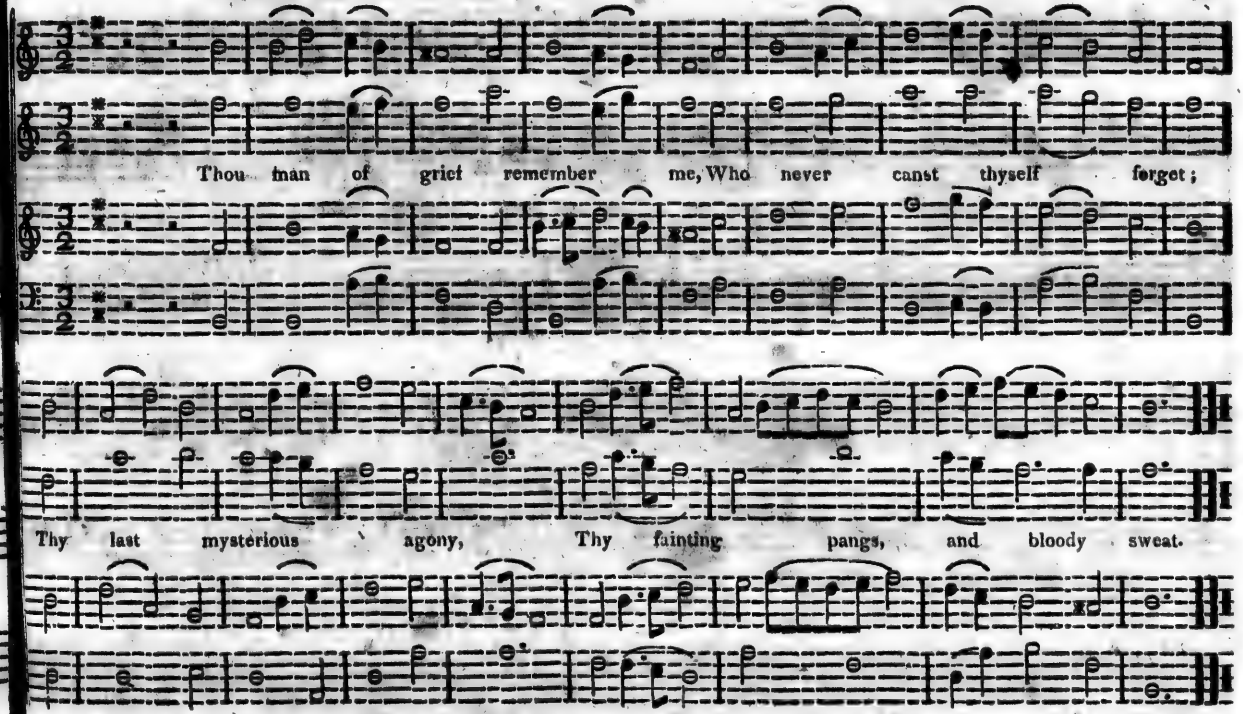


HALIFAX. L. M.

Humbert.




months come hast'ning on, When thou shalt say, my joys are gone, When thou shalt say, my joys are gone,
When thou shalt say, my joys are gone, my joys are gone.
are gone, When thou shalt say, my joys are gone.
When thou shalt say, my joys, my joys, my joys are gone.



joys are gone,

are gone.

are gone.

are gone.

POLAND. S. M.

Maxim.

Or crucify, &c. And open, &c.

AIR. Shall we go on to sin, Because thy grace abounds, Or crucify, &c.

Or crucify, &c. And open, &c.

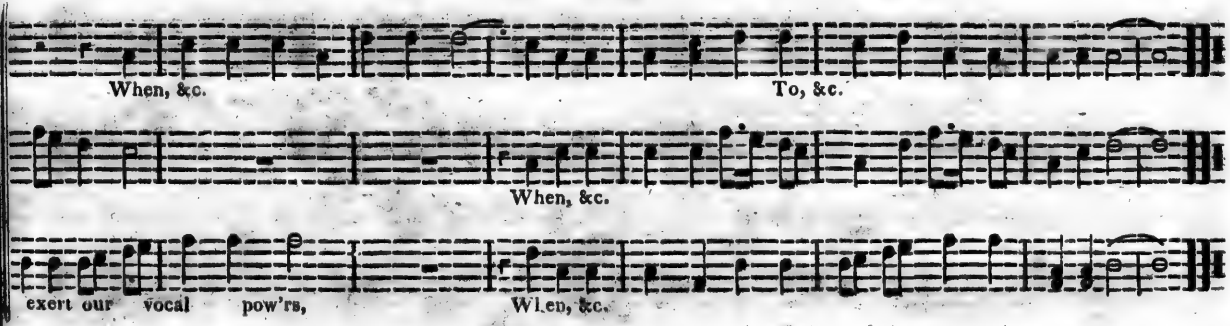
Or crucify the Lord again, And open all his wounds, And open, &c.

SINGING SCHOOL. C. M.

Humbert.

'Tis pleasing to my pensive mind, To recollect the hours, When, &c.

When socially we all combin'd, To



2 Oft we beguil'd the winter eve,
Forgot the chilling storm,
The charms of music to receive,
The sacred notes perform.

3 'Twas not obscene and vulgar song,
That did our time employ,
But themes divine, flow'd from our tongues,
And fill'd our hearts with joy.

4 While others waste the sinful night,
And kill their youthful prime,
In songs profane take their delight,
And murder their best time.

5 Regardless of the passing hours,
Which silent steal away,
And waft them to the fatal shores,
Of sorrow and dismay.

6 O! might they yet their folly mourn,
Their error quickly see,
With hymns divine, to God return,
And happy, happy be.

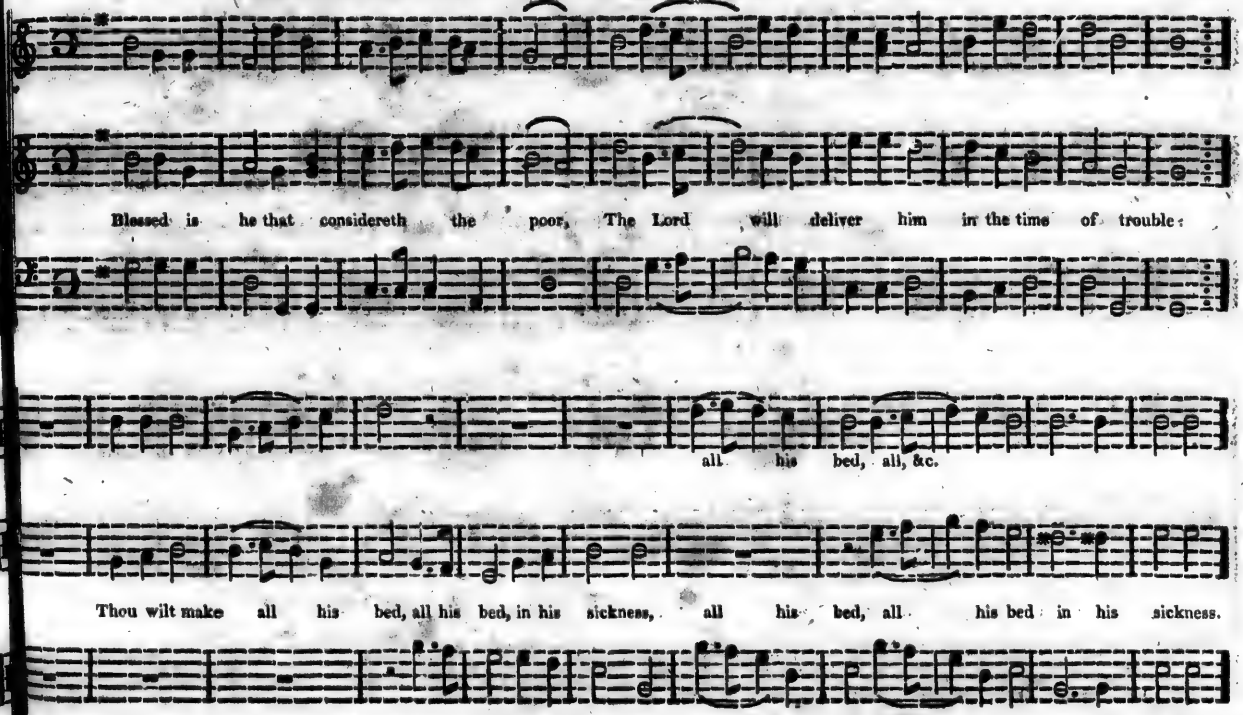
7 Since heav'n, indulgent heav'n has deign'd,
To smile on our designs,
While heart, and voice, and tongue remains,
Kind heav'n! they shall be thine.

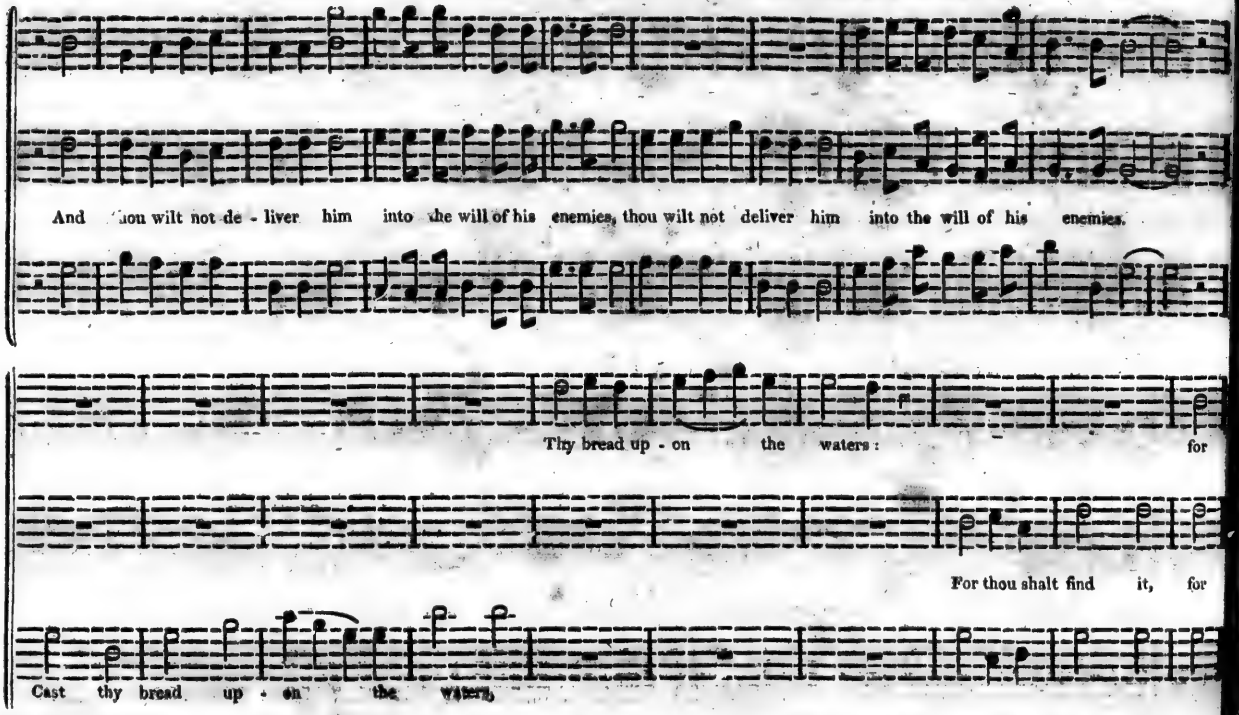
8 And when on earth those pow'rs shall fail,
The silver strings give way,
When those cold stony hearts and frail
Shall moulder in the clay.

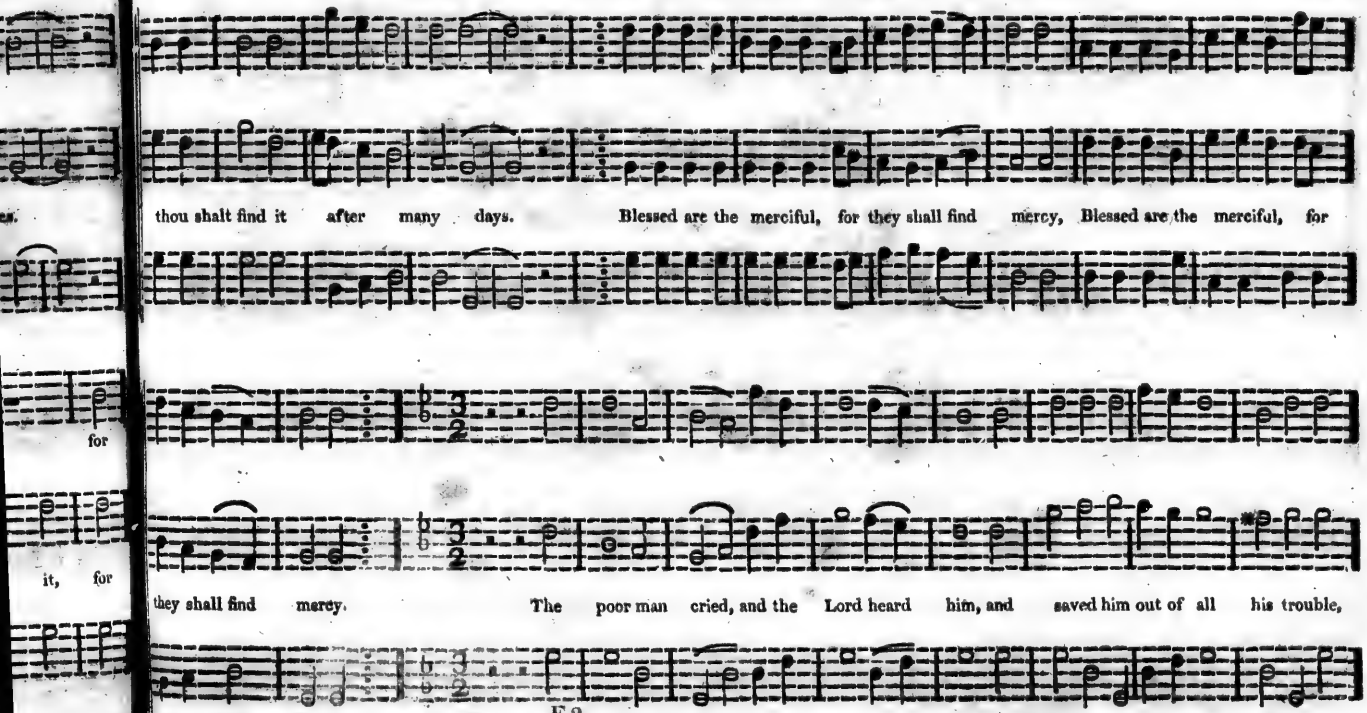
9 Then with celestial and sublime
The tow'ring notes shall soar,
Angels in the sweet chords shall join,
Jehovah to adore.

How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet

birds and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me, Have all lost their sweetness to me.


Blessed is he that considereth the poor, The Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble:
all his bed, all, &c.
Thou wilt make all his bed, all his bed, in his sickness, all his bed, all his bed in his sickness.


And thou wilt not de - liver him into the will of his enemies, thou wilt not deliver him into the will of his enemies.
Thy bread up - on the waters: for
For thou shalt find it, for
Cast thy bread up - on the waters,

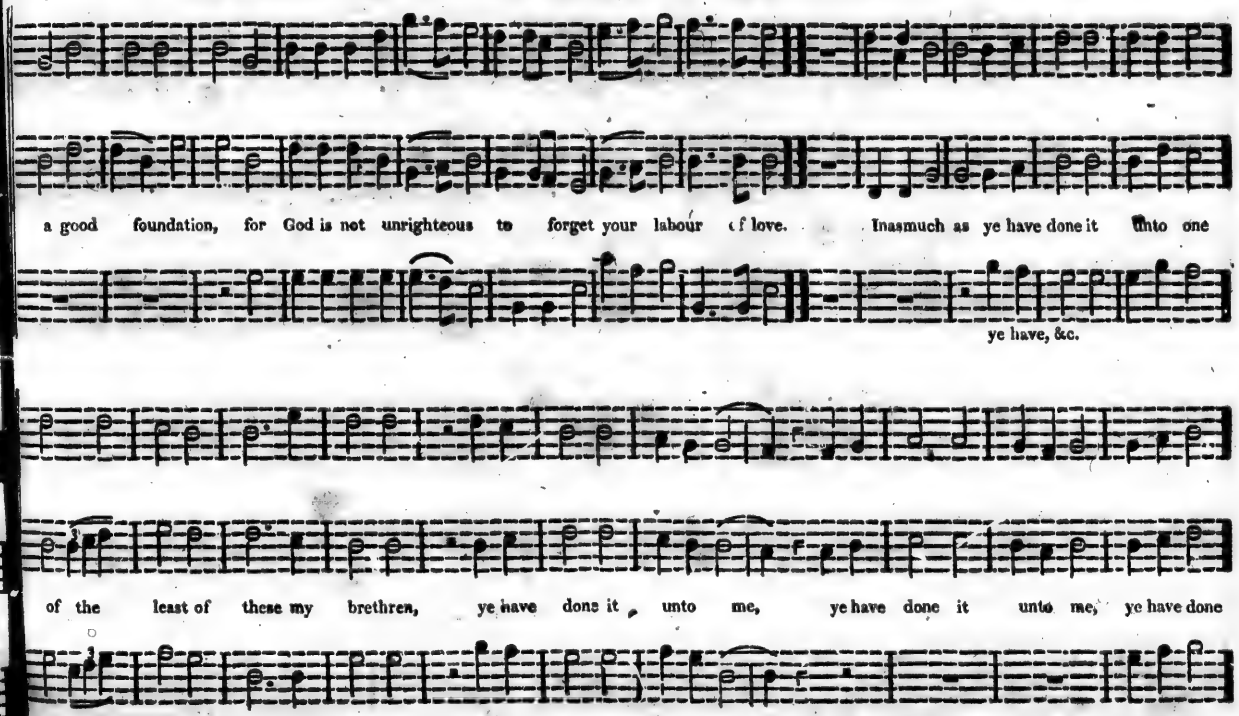

thou shalt find it after many days. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy, Blessed are the merciful, for
they shall find mercy. The poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his trouble,

charity, faith,

and saved him out of all his trouble. Follow after charity, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is

charity, faith,

charity, but the greatest of these is charity. Be ready to give, glad to distribute, Laying up in store

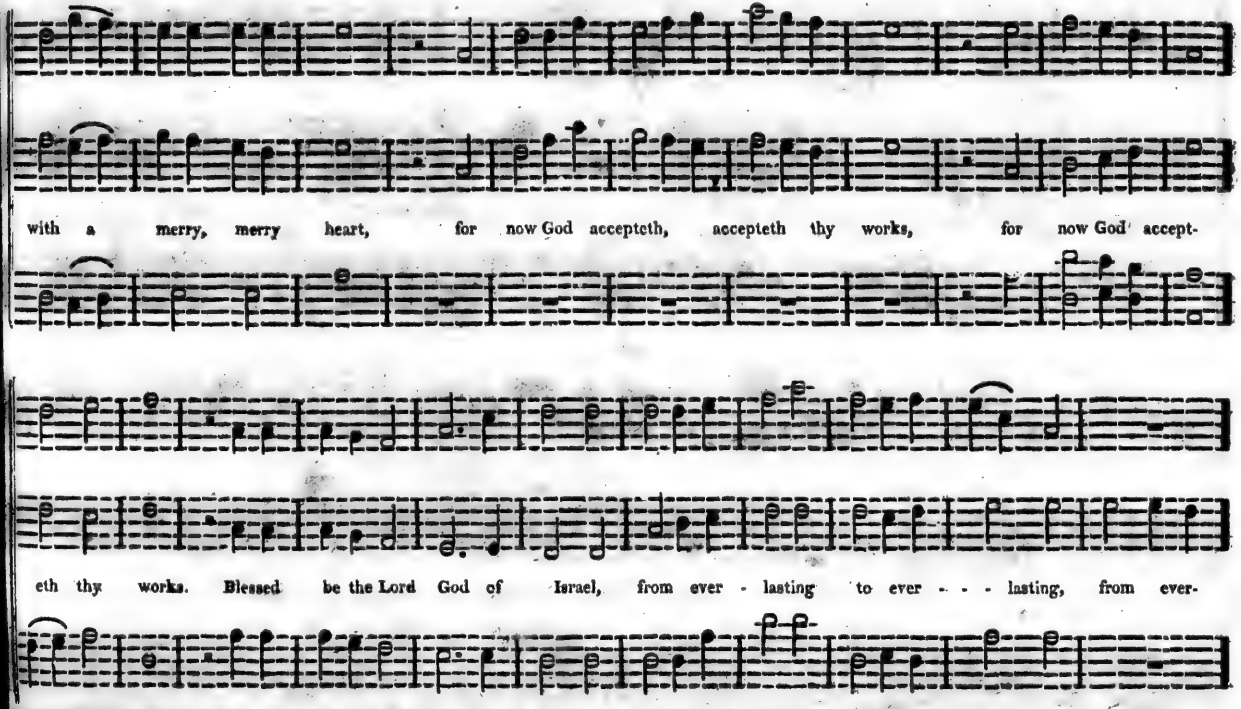

a good foundation, for God is not unrighteous to forget your labour of love. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one
ye have, &c.
of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me, ye have done it unto me, ye have done

verily, and verily

it unto me. And verily, and verily I say unto you, you shall in no wise lose your reward,

you shall in no wise lose your reward. Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine

you shall, &c.


with a merry, merry heart, for now God accepteth, accepteth thy works, for now God accept-
eth thy works. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from ever - lasting to ever - - - lasting, from ever-

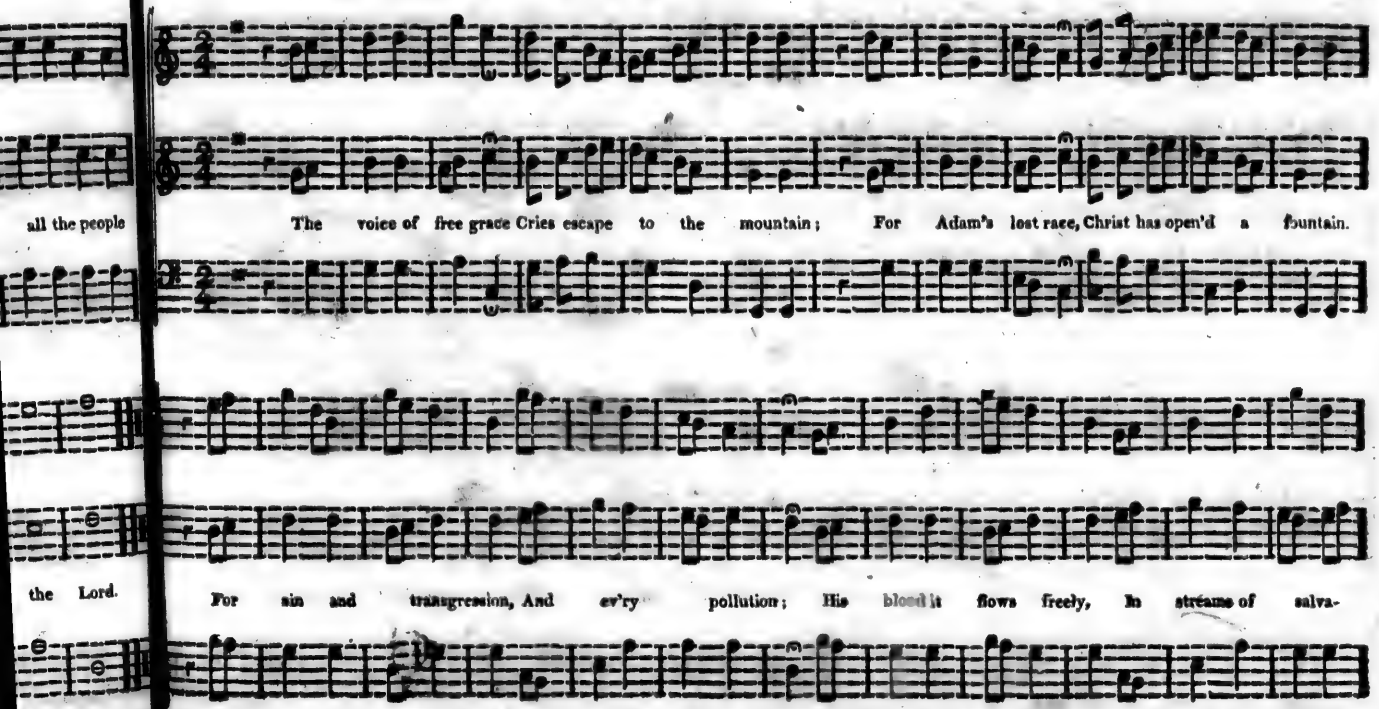
from, &c.

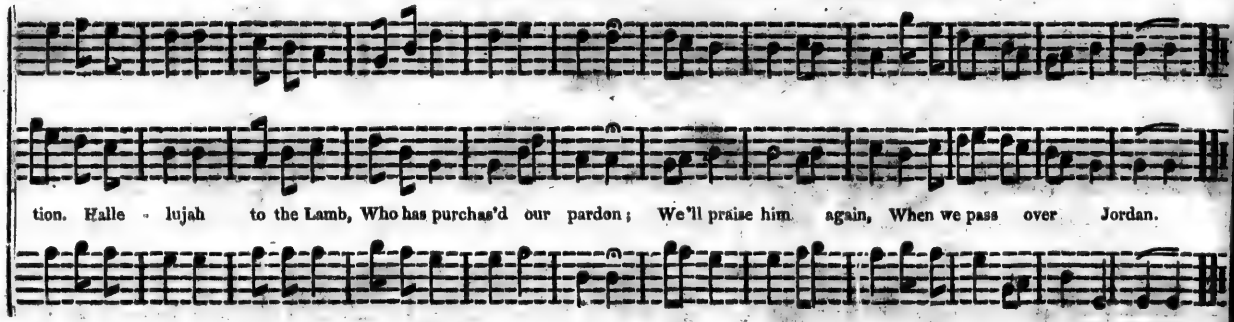
lasting to ever - - lasting, to ever - lasting, and let all the people and let all the people

say,

say, and let all the people say, let the people say, Amen, Praise ye the Lord.

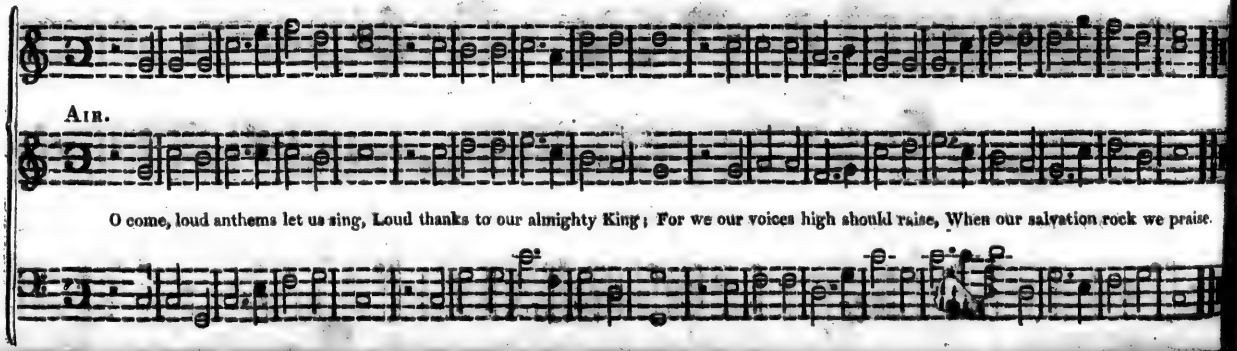
For

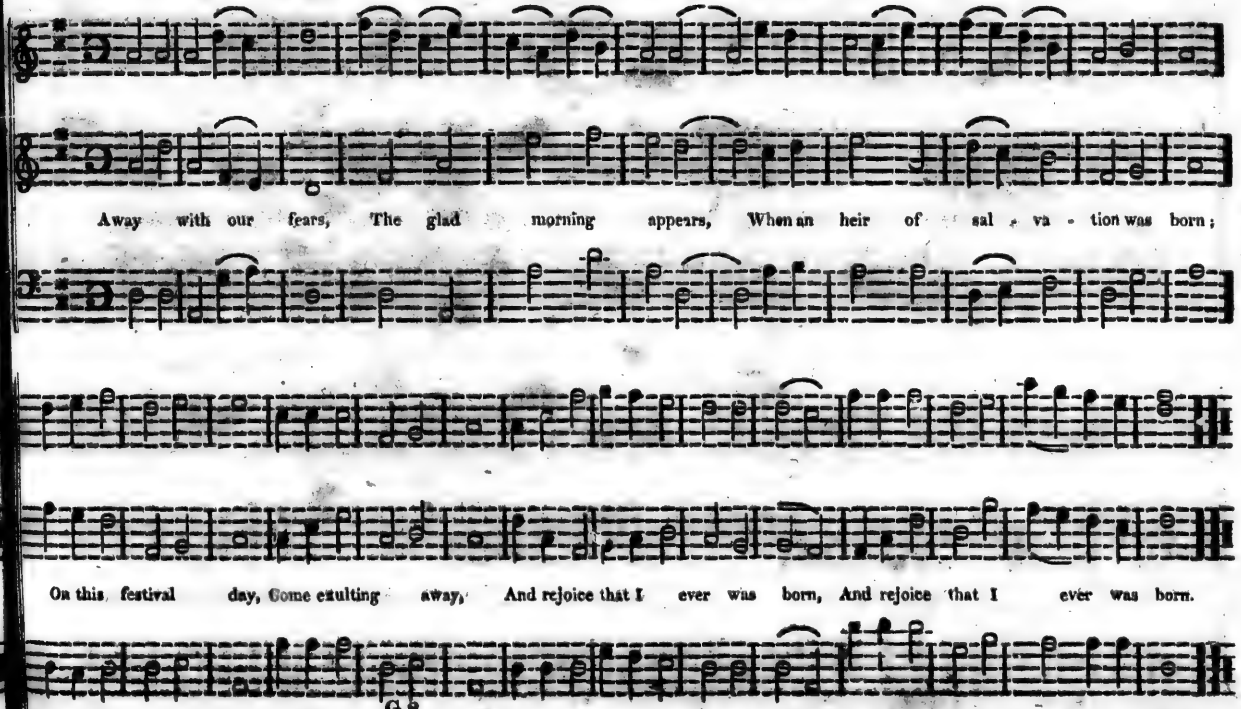

all the people
the Lord.
The voice of free grace Cries escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race, Christ has open'd a fountain.
For sin and transgression, And ev'ry pollution; His blood it flows freely, In streams of salva-



SIMPLICITY. L. M.

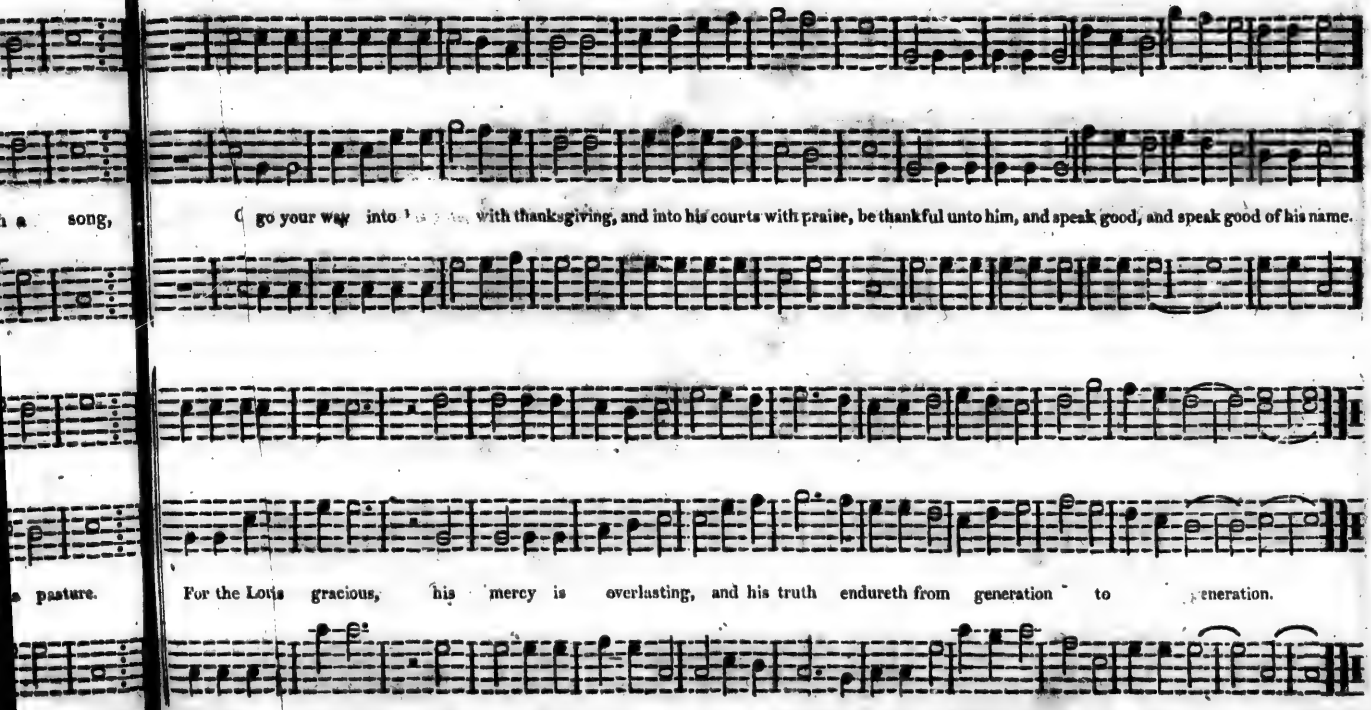
Humbert.




Away with our fears, The glad morning appears, When an heir of sal - va - tion was born;
On this festival day, Come exulting away, And rejoice that I ever was born, And rejoice that I ever was born.

O be joyful in the Lord all ye lands, serve the Lord with gladness and come before his presence with a song,

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves. We are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

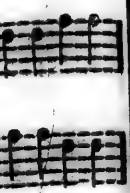

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise, be thankful unto him, and speak good, and speak good of his name.
For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is overlasting, and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

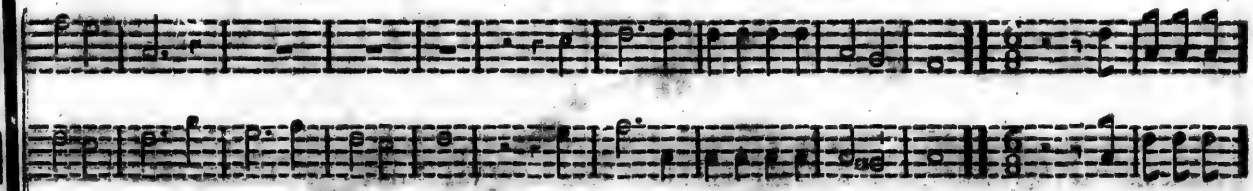
Where is the holy heav'n born, heav'n born Child, Heir of the everlasting throne, Who God and man hath reconcil'd, hath reconcil'd, And

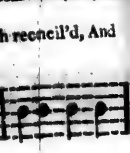
see there,

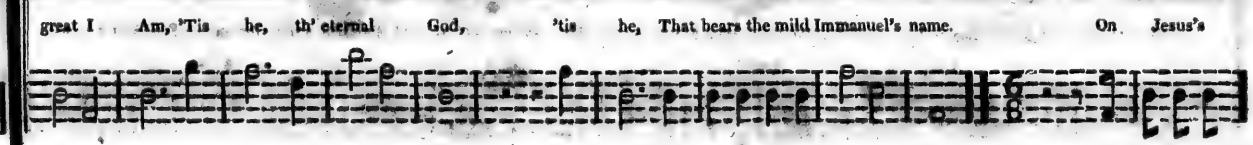
heav'n and earth rejoin'd in one, rejoin'd in one. See there, new born Saviour see, By faith discern the

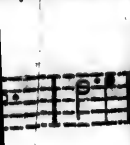
see there the

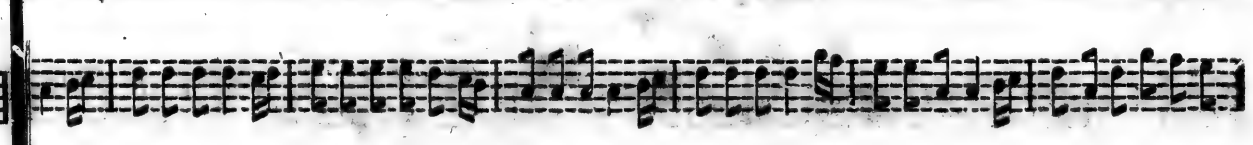


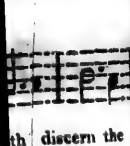










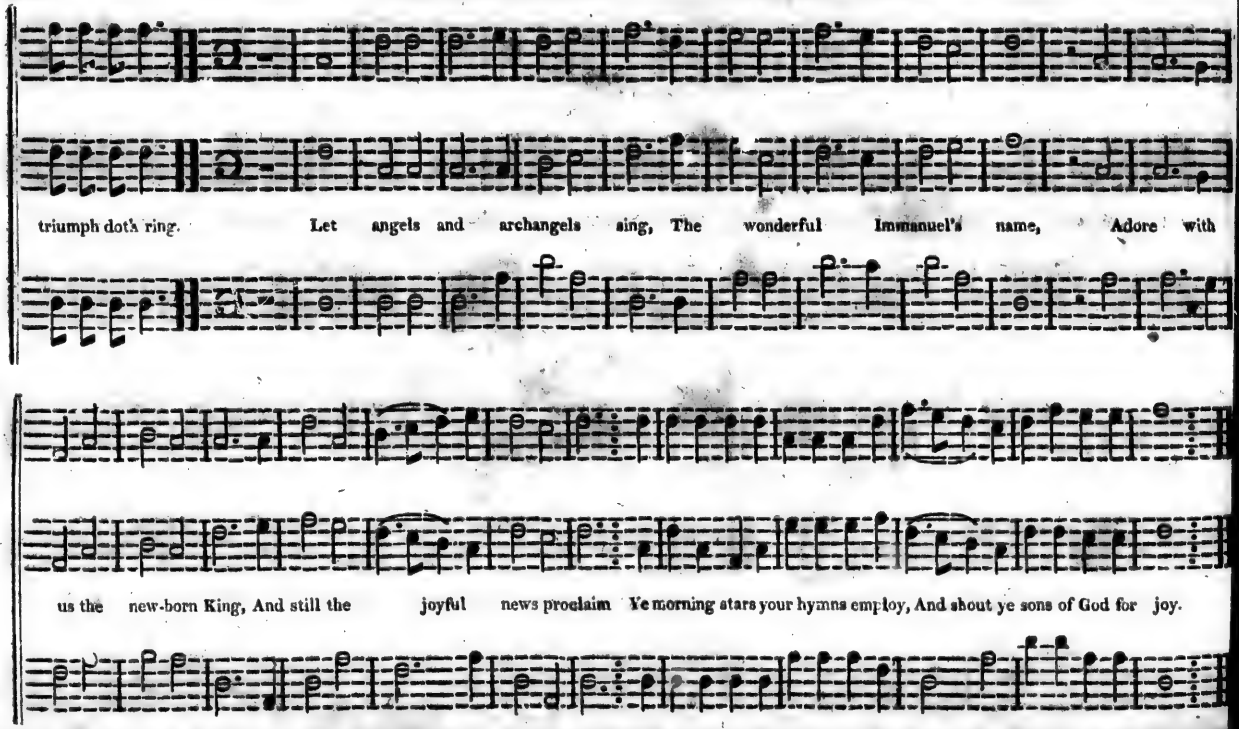


h reconcil'd, And

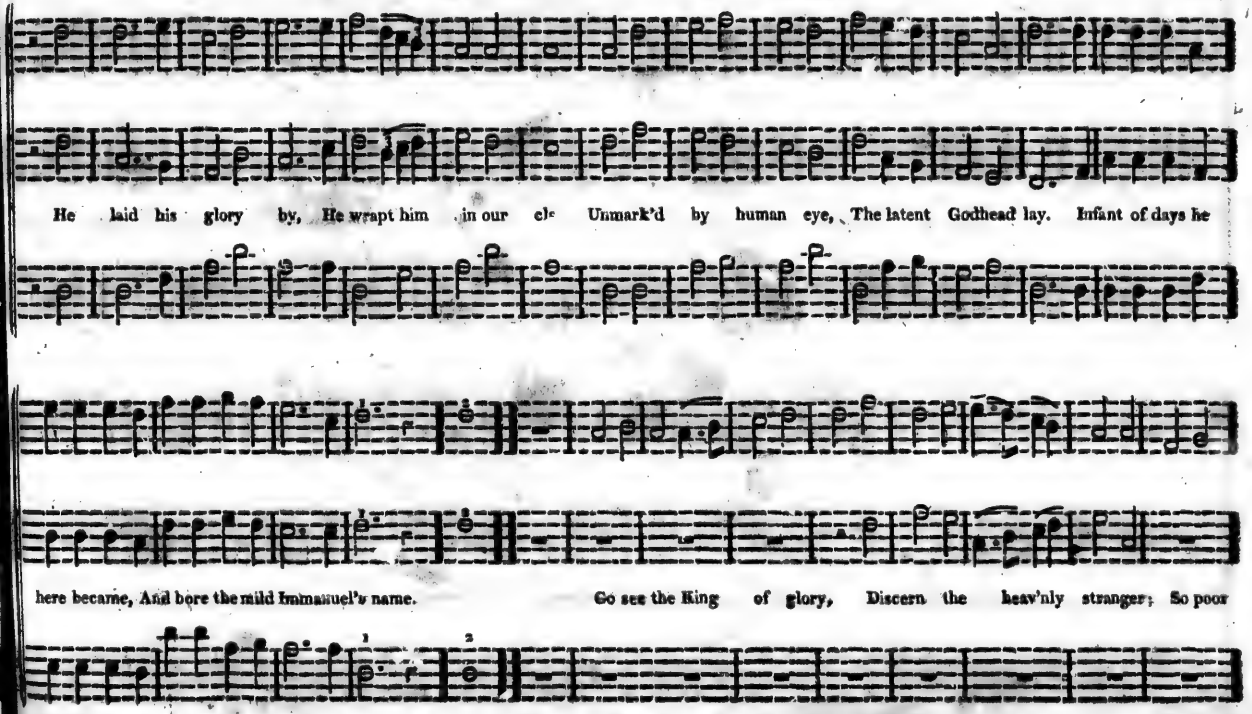
th discern the

great I Am, 'Tis he, th' eternal God, 'tis he, That bears the mild Immanuel's name. On Jesus's

face with eager amaze, And pleasure extatic the seraphims gaze. Their newly born King, transported they sing, And heaven and earth with the

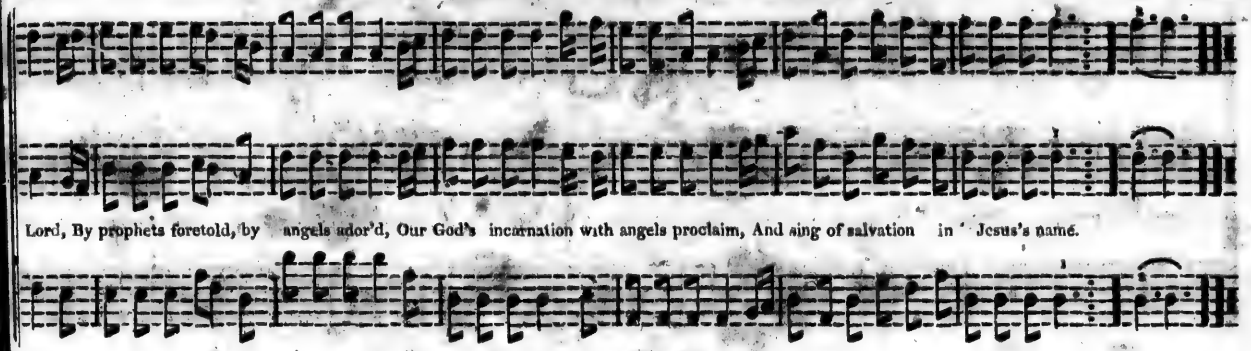

triumph doth ring. Let angels and archangels sing, The wonderful Immanuel's name, Adore with
us the new-born King, And still the joyful news proclaim Ye morning stars your hymns employ, And shout ye sons of God for joy.

Adore with
d for joy.


He laid his glory by, He wrapt him in our cl- Unmark'd by human eye, The latent Godhead lay. Infant of days he
here became, And bore the mild Immanuel's name. Go see the King of glory, Discern the heav'nly stranger; So poor

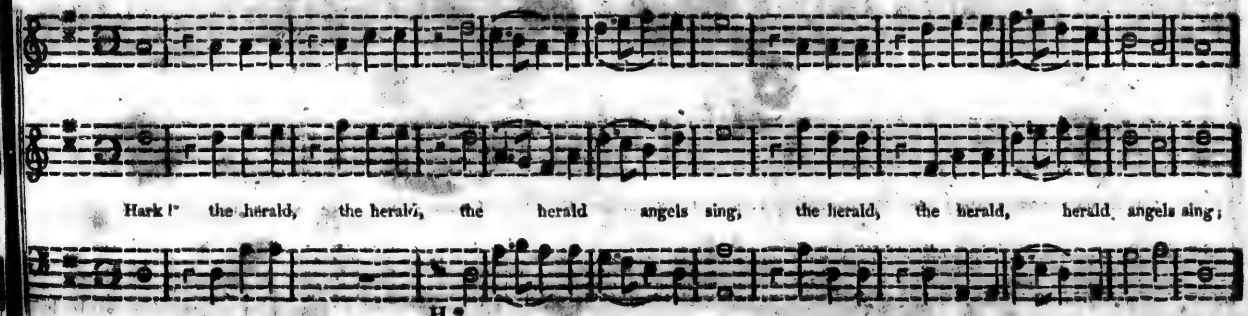
and mean his court an inn, His cradle is a manger. Gaze on that helpless object Of endless adoration; Those

infant hands shall burst our bands, Those infant hands shall burst our bands, And work out our salvation. Then let us behold Mes - sish the



HERALD ANGELS.

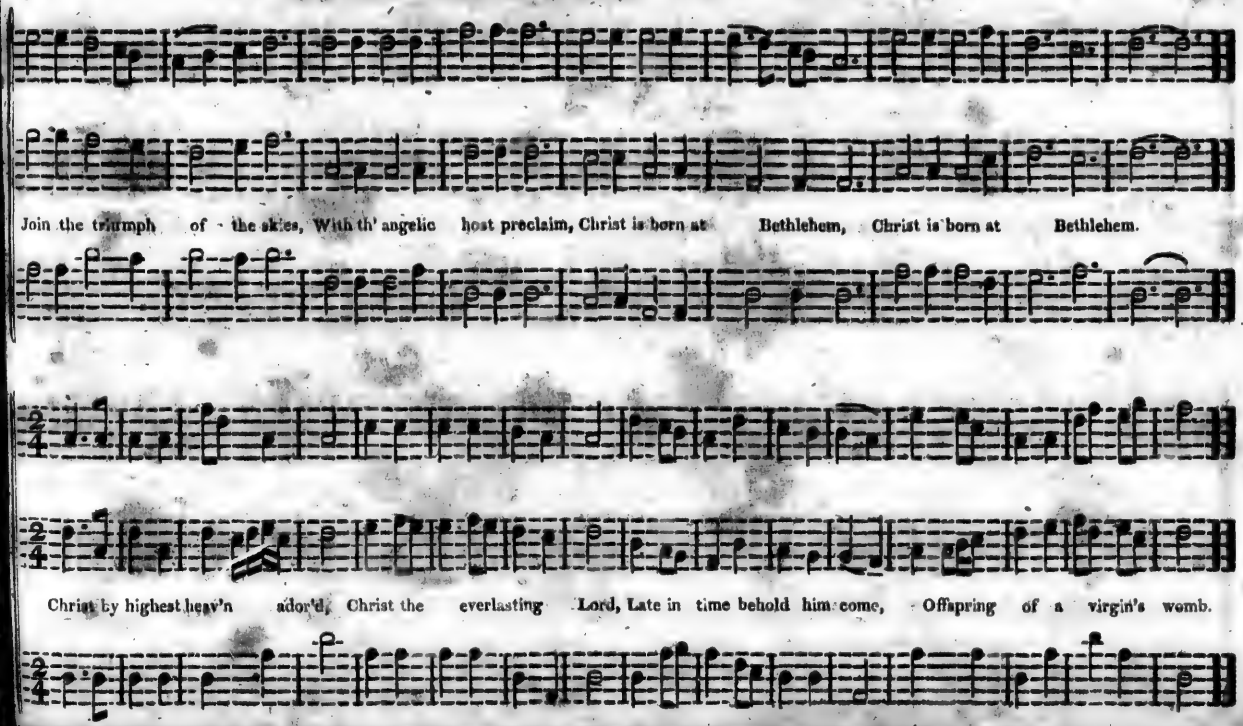
Humbert.



the herald angels sing, glo - - - - - ry, glo - - - - - ry, glo - - - - - ry to the new-born King.

Soft.

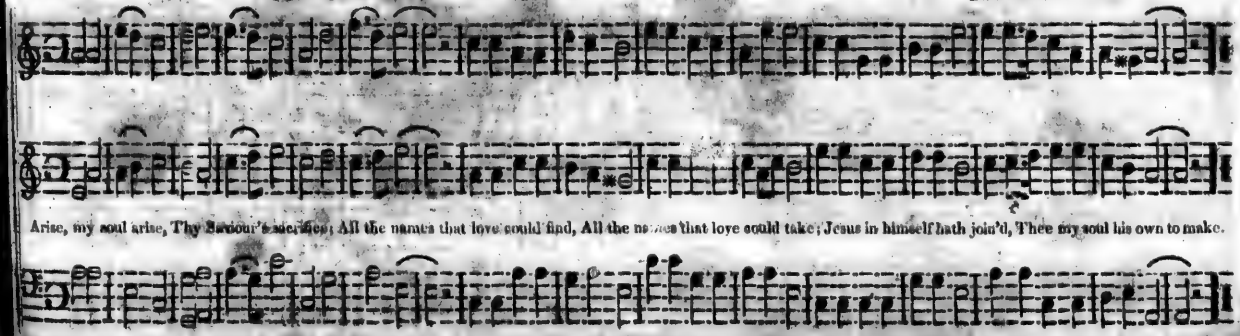
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconcil'd. Joyful all ye nations rise,


Join the triumph of the skies, With th' angelic host proclaim, Christ is born at Bethlehem, Christ is born at Bethlehem.
Christ by highest heav'n ador'd, Christ the everlasting Lord, Late in time behold him come, Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead he, Hail th' incarnate deity, Pleas'd as man with man appear, Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace, Hail the son of righteousness; Light and life is all he brings, Ris'n with healing in his wings.

CROSSCOMB. P. M. *Humbert.*



TRIUMPH. L. M.—Hymn 77. B. 2.—Watts.

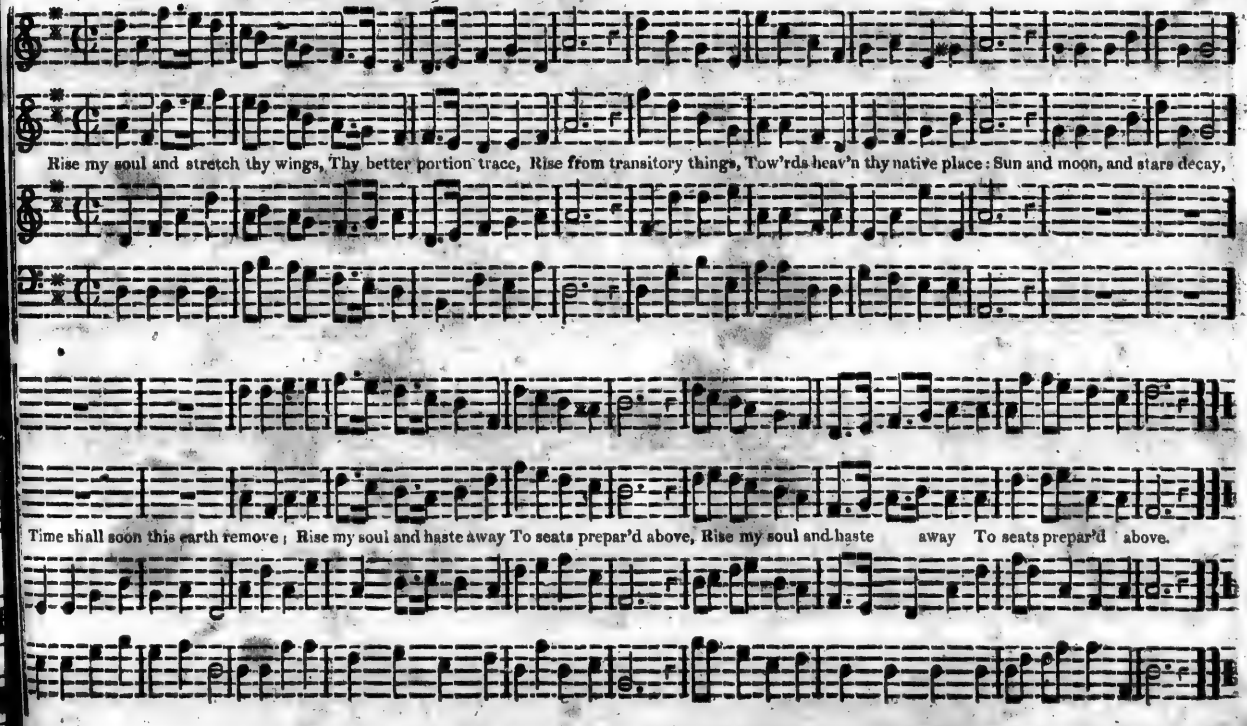
1st and 2d Trebles.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armour on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where Jesus went and claim'd his throne.

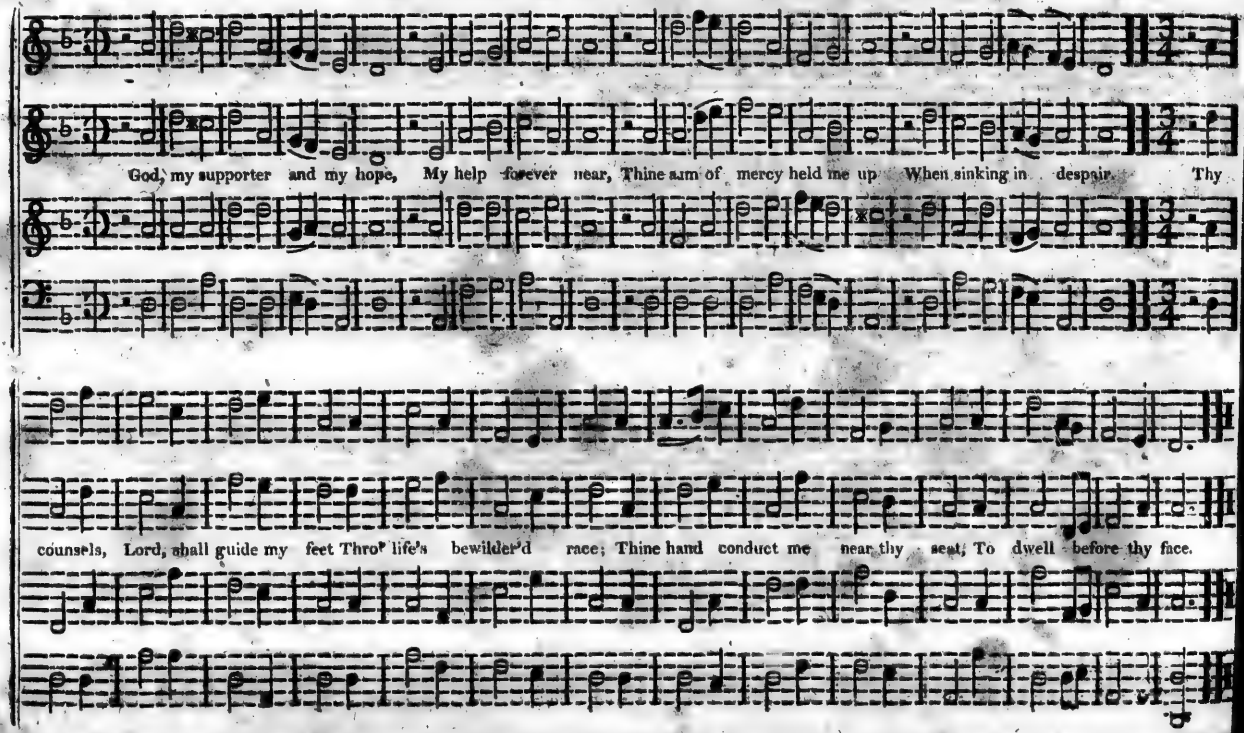
Tenor and Bass.

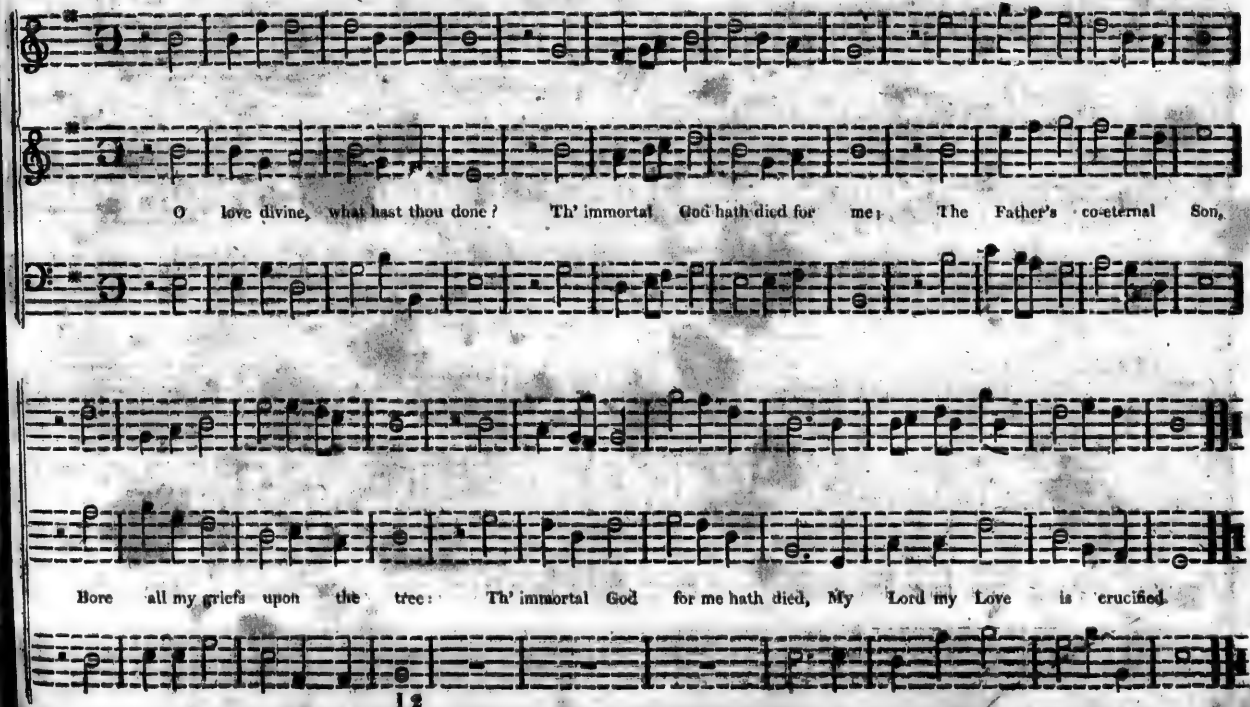
Hell and thy sins resist thy course; But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes; Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross, And sung the triumph when he rose.

Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heav'nly gate; There peace and joy eternal reign, And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
:s: There shall I wear a starry crown, &c.


Rise my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace, Rise from transitory things, Tow'rds heav'n thy native place: Sun and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise my soul and haste away To seats prepar'd above, Rise my soul and haste away To seats prepar'd above.

PSALM 73d. C. M.


God, my supporter and my hope, My help forever near, Thine arm of mercy held me up When sinking in despair. Thy
counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Thro' life's bewilder'd race; Thine hand conduct me near thy seat; To dwell before thy face.


O love divine, what hast thou done? Th' immortal God hath died for me; The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my griefs upon the tree: Th' immortal God for me hath died, My Lord my Love is crucified.

LAST JUDGMENT. L. M.

Vigoroso.

The seventh trum - - pet

He comes! He comes! the Judge severe! The seventh trum - - pet pet speaks him near:

2d time *For.*

His lightnings flash, his thunders roll, How welcome to the faith - - ful soul! How

Pia. *For.*

welcome, wel - come, How welcome, wel - - come, How welcome to the faithful soul.

2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd:
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the sain's of the most high,
Our Lord who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

Grave.

Belshazzar once profanely bold, The Lord of hosts defy'd; But vengeance soon his boasts controll'd, And humbled all his

Pia. *For.*

pride, He saw a hand upon the wall, And trembled, trembled on his throne, Which wrote his

sudden dreadful fall, Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall, his dreadful fall, In characters unknown.

Lamento Grave. 2d time *For.*

See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress, His eyes with anguish roll; His looks and sighs, and loosen'd joints Express the terrors of his soul.

Recitative. 2d time *For.* *Adagio.*

His pomp, and music, guests and wine, No more delight afford; O sinner! O sinner! e'er this case be thine, Begin to seek the Lord.

CHORUS.

For. Vigoroso.

2d time *For.*

The law like this hand writing stands, The law like this hand writing stands, And speaks the wrath of God But Jesus answers

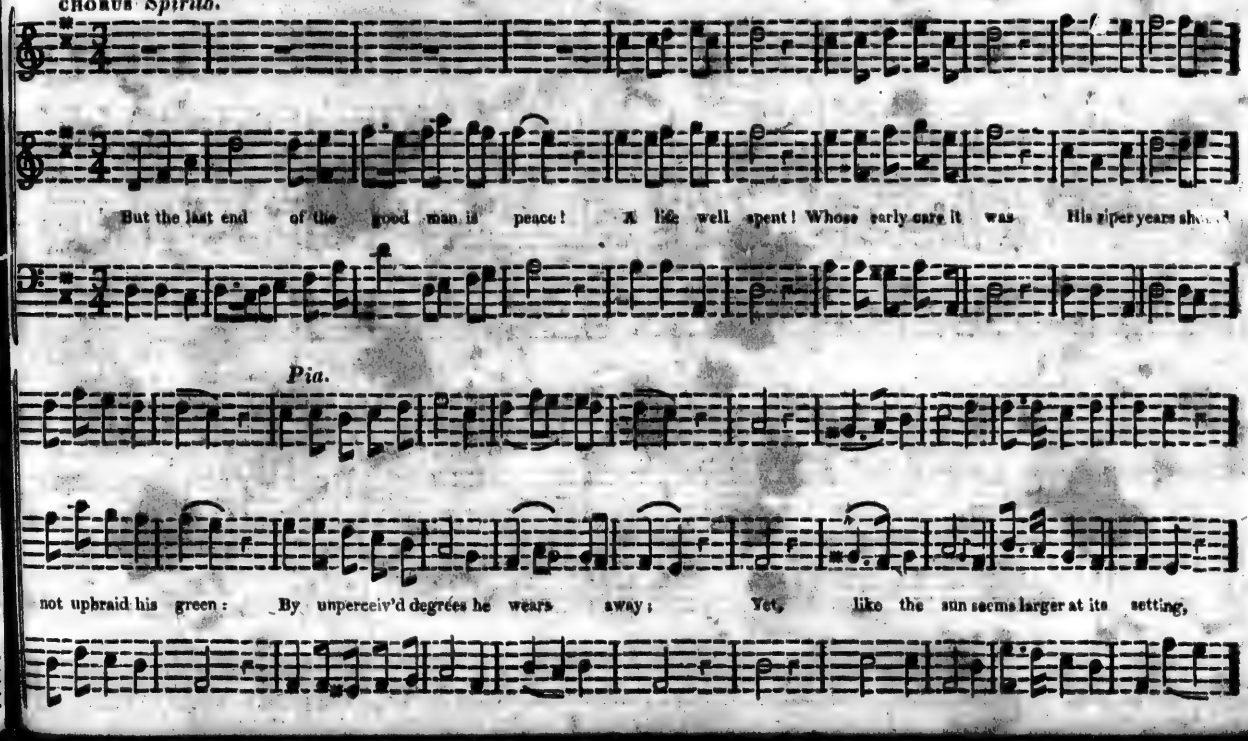
ADAGIO. FULL.

And cancels, &c.

its demands, But Jesus answers its demands, And cancels it with blood, And cancels it with blood.

And cancels, &c.

CHORUS *Spirito.*



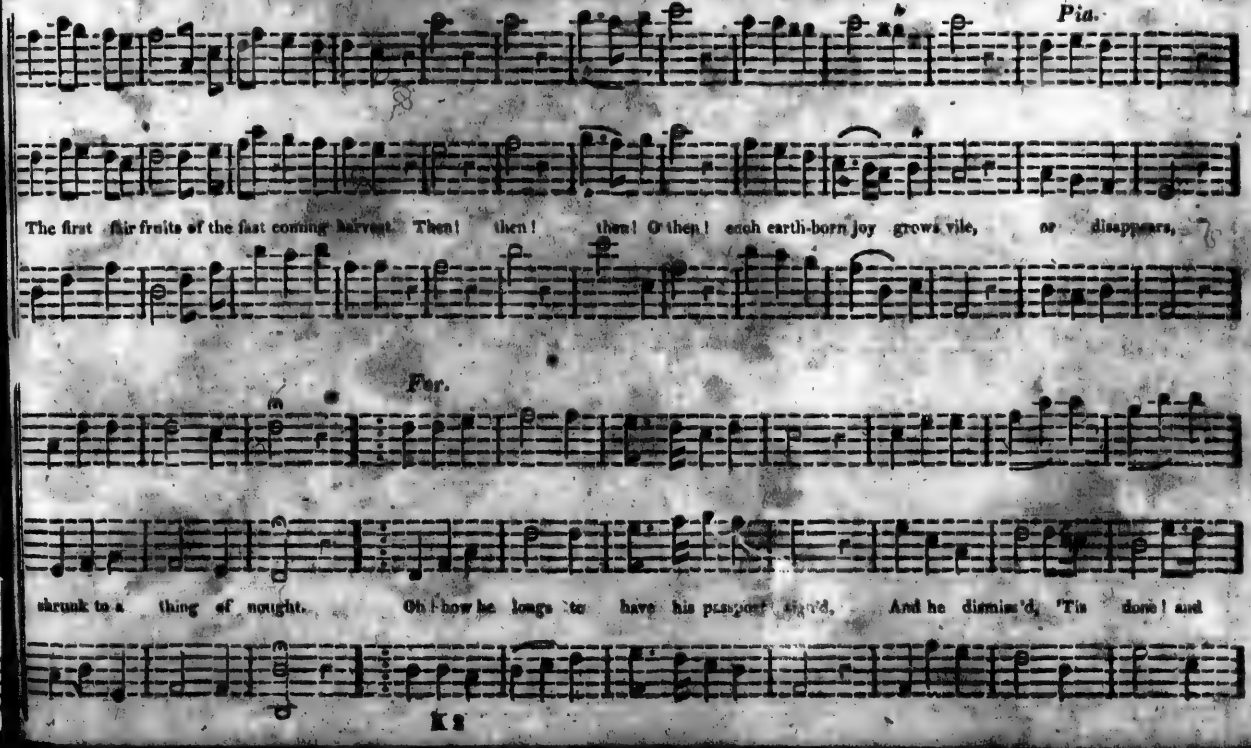
For. *Pia.*

High in his faith and hope, Look how he reaches after the prize in view! And like a bird that's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away;

2d time *For.*

While the glad gates of sight While the glad gates of sight, Are wide extended to let new glo - - ries in,

While, &c. While, &c.


Pia.
The first fair fruits of the fast coming harvest. Then! then! then! O then! each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
For.
shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh! how he longs to have his passport sign'd, And he dismiss'd, 'Tis done! and

now he's happy! The glad soul has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh, rests too in hope,

For. *Pia.* *For.* *Adagio.*

of meeting once again its better half, never to sunder more, to sunder more.

Grave. *Dr. Hawes.* *Pia.*

Great source from whom all blessings flow, To thee for help I flee; In all my compli-

cated woe, O Lord! remember me, re - - member me, remember me, O Lord! re - - mem - - ber me.

2 When with a broken contrite heart,
I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thy name proclaim thyself impart;
In love remember me.

3 In sore temptations when no way
To shun the ill I see;
My strength proportion to my day,
For good remember me.

4 If I for thy dear sacred name,
Reproach'd and slander'd be;
I'll glory in reproach and shame,
If thou remember me.

5 And when I tread the vale of death,
And bow at thy decree;
Saviour with my last fault'ring breath,
I'll cry remember me.

Moderate. *Burtt.*

M time For.

My soul, my soul thro' my Redeemer's care, Sav'd, sav'd from the second death I feel, My eyes from tears of

dark, of dark dispair, My feet from falling, My feet from falling, My feet from falling int hell.

Spirito.

Where - fore to him my feet shall run, My eyes on his per - fections gaze,

Od time *Fer.*

soul shall live, shall live, shall live to God alone, And all within me shout his praise, And

all within me, all within me, And all, And all within me, shout his praise.

PARTING FRIENDS.

Beaumont.

Affettuoso.

Adieu my friend: accept the starting tear, And the best wishes of a heart sincere; While strong attachment labours

For.

in my breast; While strong, &c. What can I wish but wish you ever blest: What can, &c.

2d time *For.* *Full.*

Fond hope persuades me, we shall meet again, On this side, this side Jordan, if not on yonder plain, On

Moderato.

this side, &c. There friends with rapture shall each other greet, Embrace and

There friends, &c.

2d time *Fur.* *Full.*

bow at the redeemer's feet; Where friendship ri - pens into purest love, And fills with joy, the rapturd

Where friendship, &c.

Spirito

hosts above; Confirm'd therein we never more shall part, we never, never more shall part. Deign Lord to

2d time *For.*

grant the wishes of my heart; That we may reap our callings glorious end, And an eter - nity, eter-

nity in heaven spend, Farewell my friend, farewell my friend, Adieu, my friend farewell, Adieu, my friend farewell.

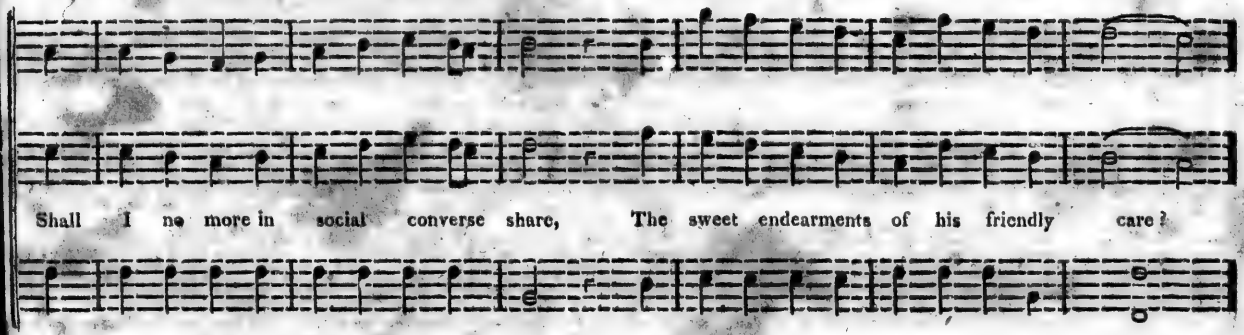
ADAGIO.

FUNERAL ODE.

Beaumont.

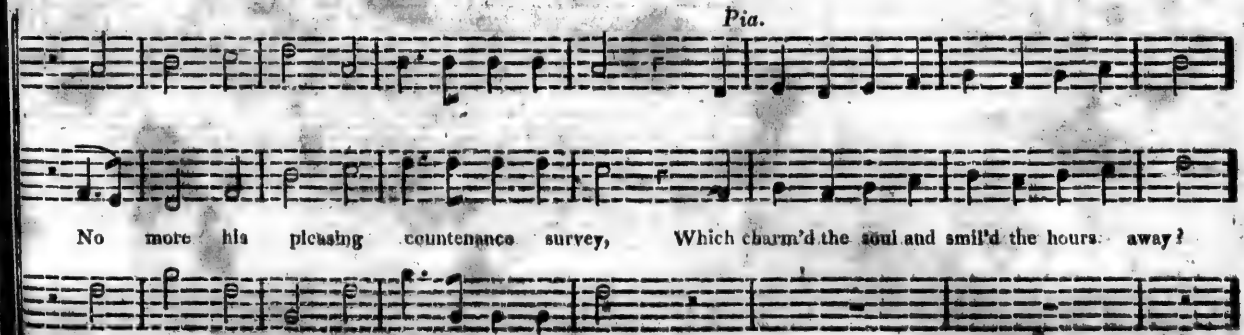
LAMENTO.

Alas! Alas! and is the spirit fled, And is my friend now number'd with the dead?



Shall I no more in social converse share, The sweet endearments of his friendly care?

Pia.



No more his pleasing countenance survey, Which charm'd the soul and smil'd the hours away?

For. *Pia.*

and smil'd the hours away? Ah! cruel death! why was that dart of thine,

For.

Shot at a brother and a friend of mine? A brother in the bond of christian love;

Pia. *For.* *Pia.*

(The tie which forms the family above, the family above.) A friend of genial

For. *Pia.*

soul, whose kindred, kindred flame, Fir'd my affections into love again. But ah! he's gone,

For.

and I remain below, A little longer in the vale of woe, A little longer in the vale of woe.

Affettuoso. *Pia.*

But shall I mourn as those whose hopes are vain, As if I ne'er should see my friend again? Ah!

For.

no, I soon shall reach that blissful shore, Where we shall meet to separate no more:

Pia. *For.* *Pia.*

But contemplate the glories of that place, Enlighten'd by the smiles of Jesus face; Enraptur'd

For. *Full.*

by his charms, in concert join, To praise the miracles of love divine, the miracles of love divine.

For. CHORUS. *Spirito.*

Thrice happy spirit! thou hast scap'd away, And left our darkness for the light of day;

Pia. *For.*

The tumults of this life afflict no more; For thou art landed on a peaceful shore;

Pia. *For.*

The painful mortal conflict now is past, And thou hast gain'd the victory at last,

Full.

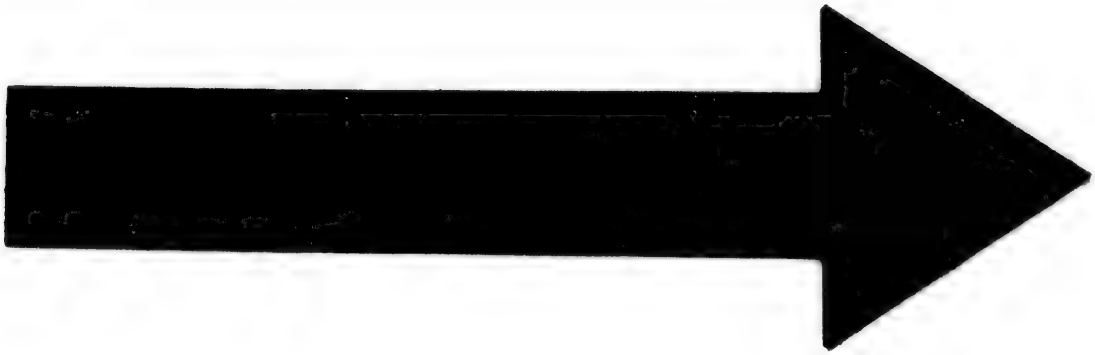
The painful mortal conflict now is past, And thou hast gain'd the vic - to - ry at last.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Beaumont.

Andante.

To lofty themes my tho'ts aspire, Awake and tune the sacred lyre; With joyful anthems hail the morn, With joyful anthems



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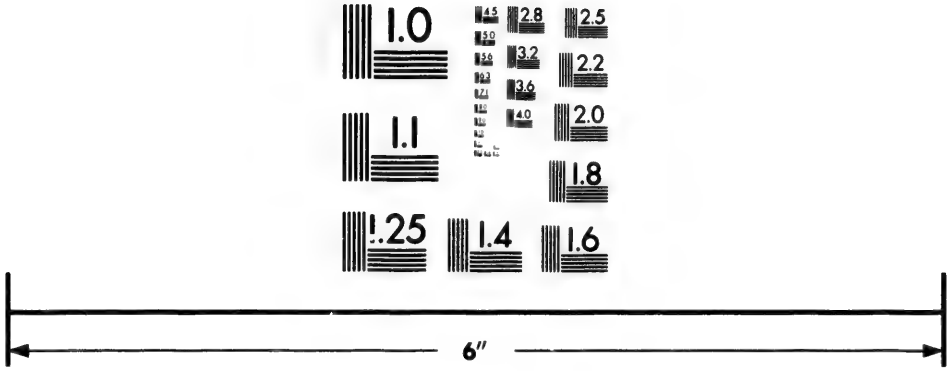

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For.

Hail the morn, On which our Saviour Christ was born, on which our Saviour Christ was born.

CHORUS. *Spirito.*

For. *Pia.* 2d time *For.*

Glory to God our notes proclaim, And peace thro' wide creation's frame; Good Will to all the sons of men, Then chaunt in chorus loud amen.

2 A choir of seraphs plac'd on high,
With airs celestial fill the sky:
Those airs the vaulted roof returns,
And every breast with rapture burns.

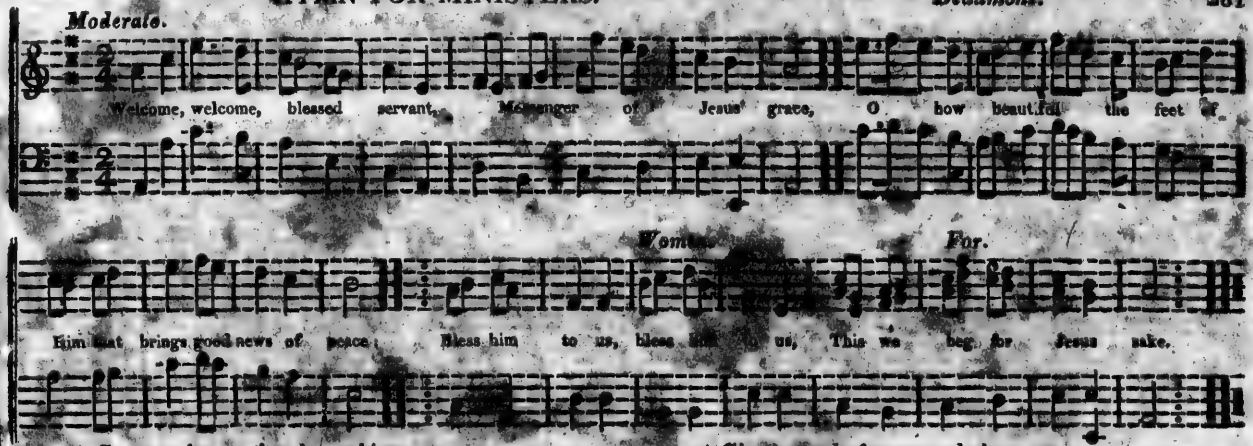
3 The shepherds hear with strange amaze,
And on the glorious vision gaze;
Anxious to know the mighty theme,
That animates their lofty hymn.

4 Angels with shouts of rapture tell
A God descends, descends to dwell
On earth amidst the human race,
And there makes known his richest grace.

5 Ye mortals catch th' inspiring sound,
And joyful send its echo round,
Through every land, to every shore,
Till sun and moon shall shine no more.

N. B. The Chorus, "Glory to God," after every verse.

Moderate.



2 Grant us hearts t' embrace his message,
Ears to hear the joyful sound,
Of redemption dearly purchas'd,
By his precious death and wounds;
O reveal it, O reveal it,
Unto ev'ry waiting heart.

3 Dearest Saviour help thy servant,
To proclaim thy wond'rous love;
Pour thy grace upon thy people,
That thy truth they may approve;
Bless, O bless them, Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining Courts above.

4 Give reward of grace and glory,
To thy faithful labourer dear;
Let the incense of our hearts be,
Offer'd up in faith and prayer;
Bless, O bless him, Bless, O bless him,
Now henceforth for ever more.

5 Saints and Angels join in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of Heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Sinners here may do the same.

FALL OF BABYLON.

Moderato. *Beaumont.* *Pia.*

In Gabriel's hand, a mighty, mighty stone, Lies a fair type of Babylon: Prophets tell us,

In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone,

For. *Pia.*

And all ye saints, God shall avenge your long complaints. He said, he said, and dreadful as he

For.

stood, He sunk the mill-stone in the flood: Thus terribly shall Babel fall, Thus terribly shall Babel fall, shall

Full.

fall, And never, never, never more be found at all, And never more be found at all.

And never, &c.

CHORUS. *Spirito.*

For. *Pia.* *For.*

Haste happy day, Haste happy day, Haste happy day, that time I long to see, When ev'ry son of Adam shall be free:

CHORUS *continued.*

Pia. *For.*

The pleasing, &c.

Then shall the happy world aloud proclaim, The pleasing wonders, The pleasing wonders of the Saviour's name.

The pleasing, &c.

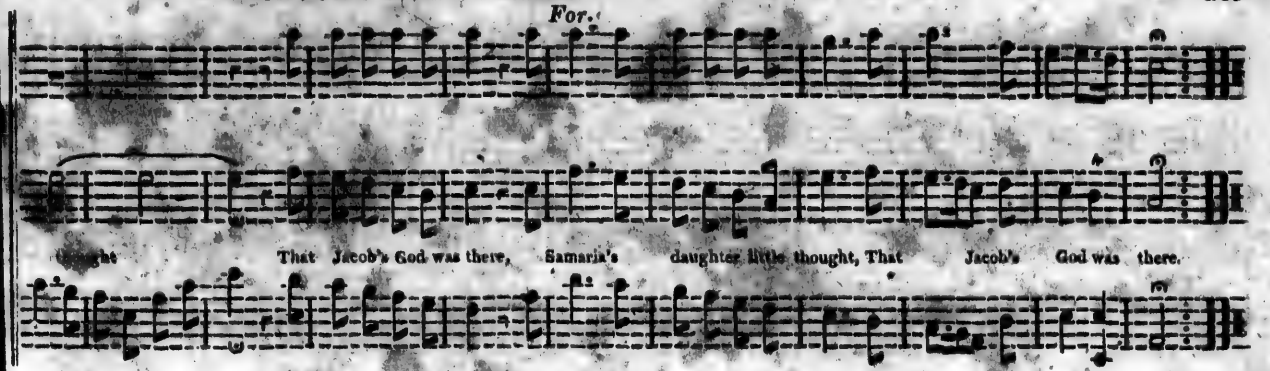
JACOB's WELL. C. M.

Leach.

ANDANTE.

At Jacob's well a stranger sought, His drooping frame to cheer, His drooping frame to cheer; Samaria's daughter little

At Jacob's well, &c.



2 This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sigh'd;
Nor had Messiah ever kind,
These richer draughts deny'd.

3 This ancient well, no glass so true,
Britania's image shews;
Now Jesus travels Britain through,
But who the stranger knows.

4 Yet Britain must the stranger know:
Or soon her loss deplore:
Behold! the living waters flow;
Come drink and thirst no more.

MARSEILLES. Four sixes and two eights.

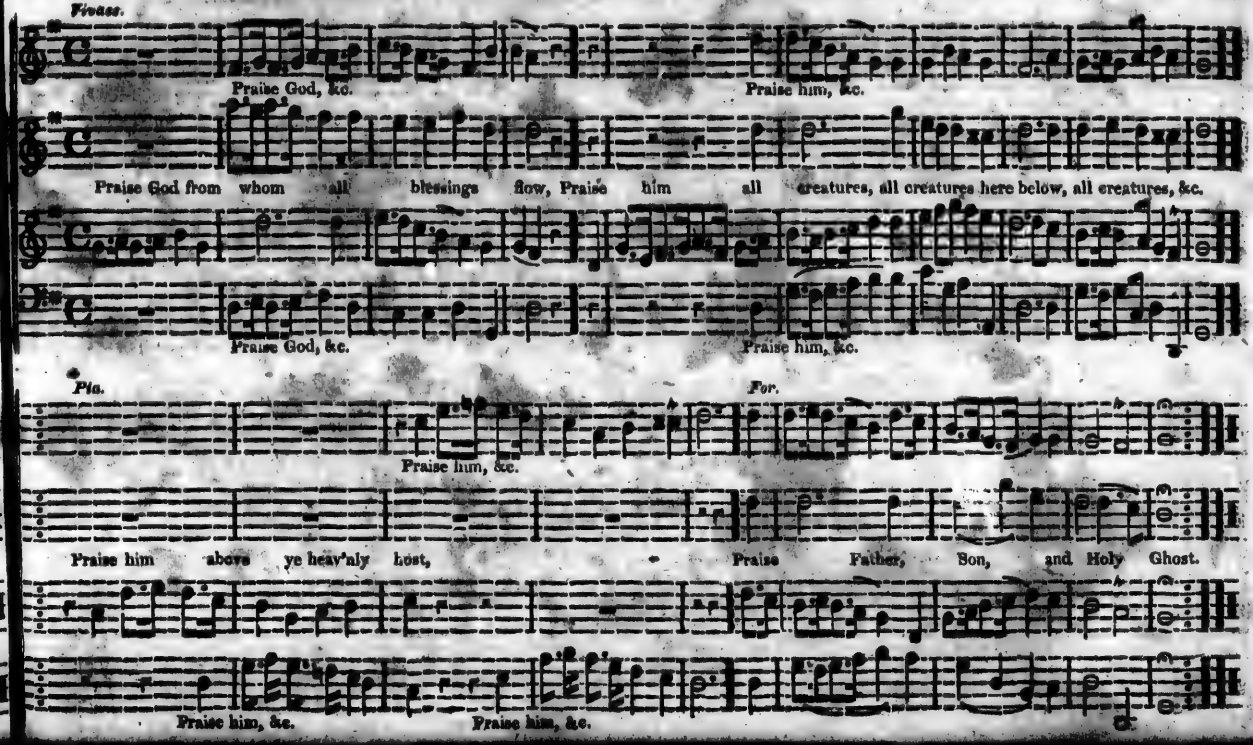
Beaumont.

Spirit. *Pia.*

Blow ye the trumpet blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound;

For. *Pia.* *Women.* *For.*

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, Return, return, return, return, Return ye ransom'd sinners home.


Vivace.
Praise God, &c.
Praise him, &c.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures, all creatures here below, all creatures, &c.
Praise God, &c.
Praise him, &c.
Pia.
For.
Praise him, &c.
Praise him above ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Praise him, &c.
Praise him, &c.

St. BERNARD. S. M.

Animato. 24 time For.

Je - su, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care, With hum-

ble con - fi - dence look up, And know thou hear'st my pray'r.

DUETTO.

When I survey the wond'rous cross On which the Prince of glory, the Prince of glory, of glory

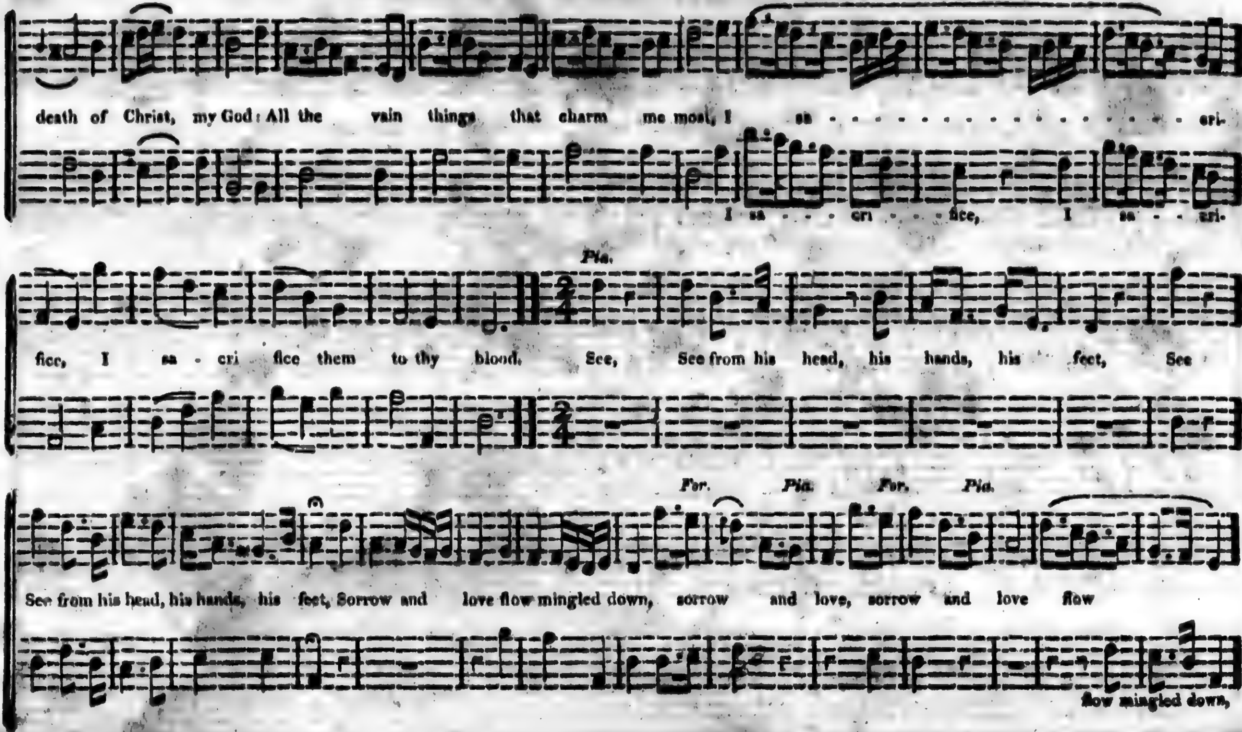
Affettuoso.

dy'd, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride, And pour con-

Fra. *For.*

tempt on all my pride. Forbid it, Lord, Forbid it, Lord, that I, that I should boast, Save in the

I should boast, I should boast,


death of Christ, my God: All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - cri-
I sa - - - cri - - fice, I sa - - cri-
Pia.
fice, I sa - cri - fice them to thy blood. See, See from his head, his hands, his feet, See
For. Pia. For. Pia.
See from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down, sorrow and love, sorrow and love flow
flow mingled down,

flow, flow, mingled down, sorrow and love flow

flow mingled down, flow mingled down, flow mingled down,

Pia.

ming - - - - led down, sorrow and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sorrow

meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown, Or thorns, thorns compose so rich a crown, Did e'er such love and

sorrow meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown, so rich a crown?

compose so rich a crown, compose so rich a crown?

CHORUS.

Nature mine, the whole realm of nature mine, the whole

Were the whole realm of nature mine, the whole realm, the whole realm of nature mne,

Were the whole realm of nature mine, the whole realm of nature mine, the whole

Were the whole realm of nature mine, the whole

Andante.

far too small, Were the whole realm, Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were a present, a present far too small, of nature mine, of nature mine, of nature mine,

far too small, Were the whole realm, Were the whole realm of nature mine,

a present far too small, of nature mine, of nature mine, of nature mine,

That were a present far Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all,

That were a present, a present far too small:

That were a present far

That were a present, a present Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, demands my soul, my life my all,

Love so a-

Love so amazing, Love so amazing, so divine, Love so amazing, so divine, Love so amazing, so divine,

mazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all, Demands my soul, my life, my

ADAGIO.

all, Demands my soul, my life, my all, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

RESURRECTION.

Leach.

What hath the world to equal this, The solid peace, The heavenly bliss; The joy immortal,

SOLO.

The joy im - - mortal, love di - vine, The love

love divine, The love of Jesus ever mine;

CHORUS.

The love of Jesus ev - - - - - - - - ver mine.

Greater joys, Greater joys,

TRIO.

Greater joys I'm born to know, From terrestrial to celestrial, When I up to Je - - sus go,

From ter - res - trial, to celestial, When I up to Jesus go, From ter - - res - - - - trial,

to ce - - les - - - tial, When I up to Jesus - go, When I up to Jesus go.

TRIO LARGHETTO.

When I shall leave this house of clay, Glo - - - - rious, Glo - - - - - rious, Glo-

Upon their gol - - - den wings shall I Be wafted far

rious angels shall convey; Upon, &c.

Upon, &c. be wafted far above the

far, Be wafted far above the sky. There behold him free from harm, Beauty, vernal

sky,

spring, E- - - - - - ter - - - nal in my love - - - ly Je - - sus' arms.

CHORUS.

There behold him free from harm, Beauty, vernal spring, Eter - nal in my lovely Jesus' arms.

DUETTO. *Grazioso.* *Pia.*

There in sweet silent, there in sweet silent, sweet silent raptures wait, sweet silent raptures wait, sweet silent rap-

tures wait, 'Till the saints' number is complete, 'Till the saints' number is com - plete, 'Till the saints' number is complete.

Con. Spirito.

When the last trump of God shall sound, of God shall sound,

When, &c. Awake the dead, Awake the dead,

When, &c.

When the last trump of God shall sound, the last trump of God shall sound,

and shake the ground, Awake the dead and shake the ground, Awake the dead, and shake the ground.

and shake the ground, shake the ground.

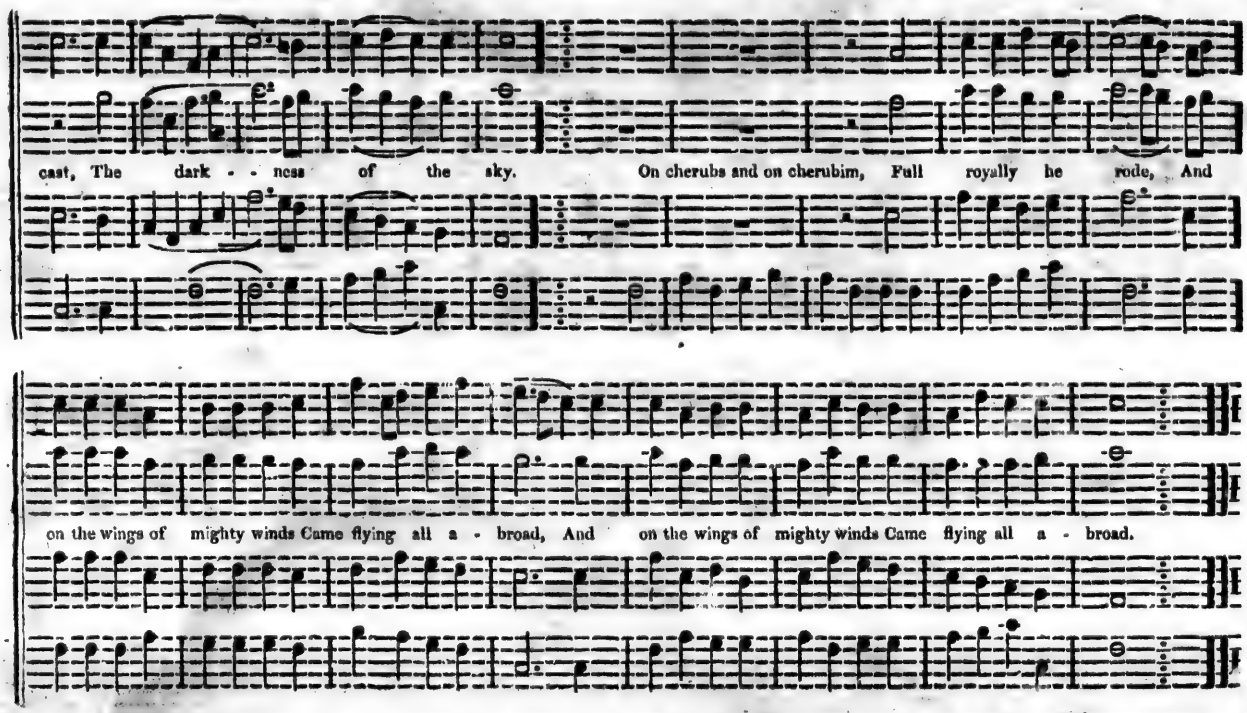
DUETTO.

Then descending with the Lamb ev'ry spirit shall in - her - it bodies of immor - tal frame.

MAJESTY. C. M.

Billings.

Air. The Lord de - scended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high, And under neath his feet he


cast, The dark - - ness of the sky. On cherubs and on cherubim, Full royally he rode, And
on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad.

Air. See what a living stone, The builders did refuse; Yet

Yet God hath built his

Yet God, &c.

Yet God, &c. In spite of envious Jews.

God, &c. Yet God, &c.

there

WEYMOUTH. H. M.

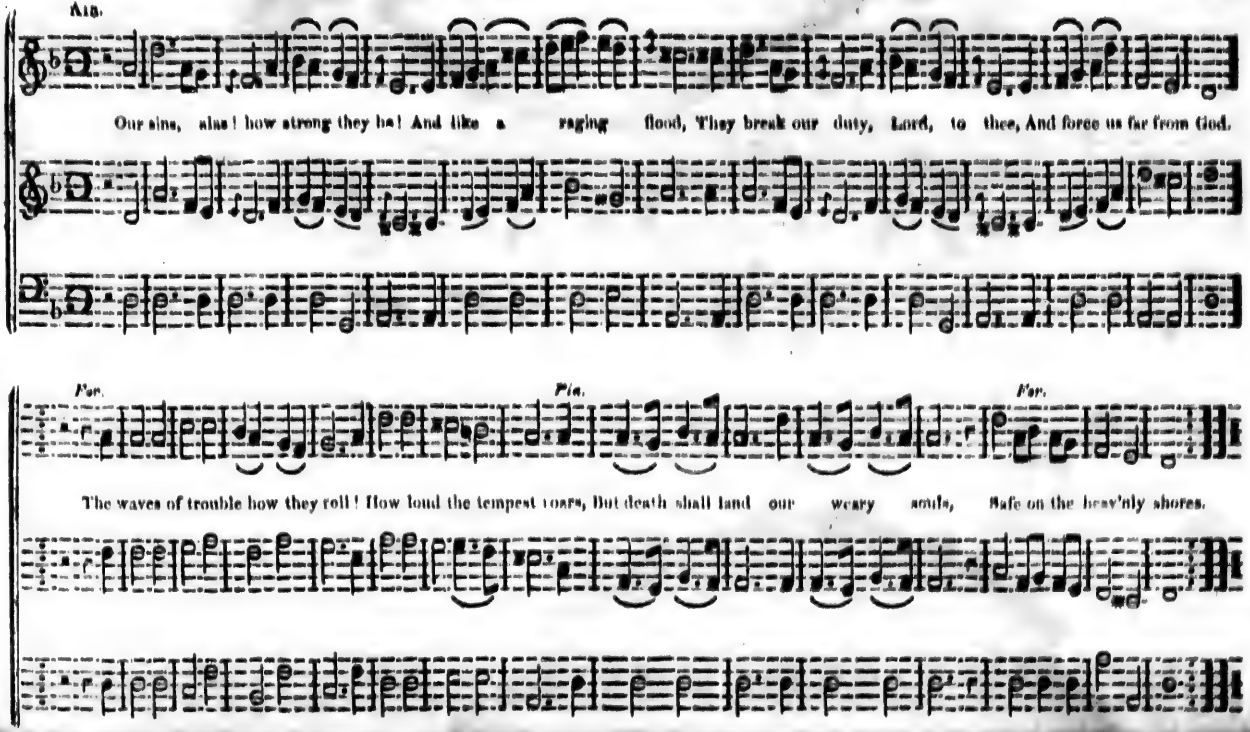
R. Harrison.

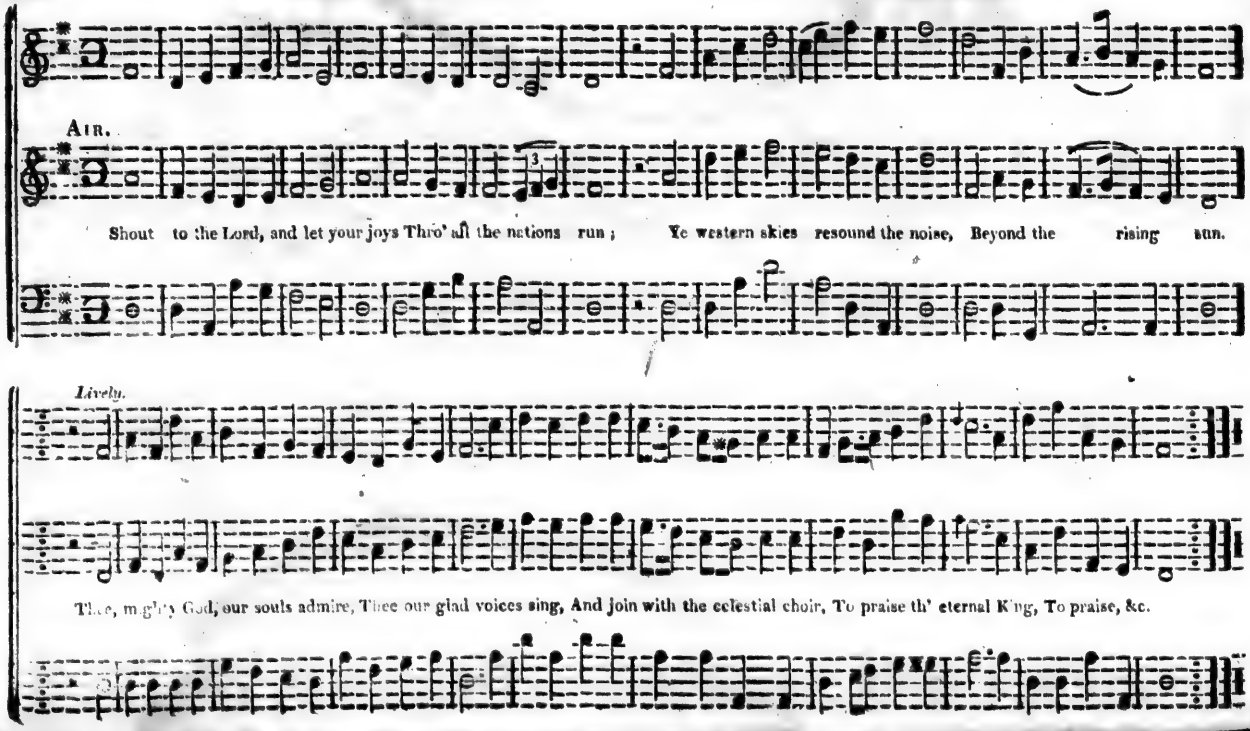
Pia. Fur.

AIR.

Jesus, our great high priest, Offer'd his blood and dy'd; My guilty conscience seeks No sacri - fice beside.

His pow'rful blood Did once atone, And now it pleads Before the throne, His pow'rful blood Did once atone, And now it pleads Before the throne.


Air.
Our sins, alas! how strong they be! And like a raging flood, They break our duty, Lord, to thee, And force us far from God.
For.
Pia.
For.
The waves of trouble how they roll! How loud the tempest roars, But death shall land our weary souls, Safe on the heav'nly shores.


Air.
Shout to the Lord, and let your joys Thro' all the nations run; Ye western skies resound the noise, Beyond the rising sun.
Lively.
Thee, mighty God, our souls admire, Thee our glad voices sing, And join with the celestial choir, To praise th' eternal King, To praise, &c.

Each, &c. Each, &c.

AIR. How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree, Each, &c.

Each, &c. Each, &c.

Each in their proper station move, Each in their proper station

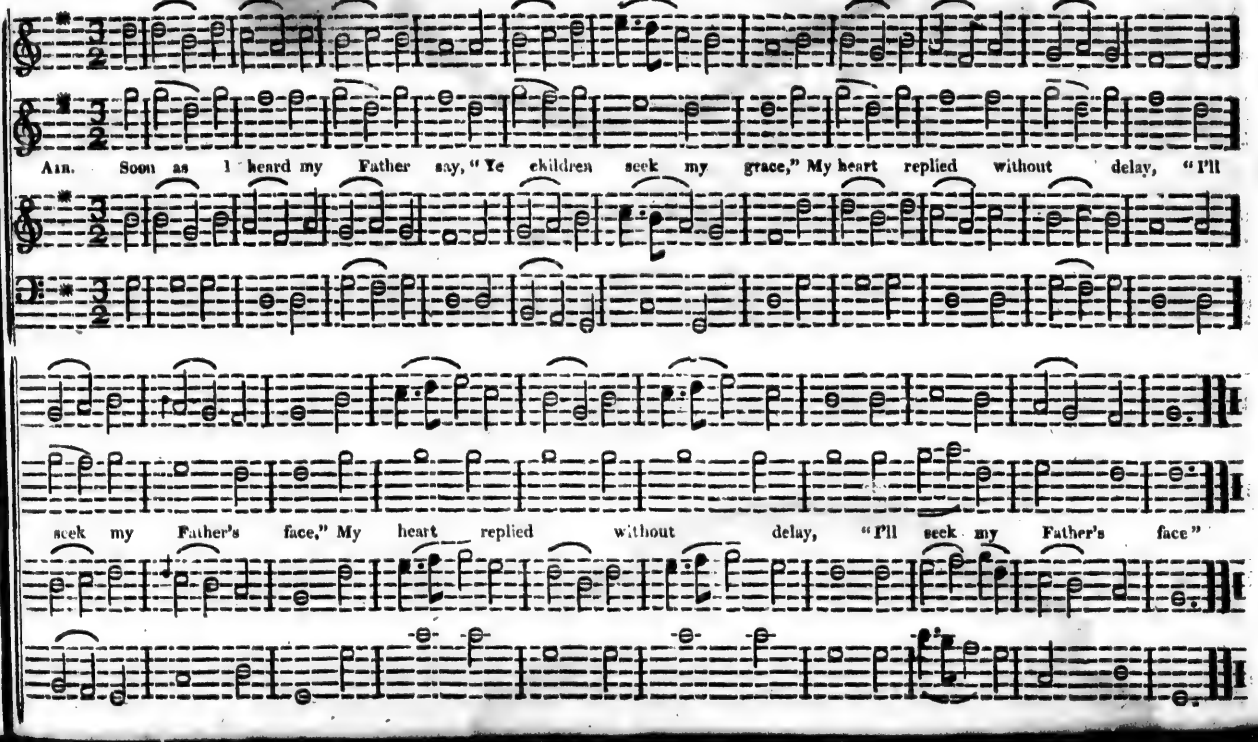
And, &c.

And each fulfil their part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

move. And each, &c.

AIR. Now to the shining realm above, I stretch my hands and glance my eyes: O for the pinions of the dove, To bear me to the upper skies.

There from the bosom of my God, Oceans of endless pleasure roll: There would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my soul.


Air. Soon as I heard my Father say, "Ye children seek my grace," My heart replied without delay, "I'll
seek my Father's face," My heart replied without delay, "I'll seek my Father's face"

Come, shed, &c.

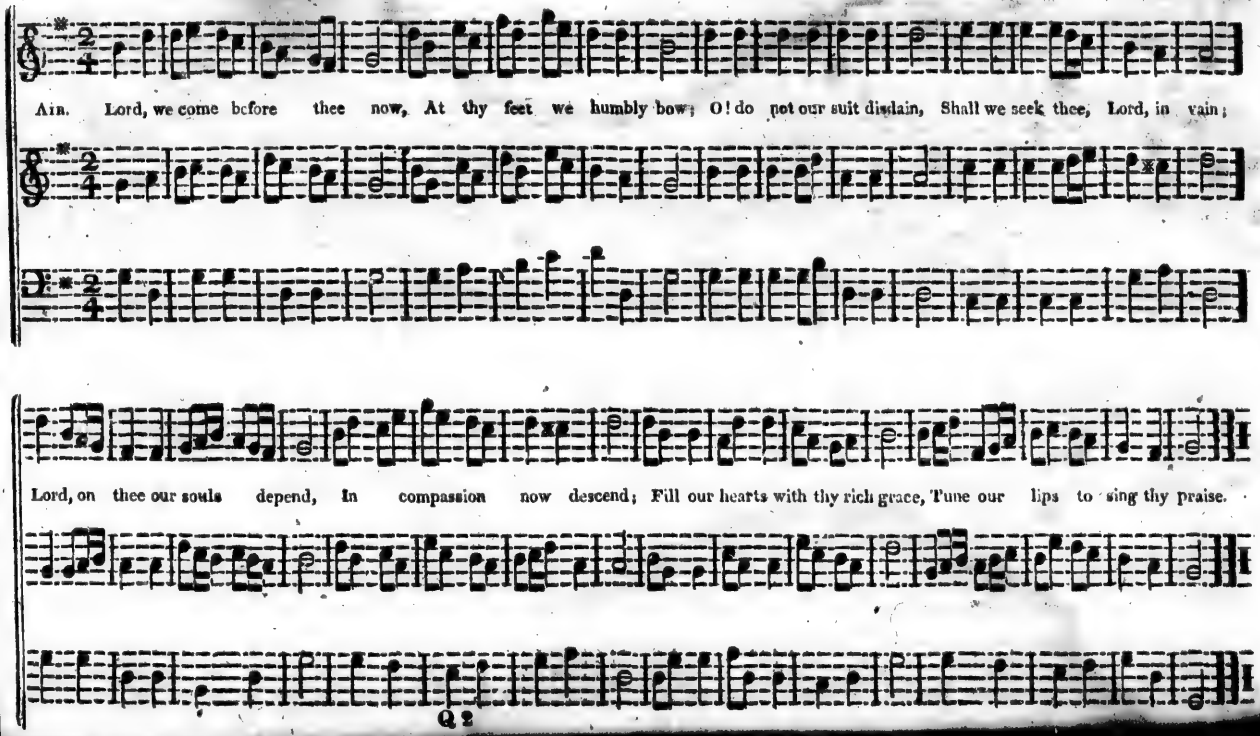
Come, holy spirit, heav'nly dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'r's; Come, shed, &c.

Come, shed, &c. Come, shed, &c.

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle

And that shall kindle ours, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

ours,


Air. Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O! do not our suit disdain, Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain;
Lord, on thee our souls depend, In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

LEWISTON. S. M.

Bonney.

Our

Air. Lord, what a feeble piece Is this our mortal frame? Our life, &c.

Our life, &c. Our

Our life, how poor a tri - - fle 'tis, Our

life, &c. That scarce, &c. 1 2

tri - - - fle 'tis, That scarce de - - serves the name, That scarce deserves the name.

life, &c. That scarce, &c.

The angel of the Lord, The angel, &c.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the gronud, The angel, &c. The angel, &c.

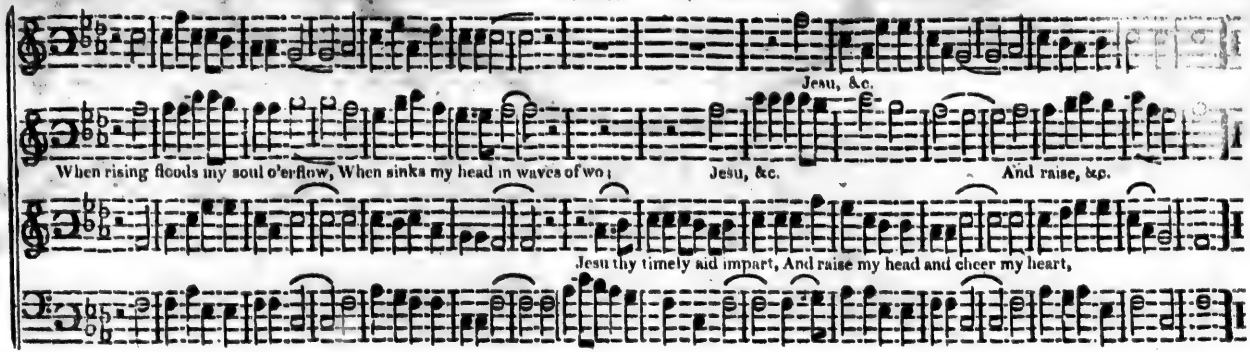
The angel of the Lord came down, The angel, &c.

And glory shone around,

And glory shone around, And glory shone around.

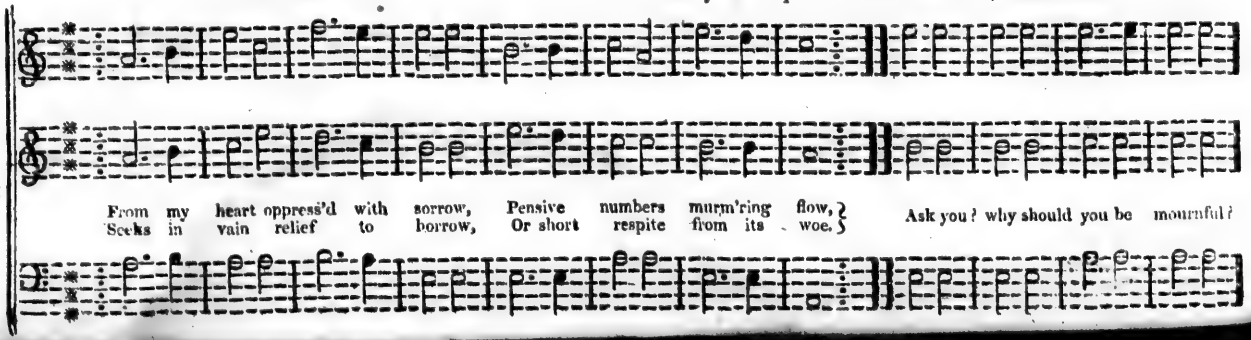
And glory shone around.

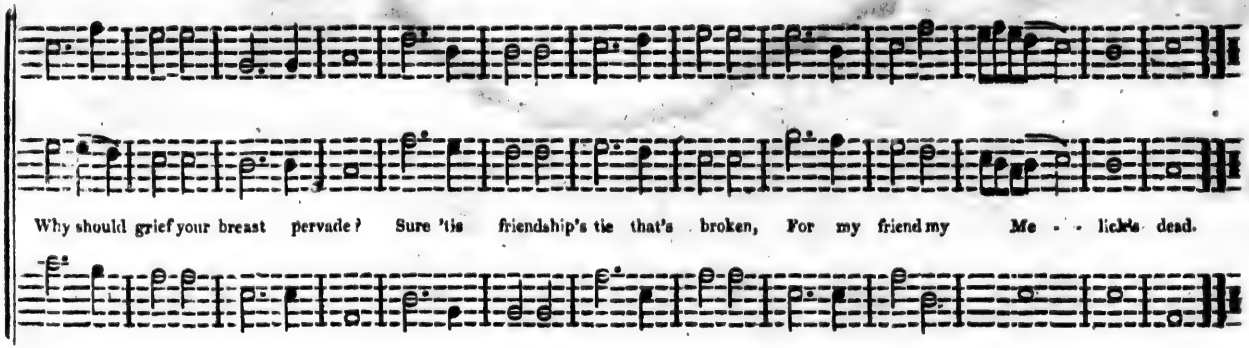
LOCH LOMOND. L. M.



FRIENDSHIP.

To the memory of Capt. William Melick, deceased.





3 Friendship, who has prov'd the blessing?
Few there are among mankind
Best of earthly gifts possessing,
That attainment once was mine.

4 Melick's breast was form'd for friendship,
Friendship of the noblest kind,
And he left not unexte[illegible]d,
Aught that virtues sem could find.

5 Sudden was the dire removal,
Death has snatch'd him as his prey,
Lodg'd him in the dreary hovel,
And consign'd to fellow clay.

Weeping friends the hearse surrounding,
Stream for him the friendly tear,
Deepest sorrow all confounding,
Mournfully attend his bier.

7 All in vain our lamentation,
'Tis a voice that speaks divine,
"Melick's safe from all temptation,
"Now with kindred spirits join'd.

8 "Cease your mourning" said his angel,
"Melick's safe from worldly harms,
"Now his happy soul is landed,
"And he rests in Jesus's arms.

9 "Could he view the tears now flowing,
"How he'd check th' immoderate grief,
"And with angel bosom glowing,
"Yield the balm of sweet relief.

10 "Then let faith in full persuasion,
"Calm the sorrows of the mind,
"Yield to patient resignation,
"Jesus cannot be unkind.

11 "Imitate the bright example,
"Of your dear departed friend,
"Your reward shall be as ample,
"In those joys that ne'er shall end.

12 "When with all the purer spirits,
"Hymning to the throne above,
"Mutual bliss you shall inherit,
"Mingling souls in ardent love."

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